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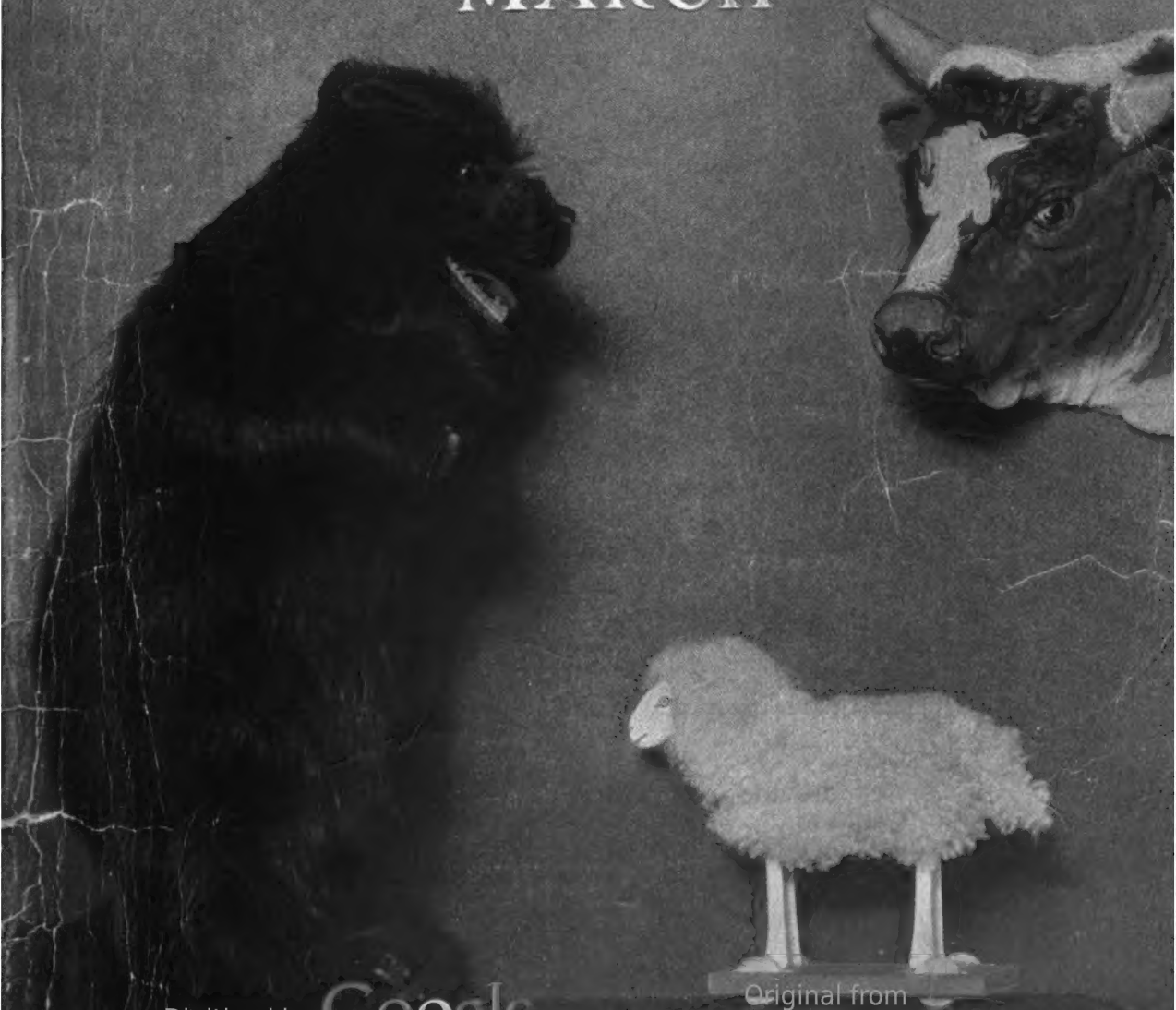
Everybody's Magazine

MARCH



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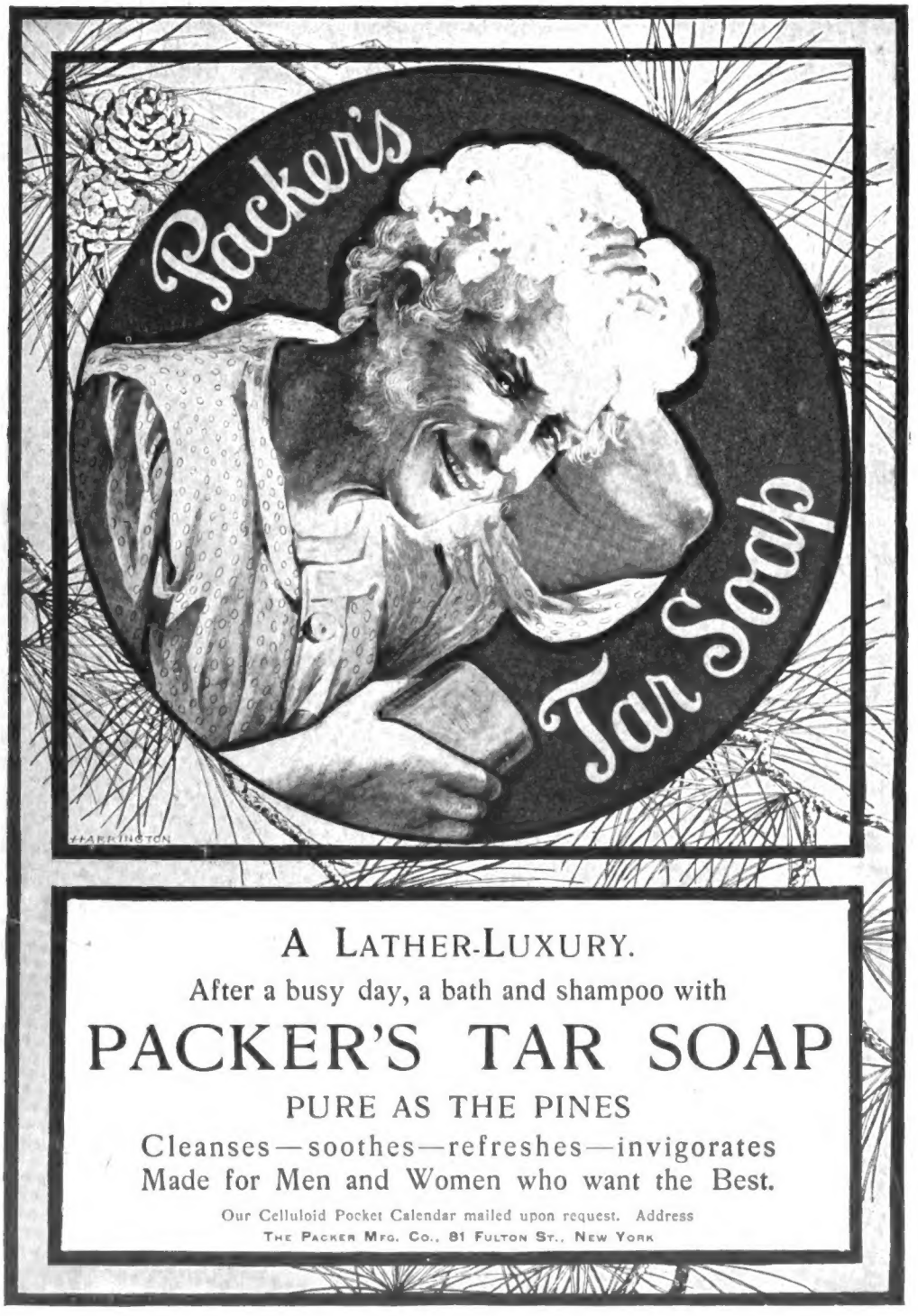

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MISS BUNNY LAWSON

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. THOMAS W. LAWSON, OF BOSTON

"No man can get very far from the true meaning of happiness who has the beautiful home and home life that Mr. Lawson has, with a charming wife and six hearty children. He ought to come pretty close to knowing the heart of every father and the hopes he has for his family."—*See page 433.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XII. MARCH, 1905. No. 3.

THE GREATEST TRUST IN THE WORLD

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Part I. The Great Yellow Car—the Bandit of Commerce

In this instalment Mr. Russell starts the story of the Beef Trust, that monster monopoly whose stealthy hold is fast closing over our entire food supply. He shows the very source of it in the Refrigerator-Car—the bandit of commerce. He shows Nelson Morris, the first to realize its immense possibilities, and Gustavus Swift with marvellous courage developing the business against crushing odds. He shows the first glimpse of a rebate—founded in the ugly private graft. He traces the stealthy growth of the rebate to the extortionate and corrupt mileage and "icing" charges. The mysterious terror of the Big Pistol is made clear; the dry, grim chuckle of the Trust when called to face the inquisition of the Federal Government is reproduced. This instalment ends with the detailed story of the capture of the California fruit market by the Trust.—THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I

THE RAILROADS FACE THE PISTOL

THE mainspring of the American Beef Trust, the centre and source of its existence, is the refrigerator-car. You that live in cities and know of railroad operations only what the newspapers tell you, can have scant idea of the importance of this curious vehicle. When next you travel in your native land, or are waiting for a train, let us say, on the platform of a rural station, take note of freight-cars passing, or of those that stand on sidings. Then you will be rather astonished to see that every fourth or fifth car is of a class wholly apart from the others, larger and heavier, differently painted, usually in bright yellow, sometimes in white, with red, white, and blue bands; and instead of the names of railroads, these cars bear legends that will seem new and strange to you. "Fruit-Growers' Express," says one, "California Fruit Transportation," "Continental Fruit Express," "Tropical Refrigerator Express," then the virtues of somebody's lard or bacon, glaringly set forth, and so on. To many a man glancing carelessly at such a procession these evidences of the variety and wide distribution of his country's products have seemed vaguely pleasing and an indication of abounding prosperity. As a matter of fact, they are merely the signs and symbols of a cruel and grinding monopoly. The 54,000 refrigerator-cars in daily operation in the United States are the instruments that have forced up your household expenses and bound to the trust chariot the most important of American industries.

The germ of this vast traffic was a simple idea in the mind of one man. Thirty years ago Mr. Nelson Morris was one of the so-

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called "cattle kings" of Chicago. In less exuberant terms, he was extensively engaged in shipping cattle on the hoof. The essential wastefulness of the system made him think. He had enlarged his business by building a packing-plant (in those days "packing" meant the preparing of salted and smoked meats), and in the winter of 1874 he determined to experiment with his idea. He shipped fresh meat in ordinary box-cars to Boston. The refrigerator-car was just beginning to be thought of; Mr. Morris had never heard of one. The meat he shipped had to be frozen, but it arrived in good condition and was readily sold. In the succeeding winters he repeated the experiment on a larger scale and with satisfactory results; but, of course, shipments necessarily ceased at the first hint of warm weather, and sometimes variations in the temperature caused unpleasant results.

Gustavus Swift, the chief founder and almost the creator of the refrigerator-car as a factor in modern conditions, was a Cape Cod Yankee, big-boned and big-brained, resolute, indomitable, obsessed with that strange consuming passion for money-making that seems to be an exclusively American trait, a tireless worker, a devout Methodist, and of habits austerely and almost painfully correct. He and his brothers had been butchers in Massachusetts; he had drifted westward with no particular aim except to find some road to wealth. At the time Nelson Morris was experimenting with frozen meat in box-cars, Swift was clinging desperately to the very skirts of the Chicago cattle-market, a small speculator without capital or credit. His way of life was to go about looking for odd carloads that he could snap up at a bargain and ship East when the market seemed to favor his infinitesimal ventures. He was poor, but was slowly forging ahead.

The frozen-meat experiment came under his notice and he gave to it the searching scrutiny of an alert and powerful mind. It seemed to him to have possibilities. A man named Tiffany had lately invented and was trying to introduce a refrigerator freight-car—a car with tanks or bunkers for ice and with an intelligent arrangement of doors so as to exclude heat. Mr. Swift studied this scheme also and gradually unfolded in his mind a plan, having the prospect of enormous profits—or enormous disaster.

In the meantime he had become the proprietor of a small packing-plant at the Chicago Stock Yards. When his plan was matured he offered it to certain railroad companies. It was merely that the railroads should operate the refrigerator-cars summer and winter, and that he should furnish them with fresh dressed meats for the Eastern market. This proposal the railroads promptly rejected.

Thus thrown upon his own resources, Mr. Swift determined to make the desperate cast alone. Commercial history has few instances of a courage more genuine. The risk involved was great. The project was wholly new; not only demand and supply had to be created, but all the vast and intricate machinery of marketing. Failure meant utter ruin. Mr. Swift accepted the hazard. He built refrigerator-cars under the Tiffany and other patents and began to ship out dressed meats, summer and winter.

The trade regarded the innovation as little less than insanity. Mr. Swift's immediate downfall was genially prophesied on all sides, and truly only a giant in will and resources could have triumphed, so beset. He must needs demonstrate that the refrigerator-car would do its work, that the meat could be perfectly preserved, and then he must overcome the deep-seated prejudices of the people, combat the opposition of local butchers, establish and distribute products. All this he did. People in the East found that Chicago dressed beef was better and cheaper than their own, the business slowly spread, branch-houses were established in every Eastern city, and the Swift establishment began to thrive. By 1880 the experiment was an indubitable success.

As soon as it was discovered that Mr. Swift was right, a great revolution swept over the meat and cattle industries, and eventually over the whole business of supplying the public with perishable food-products. The other packing-houses at the stock-yards went into the dressed-meat trade, refrigerator-cars ran in every direction, shipments of cattle on the hoof declined, the great economy of the new process brought saving to the consumer and profit to the producer, and the new order began to work vast and unforeseen changes in the life and customs of the nation.

Of these changes, one of the most important was that, before long, certain parts of the country were supplying all the rest with certain products. As soon as it was discovered that the refrigerator-car would safely transport everything perishable, all

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Photograph by A. Wentworth Scott.

THE GREAT YELLOW CAR.

An Armour refrigerator-car on a side track. The 54,000 refrigerator-cars in daily operation in the United States are the instruments that have forced up your household expenses and bound to the trust chariot the most important of American industries.

Northern towns and cities began to seek their food-supplies wherever on the continent such supplies could best be had. Where peculiarities of soil or climate gave a region especial advantages for the growing of any product, that product became there the staple output. Parts of Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Tennessee, became the truck-gardens of the United States. North Carolina grew strawberries for Minnesota, Florida supplied tomatoes in February for Duluth and Boston, Indiana developed a great melon-field, Missouri and Michigan peaches were shipped to Portland, Me.; Ohio, Western New York, and Michigan grapes were distributed in all directions; and so on. Supplies, therefore, came to be segregated. The nation turned one month to one spot for its food and the next month to another.

At first, as I told last month, the refrigerator-car was no burden upon shipper, producer, or consumer. The railroads charged nothing additional for shipments in such cars and the owners of the cars exacted no mileage. The railroads were glad to have the refrigerators, when all was said and even to pay rental for them, because they minimized damage-claims for perishable goods arriving in bad order, and because they increased the usable equipment. The packers were content with the profits from their legitimate business, which was selling meat, and with the enormous extension of that business wrought by the new invention.

It is worth while to notice that in all the sordid game that was to follow, the root of every injustice, every extortion, every oppression is to be found in somebody's desire to augment a private fortune unjustly, to take an undue advantage for personal profit, to trick, outwit, and deceive, to be over-"smart" and over-cunning. At the bottom there is always somebody's private graft; there is always something on the end of the line that looks exceeding ill when it gets into the sunlight. The suggestion that the railroads should pay money for the privilege of hauling other people's cars had its origin in the "fast-freight-line" abuses of the early seventies—the Red Line, and Blue Line, and White Line, and the rest of the chromatic devices by which stockholders were defrauded

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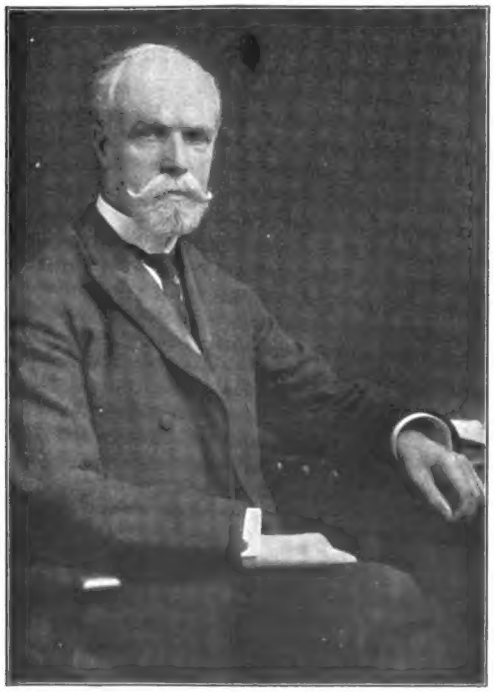
and private hoards increased. These lines were the personal property of the officers or directors of some railroad, who, in their capacity as railroad directors, made with themselves, in their capacity as Red Line directors, contracts which secured for their Red Line capacity very pretty profits. From any view of the director's duty except that he holds office to gouge out every cent for himself regardless of any other interest, this arrangement was, of course, utterly indefensible. But it was made so often that it grew to be looked upon as a matter of course—like underbilling or rebates.

The late Mr. George M. Pullman, to whose genius for high finance inadequate justice has been done, availed himself of the directorial appetite for perquisites, as he did of anything else that made for his own welfare, and some of his achievements established precedents that presently became very useful to bandit gentlemen having private freight-cars to operate. It may not be generally known that the railroad companies of the United States have the pleasure of paying Mr. Pullman's company three cents for every mile they haul a Pullman car. The arrangement is, to be sure, utterly unreasonable, or, to be quite frank, it is merely predatory, but it exists; and it exists solely because many years ago Mr. Pullman let in "on the ground floor" of his company the influential directors of certain railroads, and these directors in return made the kind of contract with Mr. Pullman that Mr. Pullman desired. Nothing is surer in the affairs of this world than that the fruitage of every wrong is some other wrong. The new issues of Pullman stock, to gratify the influential directors, necessitated new activities, and the moralist may find food for thought in the fact that one of the new activities was the Pullman "model town," and that the extortions of the "model town" precipitated the great railroad strike of 1894.



Photograph by Waltuger, Chicago.

MR. J. W. MIDGLEY.

A famous railroad expert, whose startling testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission first drew public attention to the private-car extortions.

Charges for hauling privately owned freight-cars (following the Pullman example) were inaugurated in the early eighties by the Standard Oil Company's Union Tank Line, as a convenient disguise for rebates. The practice was abandoned after a few months, I suppose because a better system of rebates was devised, and until 1883 refrigerator and other private cars were run without a cent of mileage, and generally without even a charge for "icing." But between 1880 and 1883 the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad built two lines to Missouri River points, Omaha, and Kansas City. Mr. P. D. Armour was a director in the road and very powerful in its affairs. The packers, including the Armour firm, had built great plants at Omaha and Kansas City. On the plea of securing part of the resulting traffic for the new lines, Mr. Armour brought about an arrangement by which the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul allowed the packers mileage on their refrigerator-cars.

This was the beginning of the evil. The competing lines to the Missouri River might very well have refused to countenance any such arrangement, but a decline in the tonnage figures has a strange panic-terror for the railroad mind. The other roads to Missouri River points made mad haste to meet the terms made by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the mileage system was firmly established in the Western territory. With that the Big Pistol was loaded, primed, and put into the packers' hands. East of Chicago they were favored by the Grand Trunk, and by threatening to divert all their enormous freight traffic to one line, they forced, one after

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another, every railroad in the country to yield to their demands and surrender mileage on refrigerator-cars. This was fixed eventually at three-quarters of a cent a mile east of Chicago (except by way of Montreal, on which route it was one cent a mile), and, generally speaking, one cent a mile on all the territory west of Chicago.

Not satisfied with this triumph, the packers, who had begun to learn valuable lessons in the virtue of united effort, proceeded to other exactions. They made the railroads pay the mileage whether the cars were empty or loaded, they refused to allow the cars to be loaded with any but the packers' own freight, they kept down the minimum loading weight, they forced down the freight-rates on dressed beef and packing-house products, and they compelled every railroad to expedite their cars at the expense of all other shippers. As Mr. J. W. Midgley, the railroad expert, described them to the Inter-State Commerce Commission, they were not only the largest shippers, but "the most arbitrary, the most remorseless that have ever been known."

At every step in this interesting progression the railroads objected and protested, and at every protest out came the Big Pistol:

"DO THIS, OR WE DIVERT ALL OUR FREIGHT FROM YOUR LINES," SAID THE PACKERS.

It was enough. The terror of that threat cowed the stoutest into instant obedience.

The railroads, of course, could not very well maintain a discrimination between refrigerator-cars. A mileage-rate granted to one firm must in the end be granted to all. Hence all refrigerator-cars, however owned, came to be mileage-earners and shared in the loot. There were lines outside the packers' ownership; the Gould interests owned one; the Vanderbilt interests another; railroads like the Illinois Central and the Chicago & Northwestern had cars of their own. These latter were credited with the mileage-rate when they ran on other roads. But the packers owned the largest number, and their incessant manipulations gave their cars the advantage. Moreover, the cars secured for them on their own products what was in effect a substantial rebate over rivals dependent upon general railroad accommodations, and that was enough for some of their purposes.

As the four great packing-houses, Armour, Swift, Hammond, and Morris, began to assume overshadowing importance and to draw together toward the eventual Trust, the refrigerator-car and the Big Pistol became the most powerful agents for crushing out competition. Rival houses that had no refrigerator-cars found that rebates made the four big packers unassailable. Such houses succumbed first. Rival houses that had refrigerator-cars found that the cars of the bigger and more aggressive packers were favored by the railroads, handled more rapidly, sent back with less delay; that the car of the big house was in fact a club to beat the smaller firm to death; and they gradually got out on the best terms they could obtain. Thus the refrigerator-car formed the Beef Trust.

As for the control the big packing-houses exercised over the railroads I will give an illustration. It was necessary, as I have said, to expedite the cars of the four big houses, to hurry them to their destinations and rush them back. It was also necessary to be not too particular about inspecting the loading of such cars. If any traffic manager hesitated about these matters, the packers insisted that he should be disciplined or discharged. If there were any delay about the discipline, why, the Big Pistol. Once this useful weapon went off, and the crash of it still reverberates. The New York Central exhibited tardiness about complying with some demand of the sort I have described, and the packers punished it by diverting, weekly, 150 cars of their freight to other roads.

The cars are still diverted, and, as I shall show in succeeding chapters, the whole great New York Central organization still quakes at the mere mention of the Beef Trust.

As the Gentlemen's Agreement among the four strongest packing-houses developed the actual conditions of a trust, the agreeing gentlemen readily extended the field of their operations. Whenever they took over a conquered rival they took over his refrigerator-cars also, which went to work, earning much mileage for the agreeing gentlemen. Not only mileage indeed, but other good revenue. As the refrigerator-car business passed into the hands of the packers, the shippers found that the cars were no longer a part of equipment and free, as once they had been. Now there were "icing" charges to be paid. The "icing" charge had been originated by certain railroads to cover the actual cost of ice on unusually long hauls, but it was then so small that shippers thought nothing of it. On a haul from Missouri to Boston the "icing" charge by a railroad might be $10 or $15 a car. When the dominating packers took

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the refrigerator business in hand they began to push up the "icing" charges, and, significantly enough, the increase was exactly proportioned to the degree of harmony among the packers. Thus by the time the Trust was formed, the "icing" charges had become an intolerable burden. In some instances they exceeded the freight-rate, and cases are on record where the "icing" charges and the freight-rates together were actually more than the value of the goods, and left the producer in debt for his shipment.

The Agreeing Gentlemen, you will understand, had gone heavily into the business of letting out their refrigerator-cars to other persons for the purpose of carrying all kinds of fruit and vegetables. But in the meantime they had also entered the produce, poultry, and dairy trades on their own account. They had found that at their branch houses in every considerable town or city they could handle such goods as easily as they could handle meat. To these was presently added fruit, and the Big Pistol being again brought into requisition, the Gentlemen, and later the full-blown Trust, began to make exclusive contracts with certain railroads and to establish practical control of every important fruit-producing region in the United States.

CHAPTER II

THE CAPTURE OF THE PRODUCTIVE CENTRES

THE manner in which the control of the fruit trade was achieved in California, the greatest of all the fruit regions, is a story worth telling on its own account, and as an illustration of how trusts are formed and the dazzling triumphs of high finance are wrought.

Carlton B. Hutchins was a Detroit inventor of many useful things, and among them of an improved refrigerator-car, the merit of which lay in a woollen insulator lining (made of tailors' scraps), which kept the cold in and the heat out. He managed, about 1886, to have five of these cars built and experimentally operated on the Michigan Central Railroad. They proved successful in every way, and he organized the Detroit Refrigerator Car Company, which built fifty cars under his patents and used them in carrying fruit and vegetables on the Michigan Central. In 1888 Mr. Hutchins had a personal disagreement with the president of that railroad, who promptly ordered the cars off the road. The Detroit Company was, therefore, left with fifty-five cars on its hands. Mr. Hutchins's eldest son, Eugene, came to Chicago and went up and down South Water Street trying to find someone to take the cars and operate them. He stumbled upon the firm of F. A. Thomas & Son, then doing a general commission business in the Street, and aroused the interest of the junior of the firm, Mr. Bert Thomas. No one at that time had the slightest conception of the enormous earning possibilities of the refrigerator-car, but Mr. Thomas thought the venture was worth trying.

His firm ran the refrigerator-cars for a few months east and west, and finally sent some of them to California after deciduous fruit, a thing never before attempted. Mr. Bert Thomas was an observing young man. He noticed that at one cent a mile the returns from a car that rolled to the Pacific Coast and back were goodly, without regard to any other business it might do. He believed he had a good thing, and pushed it to the utmost. Meantime Mr. Eugene Hutchins had been elected to membership in the Union League Club, where he had talked refrigerator-car possibilities to a few fellow-members. Two of these, the brothers William H. and Harry M. Hubbard, had some money, and, what was more important, had standing at the banks. Mr. Hutchins induced them to join him in organizing the Hutchins Refrigerator Car Company, capital stock $1,000,000, of which only $200,000 represented cash invested. They bought out the old Detroit Refrigerator Car Company by paying the Detroit stockholders in Hutchins stock, share for share. They elected themselves officers of the Hutchins Company, and then, with the two Thomases, father and son, proceeded to organize the California Fruit Transportation Company (familiar in trade history as the C. F. T.), with a nominal capital stock of $200,000, none of which was paid in, and of which they were the sole holders. They next made a contract between themselves as the California Fruit Transportation Company and themselves as officers of the Hutchins Refrigerator Car Company, by which the California Fruit Transportation Company rented the Hutchins cars at $8.33 a month each. They were then ready to do business.

The first move was to increase the equipment. This was done through the Central Trust Company of Philadelphia, which fur-

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SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO.*

nished the money for new cars and took the Hutchins Company's car-trust scrip at five per cent., being a virtual lien on the cars. The new equipment was dispersed about the country, more especially about California, which had been found to be a promising field. At the end of the first year, November 30, 1890, the books showed a net profit of $86,000, after paying all expenses and repaying a loan of $35,000 at a Chicago bank. Most of this profit had been made in the California trade. All but $6,000 of this was apportioned among the happy speculators of the C. F. T., and the pleasing operations of the Company were resumed. The second year, ending November 30, 1891, showed a net surplus of $129,000 above all expenses and the interest on the car-scrip; so that in two years, or rather less than two years, the venture had more than repaid every dollar invested in it.

The six financiers now concluded that they had something better than a gold-mine and were vastly elated. They voted themselves good salaries as officers of the California Fruit Transportation Company, they voted themselves fat dividends as stockholders therein, and nothing seemed as easy as making money.

A great part of the fruit handled from California had been shipped by the Earl Fruit Company—an institution with which we shall have more to do presently. One day when the world was going very well in the office of the California Fruit Transportation Company, a quiet man appeared there and introduced himself as Mr. Edward T. Earl, the president of the Earl Company. He said:

"You people have been shipping my fruit for two years. It has formed three-quarters of the freight you handle from California. I suggest that hereafter you pay me $10 a car commission on all the business I give you."

The well-paid officers of the C. F. T. were aghast at this proposition, which seemed to them presumptuous. They said they would think it over. Mr. Earl went on to New York and evidently did some thinking on his own account. He came back in ten days, and Mr. Bert Thomas informed him that the result of thinking on the part of the C. F. T. was that it would not share its profits with anyone.

* South Water Street is the centre of the produce trade of the interior of the country. This photograph was taken during the busiest hours of the morning (as it will bear out). It is one of the most crowded streets in the United States.

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Mr. Earl said, "Very well," and went straight to the office of the Armour Car line. Before the day ended he had contracted to rent 1,000 Armour refrigerators at $8.33 a month each. When the California fruit season reopened the C. F. T. suddenly found that wherever it went the Earl Fruit Company was there also, making war and using a familiar and effective weapon; that is to say, it was offering rebates and getting the fruit.

Thus confronted with the loss of its most profitable business, the C. F. T. had recourse to the *arcana* of high finance. There was $100,000 of treasury stock in the California Fruit Transportation Company. Why not use that? Happy thought! The stock was brought out and presented to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, of which Mr. J. C. Stubbs was then vice-president, and Richard Gray traffic manager, on condition that the Southern Pacific make an exclusive contract to haul none but the C. F. T. refrigerator-cars. But here arose a difficulty. Someone connected with the Southern Pacific objected to the deal on the ground that unless the stock were paid for by somebody or in some way, the transaction had elements of peril. The C. F. T. met this objection in a rather ingenious way. The operations of the year had been profitable elsewhere than in California. The Company, for instance, had taken $65,000 from the strawberry-growers around Wilmington, N. C., which had gone far to salve the hurt the strenuous Earl had occasioned. A dividend of fifty per cent. was declared, followed immediately by an assessment of fifty per cent. The checks for the dividend and assessment crossed one another, the money was transferred from one drawer to another, the treasury stock was duly paid for, and the Southern Pacific took possession of it.

But while the Southern Pacific all but controlled the outlets from California, it was found that the exclusive contract did not prevent Mr. Earl from sending out his cars. Some influence stronger than C. F. T. exclusive contracts, and traceable to the Armour Car line, was at work to prevent the exclusive feature from working according to specifications. The Earl business steadily increased; a war of rebates ensued until the C. F. T. found itself furnishing cars for practically nothing, and the dream of great wealth vanished. The C. F. T. began to borrow money at the banks and to face some serious consequences.

At this juncture one of its projectors had an inspiration that finished the work of ruin. He decided that if the company could only find a new and exclusive market it could still defy the tribe of Earl and Armour, and as there was no such market at home it must be sought abroad. A contract was made for refrigerator-space on four White Star steamers, and California fruit was shipped through to Liverpool. The scheme failed miserably; the steamship contract was made on hard terms, the losses were heavy, the banks became uneasy about their loans, which had grown too rapidly for comfort, and one of these institutions for purposes of safety engineered the transfer of 500 of the California Fruit Transportation Company's cars to Swift. A period of febrile existence followed for the California Fruit Transportation Company. It became involved in a business tragedy, features of which were a bank failure, a resulting suicide; and made an end in the transfer to Swift of all the remaining California Fruit Transportation Company's cars. This operation marked the entrance of the Swift house upon the California fruit trade.

In the meantime the eyes of the Armour firm had been drawn in the same direction by the performance of the Earl Company. It was determined by Armour to secure that trade; and now ensued one of the most singular chapters of this story. In California there were two strong firms in the business of gathering and shipping fruit, the Earl Company and Porter Brothers. Earl had enlarged his car equipment, which he called the Continental Fruit Express, and while still renting some cars he had purchased many others. It is to be supposed (charitably, perhaps) that Armour made overtures to buy him out and that Earl refused. However this may be, Armour shortly allied himself in the most remarkable way with Porter Brothers. The exact nature of this alliance has been made a great mystery in the voluminous testimony since taken on the subject. I may say that it is not much of a mystery elsewhere. Before the Inter-State Commerce Commission the fact was disclosed that in a very few years the Armour concern "lent" to Porter Brothers sums amounting to $485,000 or thereabouts. The Armour Company is not a bank; it does not ordinarily lend money. What, then, were these repeated "loans"? It is only necessary to read the testimony to see that they were rebates by which Porter Brothers were enabled to undersell the Earl

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Company.* The bitter struggle lasted some years, and victory made her usual decision for the stronger battalions. When the Earl Company had stood the siege as long as it could, it surrendered, and the Armour Company took over all its business, including the Continental Fruit Express. Thereupon the conqueror must have reversed the rebate process, for after a time Porter Brothers went into bankruptcy, and the Armour Company succeeded to the monopoly of the California fruit business.

The old California Fruit Transportation Company, the C. F. T., now a Swift concern, had taken no part in the contest, and for an excellent reason. When the Inter-State Commerce Commission was investigating, at Chicago, October 13, 1904, the subject of private cars, one of the witnesses examined was George P. Robbins, vice-president and general manager of the Armour Car lines. I take this extract from the proceedings:

"Commissioner Prouty: 'What other lines are there now that can operate in competition with your line? Suppose a railroad wanted a line of refrigerator-cars, what line could it go to besides the Armour line?'

"Mr. Robbins: 'Well, there are several other lines that do some business.'

"Commissioner Prouty: 'Name some of them.'

"Mr. Robbins: 'The Swift people and the California Fruit Transportation Company.'"

Mr. Robbins said this with the air of a man reading the funeral service, but the effect on his auditors was very different. Some gasped, and some wanted to shriek with laughter. The delicate point of Mr. Robbins' sally can be appreciated only by understanding that to all intents and purposes Swift is Armour, and the California Fruit Transportation is Swift, and the Fruit-Growers' Express is the California Fruit Transportation, and the Beef Trust is one and all of these together, and there is no more chance for anyone to compete with the Beef Trust in the California fruit trade than there is to get the average railroad traffic manager to admit the truth about rebates. Human ingenuity cannot make the comparison stronger.

It is quite true that for some years the Swift and Armour Car lines had maintained a show of competition, but after the formal launching of the Beef Trust as the National Packing Company, even this show was abandoned and all the refrigerator-car lines of the packers, under whatever names, were operated practically as one. The names are legion, and from them the uninitiated would never imagine the real ownership. Here are some of the titles:

Armour Group

The Armour Refrigerator Line
The Armour Packing Company
Armour & Co.
Fruit-Growers' Express
Kansas City Fruit Express
Continental Fruit Express
Boyd, Lyman & Co.
Kansas City Dressed Beef Line
Barbarossa Refrigerator Line
Tropical Refrigerator Express

Swift Group

Swift Refrigerator Line
California Fruit Transportation
Continental Fruit Transportation
Libby, McNeil & Libby

Morris Group

Morris Refrigerator Line
Nelson Morris & Co.
American Live Stock Company
N. K. Fairbanks

Hammond Group

George H. Hammond & Co.
National Car Line
Anglo-American Refrigerator Line

Of the cars marked Armour Refrigerator Line there are about 6,000; of the Fruit-Growers' Express, 6,000; Continental Fruit Express, 1,600; Swift Refrigerator Line, 4,500; National Car Line, 2,300; and so on. Of the 54,000 refrigerator-cars (conservatively estimated) in the United States, probably 42,000 are owned or controlled by the Beef Trust, and most of the others are operated by its permission and in territory that it designates.

Now you can begin to see why your household expenses have so much increased since the Beef Trust commenced operations. Ninety per cent. of the vegetables and fruits sold daily in all Northern cities have been transported on railroads; seventy-five per cent. of these have been transported in refrigerator

* See Inter-State Commerce Commission Proceedings, Private Car Case, pp. 27, 28, 29, 191, 192, and elsewhere.

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cars. With practically all such cars under its control, the Trust has the produce trade by the throat. It can make the charges what it pleases.

I purpose hereafter to show in detail exactly how and to what an alarming extent this is done, and how it affects every householder. For the present I give these illustrations:

Humboldt, Tenn., 526 miles from Chicago, is a great shipping-place for tomatoes. Suppose a shipper there has enough tomatoes to fill two cars. He applies to the railroad. The railroad probably has cars of its own, but, under the threat of the Big Pistol, it will furnish none but Trust cars. It notifies the Trust, which sends down two empty cars from Chicago, charging the railroad three-quarters of a cent a mile on each. The tomatoes are put aboard, the train starts for Chicago, and in thirty-six hours it is there. The railroad company presents the consignee with its own bill of $74 on each car for freight and $84 on each car for the Trust, collects the whole amount and gives the Trust $168. The Trust's charges are called "icing"; there has been consumed in the two cars perhaps $30 worth of ice. Net profit to the Trust $138 plus the mileage on the two cars each way, about $16; total, $154; and the cars cost to build about $900 each.*

Or take the Michigan fruit region; take the shipping point of Lawton, for instance. Lawton is a centre for the grape trade. It is 125 miles from Chicago. Suppose a shipper there has enough grapes to load a car. He applies to his local railroad agent. Now, grapes can be shipped in any kind of a car that has ventilation; ice is not necessary. The railroad has plenty of ventilated cars, any one of which would be adequate for this shipment, and for their use there would be no charge, but it does not dare to let the shipper use one of them. The Trust sends from Chicago a car of its own (charging mileage, of course), the grapes are taken aboard, the car starts for Chicago at six o'clock in the evening, arrives there the next morning, and the railroad company presents to the consignee a bill for its own freight charges and the Trust's bill of $25 for "icing." Very likely no ice was used. If there were, it was not more than a ton. Call it two tons, and the Trust has taken $20 profit besides the mileage—and the testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission has shown that the mileage alone is enough to secure fat profits on any of the cars.

This is the situation from one end of the country to the other. No region escapes except by not using any product that is carried in a refrigerator-car. It is just as bad for New York as it is for Chicago; it is the same in Boston as in St. Paul. I have seen bills consignees have been compelled to pay that charged $45 for ice (eighteen tons) at a time of the year when the ice in the car would not melt at all unless a fire were built underneath. Fruit used to be carried in refrigerator-cars from the Michigan region to Boston without "icing" charges. When the gouging game began the charge was made $20 a car. Next it was elevated to $40 a car. It is now $55 a car, and the price of ice has not advanced a cent. The railroads are forced to assist the Trust operations; to send out the circulars announcing the new rates, to collect the tribute, and to turn it over without deduction to the gentlemen who conduct the Trust. They are even obliged to browbeat and threaten those who object to the extortions, to blacklist and try to ruin them, and to fight the Trust's cases in the courts. A more extraordinary situation has never been known in this country. The railroads have been driven to abdicate their own legal and indubitable rights to assist the banditti of an enjoined combination.

If you will multiply the instances I have given, and which I shall support hereafter with additions and documents, into all the perishable products that are carried in refrigerator-cars to all the markets of the country from ocean to ocean, and from Canada to Mexico, you will have some conception of the relations of the Beef Trust to your daily affairs.

But only an inadequate conception, for in ways that you probably never heard of and on things that escape your attention, constantly you pay your tribute to the greatest trust in the world.

* These are conservative estimates. Nobody knows the exact figures and nobody is likely to know. The railroads and the Trust refuse to give detailed information on this subject. See J. W. Midgley's testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, Chicago, October 10, 1904, page 9. All of Mr. Midgley's testimony is well worth reading and pondering upon.

The story of "The Greatest Trust in the World" will be continued in the April number.

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The Sultana of Zulon

By BRONSON HOWARD

Illustrations by Simon Werner

ABOUT a rod from high-water mark, something like two miles from the entrance of the harbor, set among a grove of cocoanut-palms, was a bungalow; and, at midday, a casual observer might have deemed it deserted, judging from the stillness round about. A close inspection, however, from one of the balcony *puertas*, would have disclosed a sulky-looking *tao*, pulling a *punkah*-rope and muttering to himself in Moro. From the suspicious cleanliness of the place, both exterior and interior, one would have surmised that it was not the abode of a native—and the surmise would have been correct.

Frank Kent had spent eight months on the Island of Zulon wondering why the great and good Civil Government had deemed it necessary to throw away one of its valued lieutenants on a place like this. But Kent was only a bit over twenty, and he was not expected to be able to fathom the reasons for the actions of his chiefs. Suffice to say, the General had deemed a telegraphic communication with Zulon desirable; and, after Kent had installed the same, the government neglected to send a boat to take him back. So in Zulon he had remained.

During his stay on the island Kent had been appointed, by wire, Inspector of Customs, Postmaster, Division Superintendent of Education, and various other things, which took up very little of his time. No boats touched at Zulon except *paraos*, *barangays*, *balandras*, and every now and then a *lorcha*. Most of these vessels were under ten tons, so his customs receipts were small. The Moro children did not want to learn "the infidel's" tongue, so his position as Division Superintendent of Education had lapsed into a purely honorary one. He himself was the only man on the island who received any mail, consequently his duties as Postmaster consisted in receiving the letter or two which

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a *parao* brought for him from Zamboanga about once every two months.

As Chief of the Signal Corps of the Island of Zulon, Kent received each day a bulletin as to events occurring in the outside world. Sometimes he sent typhoon warnings to the Mindanao ports. Occasionally the Chief of Constabulary wired questions as to affairs on the island. These were Kent's entire duties as Chief Telegrapher.

At midday on a certain Tuesday in April, the bearer of so many titles lay on his bed beneath the *punkah*, wondering where all the heat came from, occasionally slapping viciously at a mosquito, and at intervals taking pot-shots with an air-gun at the lizards on the wall. The room was, presumably, the telegraph headquarters of the island, but, save for a ticker on the table, it very much resembled an ordinary bed-room.

Without any apparent reason, Kent suddenly began to swear. His long residence, solitary among the natives, had given him a peculiar proficiency in this particular form of articulation. His *muchacho* in the next room, who at the moment happened to be taking his siesta on the floor, arose trembling and peered cautiously into the room.

"Get out, you ape-faced remnant of an oriental accident!" shouted Kent, catching sight of him and flinging the nearest thing at hand—a copy of the telegraph code. The remnant dodged and closed the door.

Just then the instrument on the table began to tick. Kent eyed it menacingly. It ticked again, this time persistently. Kent arose and adjusted the transmitter. It gave out a series of spasmodic jerks. It was one of his *constabularios* at the mouth of the channel, and the message came unevenly, as if the transmitter were in doubt.

"Steamer anchored in the channel," muttered Kent. "He's full of *tuba*." He tapped back something to the effect that his *constabulario* had an ancestry of swine with the souls of apes. The response was merely a repetition of the former message: "Click—click—*Un vapor grande alcoba de fondeor en la bajio y mandan bota a tiena*."

He rushed to the window and pushed back the shutter. As he might have known, the palms shut from view any craft that might be in the bay.

"A large steamer in the bay and putting off a boat. Ye gods! I wonder what it means. Gad! if she put off a boat it must nearly be ashore by this." Then he raised his voice: "*Pedro!! Mi calsetines, mi pantalons. Apurate! hijo du perro!*"

The son of a dog nearly fell apart in attempting to reach pants and socks at the same time. Tremblingly he handed them to his master.

"*Mi camiseta, carabao!*" shouted Kent again. The *muchacho* dropped both breeches and socks to the floor as if they burned him. The shirt found, Kent threw it on in haste, following it with his riding-breeches and boots, then he buttoned his constabulary coat tightly, buckled on his two .45's beneath it, pulled his cap over his eyes, seized his riding-crop, and left the house.

At the door his Chinese pony stood saddled, held by an orderly. He mounted it and rode in the direction of the landing-place—a rather amateurish imitation of a wharf, built by himself in his leisure hours with the aid of some two hundred *taos*.

As he drew near this remarkable feat of engineering, he saw a crowd of natives, clad in their summer costumes of breech-cloths, gathered around a person who was gesticulating. At first he thought the gesticulator a Parsee merchant, as all he could make out was a skirted figure. As he came closer, he almost pulled up his pony in sheer astonishment.

It was a woman—an American woman! It seemed incredible. A little distance off, a ship's gig was being propelled out to bay, where, from the funnel of the steamer of some five hundred tons, came steady clouds of soft-coal smoke. She was evidently not anchored.

Kent dismounted within a few yards of the newcomer, threw his reins to one of the *taos*, and, plying his riding-crop vigorously, drove the rest to their respective *casas*.

Then he saw before him a girl of perhaps seventeen years; a tiny little thing, all eyes and hair; deep blue the first, and they looked at him half-frightened, half-appealing. He suddenly assumed the attitude of a protector; drew himself up to his full height, and doffed his cap.

"How are you?" he began genially. Then he paused and racked his brain for words appropriate to the situation; and not finding any, stared at the newcomer. But she only replied with a bewildered look.

"How are you?" he repeated. "I am very glad to see you." He held out his hand. She placed a very small white one in his palm, and he held it for a second, gingerly.

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IT WAS A WOMAN—AN AMERICAN WOMAN!

His eyes wandered out to the bay. The gig had returned to the steamer and was being swung on the davits. The accommodation-ladder had been taken up.

He was overwhelmed with a desire to stand face to face with the captain and hold a conversation with him through the means of one of his .45's. The utter imbecility of a man who knew the coast putting a girl like this one off on a God-forsaken island like Zulon!

Suddenly he became conscious of the fact that his hands were rough, tanned, and ill-kept.

"I am — that is — my name is Kent," he stammered. "I—that is —may I ask what I can do for you? I—you see—I am the Inspector of Customs."

"I am Amy Leigh," the girl said in a very tiny voice. "I am going to live here—you—" She blushed, and averted her gaze.

Kent stared at her for a moment in amazement. "Live here!" he ejaculated. "Live here!! *Here!*"

He noticed that a *banca* man was unloading a trunk and a suit-case from his craft. The trunk was stencilled in large black letters:

AMY LEIGH,
MUYO, ZULON, P. I.

"Going to live here," he muttered again; then burst out with: "Good heavens! Miss Leigh, haven't you made a mistake?"

The girl made no reply, but seemed on the brink of tears. A certain wild, mad feeling as if to seize his hair and tug at it came over Kent.

"My dear Miss Leigh," he protested, "you don't know what you are doing. This is no place for a white woman. I am the only man of your color on the island. You—well, really—you *must* go back, you know."

He suddenly became aware of the fact that the ship had no right to send a boat ashore

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before she got entrance-papers. As Inspector of Customs for that port he had a right to hold her up. It was against the regulations to land passengers and baggage before proper inspection by the customs officials. He speedily unlocked the door of the shed that served him as a customs signal-office, and seizing a code-flag, threw it to a boatman with orders to run it up on his *balandra*. Then, megaphone in hand, he shouted with all the strength of his lungs:

"Ship ahoy!!! Ahoy!!! A—hoy!!!"

The steamer with majestic indifference began to head for the open sea.

Again Kent shouted—louder, if possible. Then he threw down the megaphone and pointed wildly to the flag that floated from the *balandra's* masthead—Ensign "Y Z," which, in the language of the seaman's code, signifies "Wait for me." However, either the people on the steamer could not read the flag or else they did not care to dally in the bay, for the vessel was now steaming away from the island with engines going at their fullest capacity, to judge from the stream of smoke pouring from her funnels.

Under ordinary circumstances Kent would have given vent to an outburst of profanity sufficient to darken the air for yards around; with the girl beside him, however, he could only stand and grit his teeth. When he had sufficiently mastered his emotion, he turned to her.

"That's all right," he said consolingly, noting that she was still applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "I'll telegraph for a coast-guard boat from Zamboanga. A couple of days on the island won't be so bad."

"Are you going to send me back?" she asked. He detected the near presence of tears in her voice.

"Going to send you back?" he reiterated. "Why, don't you want to go?"

She stamped her white-shod foot. Kent noticed it was a very pretty foot. "I won't go!" she exclaimed, and then, in quite the old-fashioned way, she burst into tears.

"You—you—why—why—did—you—send for me?"—a sob after each word, and a quick succession of them as an end-up.

The sobs unmanned Kent. He sat down on the girl's trunk and looked at her. He did not answer her question. He was really trying to remember what she had said. He knew it had been something preposterous, and that there was something personal in the remark; but at the moment his mind was absolutely void of aught save of the consciousness that he had received a shock.

"You—are—not—an — American; you — you—you—are—you—are—the Sultan—you —you——"

Kent still glared, speechless.

"I won't go back. You—you—are—you —are—" She burst into yet wilder weeping.

"Not an American—Sultan of Zulon—sent for you," he repeated vaguely. There was something wrong. Then, suddenly, the explanation came to him. He "had them." That was it. He had known it would eventually come from drinking that vile "*vino*." In all probability he was in his bed at the bungalow, and this was some wild fantasy conjured up by his liquor-besotted mind.

But the girl's sobbing was too real. That could not be fantasy. No, he must face this thing, whatever it was.

He rose, and putting his whistle to his lips, called some *taos*, whom he ordered to carry the luggage to his bungalow. Also he directed that his *quelis* should be driven down. Then he turned to the girl.

"My rig will be here presently," he said, "to take you to my bungalow. Meanwhile, I should like to have you tell me a little something about how you happened to come here. I must confess I am utterly at a loss to account for your last few remarks." This was not Kent's natural mode of diction—he believed afterward that he had read the speech somewhere in a book—but he was confronted with an occasion that called for no ordinary language.

He threw open the door of the makeshift custom-house. Its furniture consisted wholly of a bamboo table, a chair of the same material, and a box that had once contained tinned meat. He waved grandly to the chair and seated himself on the box. The girl sat down, still holding to her eyes the piece of cambric, now a wet rag.

"My name is Frank Kent, and, as you can see by my uniform, or rather what's left of it"—he glanced down at the soiled khaki ruefully—"I am a Lieutenant in the Constabulary. I am here with a detachment of men (all Filipinos) to maintain the telegraph system on this island. I am the only white man on the island. There was another until about six months ago; he was the Sultan's agent—looked after the pearl interests, you know—he was rather a bad sort. He's in the States now."

He paused, and fixed his eyes on her. She

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seemed to be endeavoring to choke back the sobs, and showed no inclination at all to shed light on his darkness.

"I'm a West Point man. Wasn't good enough, though, so they dropped me in my third year, and I came out here as a volunteer. I've been here—not on this island, you know, but in the Philippines—ever since '99. Long time, isn't it? Ever since '99."

Still she said nothing. He went on: "And you're the first white woman I've seen for over a year—nearly eighteen months. They had me detailed up at Capiz in Panay first. Daresay you passed it. There are a few white people there now; but when I was there only one other white man was in the town. Then they sent me here. I've been——"

A man's body obstructed the sunlight coming through the door. Kent looked up. So did the girl.

A short, rather fat Moro stood on the threshold. He was an evil-eyed, thick-lipped native with the mark of the savage upon him—an ineradicable brand that his clothes only made more evident. He was attired in a frock-coat that reached nearly to his heels, a red-spotted green vest, and a pair of lavender trousers. On his feet were shoes of glistening patent leather, over which he wore white spats, and on his head, tilted at a coquettish angle, reposed a shining tile of a fashion at least five years old. In one hand he held a bulky cigar, and in the other he twirled a gold-headed Malacca cane. Obscuring one eye was a monocle.

Kent eyed him in disgust. "Well, what do *you* want?" he asked coldly.

As for the girl, as the absurd squat figure met her eyes, she laughed for all her tears. The monocled one gazed on her approvingly, but said nothing.

The asking of questions which remained unanswered was beginning to wear on Kent's nerves; also, he noted the approving glance. His face grew menacing. "What do you *want?*" he vociferated angrily. "Remove yourself, you animated caricature! *Vete fuera pronto.* Get out quick and shed that darky-camp-meeting get-up. *Lacat na Madali, tu carabao!*"

"You are yourself a *carabao,*" returned the squat one thickly and with heat. "You yourself will remove, and I this *señorita* will to my *casa grandé* take."

"Oh, you *will*, will you?" sneered Kent. "Is that so? Well, just let me tell you this, you oriental accident, if you don't remove yourself in something less than half a minute, I'll take you by the back of that tree-trunk you call a neck and dump you out on the water, *sabe?* This lady is an American, and at present I have the honor to be her host. *Vete fuera pronto — aprisa — sabe* that?"

"You speak lie—you speak big lie, *Americano!*" shouted the one to whom the foregoing courteous address had been made. "*Esta mi esposa*—my wife for whom I send. My girl she is. You her give to me, *perro Americano!*"

"*Perro Americano*, eh?" said Kent unpleasantly. "Is *that* so?" Quickly yet firmly he seized the Moro by the collar of his coat, and without further words deposited him on the wharf, where he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of head-men, naked save for their *bajogs*, who attempted to lift him to his feet. Disdaining their aid, the monocled one rose, and those within kicking distance each received a lusty kick. Then the kicker danced on one foot and shook his fist at Kent. Following his example, the *bajoged* ones brandished their spears threateningly in that gentleman's direction.

Kent unbuckled his holsters and removed his .45's. He held them lovingly in his hands for a few moments, evidently admiring their beauty. Then he dropped his hands to his sides and stepped beyond the door. The brandishing of spears ceased. But Kent was not paying any attention to the Moros. To all appearances he was interested in nothing save the heavens above.

Suddenly he raised both guns and fired the two revolvers almost simultaneously. Two cranes, which had been circling overhead, dropped bleeding at the feet of the frock-coated one. Kent replaced the revolvers in his holsters and looked fixedly in the direction of the head-men.

"*Ang tan nga dali nag pamatay,*" muttered the tallest of the spear-carriers, and the words were repeated fearsomely.

The girl clutched his arm. "What are they saying?" she asked. "What does it all mean?"

"They are at present alluding to me under the pleasing and sonorous title of 'The one who makes others die swiftly.' As far as knowing what it all means, I am as much in the dark as you are."

The warriors began to move away. He of the frock-coat was helped into a *quelis*

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HE ESTRANGED HIS PEOPLE BY WEARING THE GARB OF THE INFIDEL.

standing by, a gorgeous affair in red with white trimmings.

"Who is he—the man who was here?" she questioned again. There was a note of fear in her voice.

"Oh! His Excellency in the glad garments? That's Ram Si Ko, Datto of the Vians, and called by some people the Sultan of Zulon, and he's—why, what's the matter?"

The girl wavered, then staggered into his arms a dead weight.

"Here's a pickle," muttered Kent. "She's fainted."

II

NEVER before had Kent's household known such a zest for tidiness to possess him. Immediately after the newcomer had been carried to Kent's guest-chamber, the whole bungalow went through a transformation. But it was on the *comedor* that he lavished most of his attention, diving into trunks and boxes, closets, and drawers to produce the articles necessary for the changes he desired to bring about. The consequence was that when Amy came to consciousness again, she found herself in a room which she had never seen before, and a little Filipino girl sitting by her side rubbing her temples with *eau-de-Cologne*. She rose and looked about. It was dusk. The walls were hung with quaint tapestry; a long cheval-glass stood at one end of the room; her clothes were neatly laid out on a couch; there was a dressing-table with all necessary toilet articles near by.

The little girl helped her to dress, and then signed for her to follow. They walked through a narrow passage, and the girl opened a door. Amy passed through into a room that a few hours previously had consisted of four bare walls of a dirty-white color, its entire furniture an oil-clothed table upon which were set some bottles of ketchup, tabasco sauce, etc., two chairs, and an assortment of bolos stacked in a corner.

Now, however, the walls were covered with freshly cut palms; in the middle of the room was a table, on which was a spotlessly clean cloth, brightly shining knives and forks, and rare chinaware, and in the centre a large silver punch-bowl, in which were orchids and

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other tropical growths. On either side of the bowl stood silver candelabra burning red tapers and ornamented with shades of palest green. Over the table was suspended a *punkah*, which was swaying gently.

Amy paused, convinced for a moment that she was in the States again. Then a young man attired in evening clothes of purest white, with stiffly starched shirt-bosom and carefully tied bow, came forward and greeted her.

"Welcome to what little we have, Miss Leigh," he said.

A white-jacketed boy pulled back her chair, and after she had taken her place the white-clad young man seated himself directly opposite.

As the soup was served, some stringed instruments outside began to play an air popular in the States some years before. While she ate, Amy discreetly examined her companion. If she were small for a woman, the same could be said of him in comparison with other men. Taking it all in all, his height of bare four inches over five feet, his wavy light hair, his long-fringed lashes, and delicately cut features, gave him an air akin to effeminacy. But that was but a first impression. His mouth was small, but his lips set tightly together, and his chin was square and obstinate. Then, too, beneath those long-fringed lashes were a pair of eyes that could, in a moment, be as hard and cold as steel.

The dinner was excellent—thanks to the fact that Kent had, in order to assure himself of its success, shown his Chino exactly how he wanted everything done, going so far in practical demonstration as to take a hand in the kitchen himself. During the numerous courses, the conversation was such as might have occurred had they met for the first time under the most conventional circumstances. Kent asked many questions about affairs in the States, but evidently he knew more about them than his guest. She had seen no new plays, read no new books, knew nothing of the political aspect of events.

When they reached the coffee, Kent's curiosity broke the bounds of conventionality. "Will you kindly tell me where you lived in America?" he asked.

"At Alameda—that's in California. I was at the convent-school there—the nunnery of the Sacred Heart."

And then the whole story came out. She was an orphan. Her mother she had never seen, her father had died when she was eight years old, and from that time on she had lived at the convent. She had never known anyone with the exception of the nuns and the girls who were her school-mates. During her vacations she had always remained alone with the sisters. The latter had wished her to become a nun. But Amy had read some old novels that the girls had smuggled in for her, and she had Byron's poems; and it was romance, and not perpetual conventual seclusion, that she pined for.

One day, one of the girls, the one who shared her desk, brought a present for the sisters, wrapped in a week-old newspaper. She left the newspaper in her desk. Amy read an advertisement therein and clipped it out. She produced the clipping for Kent's inspection:

A gentleman of means, residing in the Orient, desires marriage with an American girl. Enclose photograph and give particulars. Address Box A-49, San Francisco *Clarion*.

The Orient was another name for romance to a Byron-fed imagination. She had a little miniature of herself that one of the girls had painted and given her for a Christmas gift. She enclosed this and gave a friend's address. Then she confided in this friend, who was a day scholar, and asked her to take charge of any letter that might come in reply. The girls in the convent were not allowed to receive any mail that could not be read by the nuns.

Finally an answer came—and the photograph of the "gentleman of means residing in the Orient." These also Amy handed to Kent. The photograph he recognized as an enlargement of a snapshot of himself in native garb, which he had allowed Barbour, the Sultan's pearl agent, to take some weeks before the latter left for the States.

The letter was written in a neat, clerkly hand, and Kent was not surprised to recognize the script of the pearl agent; he was beginning to catch the drift of the whole matter now. The letter had informed the girl that the Sultan of Zulon (as per photo enclosed) was charmed with her beauty, and would be the happiest man on earth if he could make her his wife. It further stated that as soon as she notified him when she would care to take the steamer from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, and thence to Zulon, ticket and travelling expenses would be forwarded to her.

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On replying that she was ready to start at any time, the ticket and money came.

She had no relatives that she knew of and no friends who could aid her. The life at the convent was hateful to her. She had the chance of marrying a very good-looking Eastern potentate. "Sultana of Zulon" sounded well in her ears. She recalled the old "Arabian Nights"; she was romantic—she came. That was all.

It took Amy more than an hour thus to explain matters to Kent. During her story he had watched her closely; watched the play of her blue eyes, the glint of the light on her masses of light-brown hair, the whiteness of her neck and shoulders; the dimples in her cheeks that showed for the first time when she recalled a humorous episode in her life at the convent; he noted the quaver, too, in her voice as she ended: "So I came." There was nothing more for her to tell.

"Well," said he, after a long silence, "I suppose you have lost that beautiful dream of becoming Sultana since you have seen the masculine gender of that title. A worse rascal never lived. He has all the vices of civilization and barbarism combined, and the virtues of neither. He was in England four years, you know, before he left—for the good of the country. He's immensely wealthy, and all that. Has a private pearl-fishery on the other side of the island——"

"He is horrible!" She shivered, her eyes appealing.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of him," he assured her, his teeth coming together with a snap. "If he tries any of his humorous tricks on me, he'll find himself some place in infinity. For some time I've just been waiting for a chance to suppress him. He's only got to meddle with me once." Kent's clinched fist came down heavily on the table. "I'll make him wish his mother had died before he was born."

Suddenly Pedro burst into the room. "*Señor, señor!*" he shrieked, then fell in a heap at his master's feet.

Kent rose and pulled him up. "What's the matter with you, you little——?" Then he noticed that the boy was bleeding profusely from a cut on the head.

He spoke to him in Visayan, softening his voice. But the boy did not answer. He was insensible.

"You'd better go to your room, Miss Leigh," said Kent quietly. "When a bolo-man strikes my *muchacho*, he's got to look out for me." He took one of the candelabra and led the way to her room. "Excuse me," he said, handing the light to her and passing on to the next door.

Within a moment his evening clothes were lying in a heap on the bed, and he was pulling on riding-costume and buckling on his revolvers. A knock sounded at the door, then a succession of them.

"Come in," he cried. Anselmo, his Constabulary Sergeant, stood before him, a *Tagàla* who had been with him ever since he had joined the Constabulary. The Sergeant saluted, and spoke to him in pigeon-English.

"Bolo-men come, cut wires, so me to you no can talk. Bolo-men come to my *casa*, me they would kill. Me they no kill, all same Antonio, he dead. Eugenio he no dead, very bad hurt. Me no more fight can do now." —He produced his empty revolver—"Bolo-men got *cuartel*. No can get cartridges. They men come get you now. You now they kill. You give me cartridges, fight can do."

Kent unslung his revolvers. "Coming here, are they?" he said meditatively. "Is *that* so?" He unlocked his table drawer and pointed to a box of cartridges. The Sergeant filled the chambers of his revolvers and then his cartridge-belt."

"Me have done kill five bolo-men," he remarked with satisfaction. "*Bueno?*"

"*Bueno!*" agreed Kent. "Why bolo-men come? You know?"

"Say you got *esposa* Sultan. Say come take *esposa*, you no can talk Manila, you no can talk Zamboanga, you no can talk Iloilo. They cut wires. You no can get *soldados*, you must give up *esposa*."

A wild shout broke out from behind the house, and a shot came from below.

"Me tell Faustino, all same Juan, all same Gervasio. No have got more."

"You go outside *casa*," said Kent suddenly. "You light big heap sticks, straw—you make big light, *sabe?*"

"Me *sabe*." The Sergeant saluted and was gone. Kent walked to the window. A dark form was scurrying across the *jardin*. He fired, and the man went down. Then, as if by a preconcerted signal, a wild whoop came from all sides of the house and the bolo-men streamed out of the grove of palms.

Kent walked out of the room, down the hall, and out on the balcony. A bright blaze from the beach showed him that Anselmo had obeyed his instructions. In the light, bolo-men, stretched out three deep before the bun-

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"*SEÑOR, SEÑOR!*" HE SHRIEKED, THEN FELL IN A HEAP AT HIS MASTER'S FEET.

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galow, stood out blackly, a sullen, huddled mass. The fire gleamed redly on their spears and bolos.

Kent's appearance was the signal for a yell of derision, and, almost immediately, the ranks parted and a man in a riding suit of khaki stepped from among them. It was he of the monocle, and the monocle was still in place.

He pointed his stick at Kent. "For my wife I have come," he said exultantly. "You give to me, me for her have sent. You do not give to me, I her take."

Kent felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned. The girl held out both hands beseechingly.

"You won't let him take me?" she entreated.

"Now don't you worry, little girl," said Kent lightly. "You go back to your room and lock your door."

Ram Si Ko stepped forward. "You come with me," he growled thickly at the girl.

"Go to your room," repeated Kent slowly, "and lock your door." Amy paused a moment and looked at him. "Go!"

She turned and went into the house. Kent faced the crowd, and addressed them in their own language.

"Have you one Ramang among you?" he asked.

A tall native in a single garment of white stepped forward. "*Unku*, I am here," he said. "Ramang, thy servant."

"To thee, then, Ramang, I speak," continued Kent. "This lady is my countrywoman, and she would not marry the one ye call Lord." Kent, noting Ram Si Ko's hand steal toward his belt, paused, and apparently aimlessly toyed with his own revolver. Presently he went on. "Therefore, I shall not let this thing be. Are ye men, or cowards, that ye set upon one in numbers—one who has been your friend? Are ye fools, that ye would enrage Him Who Rules the Great Country Beyond? Wilt thou not prevail upon these, thy countrymen, to be gone? I would ask aid of neither Ramang nor of any man were I alone, but it is for the lady I speak——"

"Give to me the woman who is mine," interrupted the Sultan. "And as for thee, dog!"—he struck Ramang with his riding-crop—"learn how ye name my enemy '*Unku*.'"

"The woman thou shalt not have," said Kent slowly. "As for thee, thou son of swine, with the soul of an ape, thou whose mother knew not the man who begot thee—for thee—if thou wouldest have her, thou must take her. Aye, take her from me, me who challenge thy right to be Datto of the Vians, and the One whom, by the Law of Dagan Jhrad, thou must contend with for thy Lordship—thou carrion!" He leaned forward and deliberately struck him across the mouth.

With an inarticulate cry of hate, Ram Si Ko's hand went to his breast, but before he could draw his weapon he found himself looking down the barrel of a .45.

"I will fight thee by the law of Dagan Jhrad," said the holder of the Colt. "Violate not that law."

The Sultan threw out both hands and turned to the bolo-men: "Kill ye this man," he shrieked; but there was no motion among his followers, only a muttering: "The Law of Dagan Jhrad. The *Unku* has contested thy right. 'Tis the law of Dagan Jhrad that none save thy hand be lifted against him."

Dagan Jhrad had been the first ruler of Zulon, and at his death there were left behind him certain laws by which his descendants were commanded to rule his people. In the eyes of the Malay fanatics, the dead potentate was but a little lower than the great Mahomet, and bold would be the man who dared disregard his commandments.

And the words of Dagan Jhrad were as follows:

> When a rival shall rise up, and call the One Who Ruleth not the Ruler, and shall deny that Allah hath given into his hand the destinies of the Vians, then shall the blood of my people be not wasted in useless Strife and Combat, but shall He That Ruleth and He That Denieth the Ruler take into their hands, the first the *Kris* of my Father, and the second the *Kris* That was Mine, and shall their feet be bound together, and thus shall they fight within the Sacred Ring of the Inner Court of the Mosque; and shall they fight even so until one hath gone the Way of the Houris. And to Him to Whom Allah shall Give the Victory shall ye, my People, your sons, and those that are yet to come, aye, all those that are begat of thy loins, bow down and Him Ye shall call Lord. . . .

And as Ramang droned out the words, the head-men pointed their spears to the East, and Ram Si Ko knew that he must indeed obey the law.

Too late he realized that he had estranged his people by wearing the garb of the infidel, disregarding the old statutes, and mocking

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the native religion. Now he must fight and kill this little stranger, or he was no more Datto of the Vians.

"By the Law of Dagan Jhrad, so be it," he cried. "Come ye, then, that I may speedily make an end."

"That will I," returned Kent. "But of your people I ask a favor. I ask a moment within my bungalow, a moment within. I have passed my word that I will return."

In the *comedor* he found Anselmo. "Sergeant," he said, "you will guard the lady within."

"*Si, señor,*" returned the *Tagala* impassively.

"You will wait until you hear whether I have killed the Datto or am killed," went on Kent, still speaking in Spanish. "If I be dead, seize a *balandra* and make shift to get to Jolo."

"*Si, señor,*" repeated Anselmo without emotion. Kent knew that his instructions would be carried out. He knocked at the girl's door.

"I leave you in Anselmo's charge," he told her. "If I do not return, he will see that you get away."

She caught Kent's arm. "Don't—don't—don't go——"

Kent kissed the little detaining hand.

"Good-by, little girl," he whispered lightly. "Don't worry about me. I'll be back all right. I'm just taking precautions, that's all."

He went back to the balcony, came down the steps, and stood among the Moros.

"I am ready," he said.

III

When the head-men tied together Kent's bare feet, a shiver of apprehension went over him.

"It didn't seem real, old man," he told a friend afterward. "There was I, Frank Kent, an American, and very far from being sentimental or superstitious or anything of that sort. But somehow, I didn't feel much like the usual Frank Kent, standing there in that caverny, old place.

"You see, it was this way: I was standing in the inner circle of the mosque, the place where the royal family alone was supposed to pray. This circle is about fifteen feet in diameter, and the law is that if the combatants get outside of it during the fight, they are to be killed by the guards outside. Old Dagan Jhrad knew what he was doing when he made that law.

"All around the outer circle the natives were bunched together like so many cattle. Between the inner and outer circles stood the mosque guards with their *krises* in hand ready to perforate any *Buji* who had the nerve to go near the forbidden line. At intervals of about five yards stood the minor Hadjis with flaming torches of wood soaked in cocoanut oil that lighted up the field of combat, so to speak. Out beyond the light of the torches, the shadowy walls and alcoves of the mosque seemed to conceal all manner of horrible things.

"I'm not a nervous man, Dickie, you know that. But I don't mind telling you that my legs were shaking like moulds of jelly, and I felt as though someone had turned an electric fan on my bare skin.

"While the Hadjis were tying my ankles together, I looked across at Ram Si Ko. The man who said: 'Clothes make the man,' wasn't far wrong in his case. He was rotten ugly enough in his English duds, but standing there absolutely in the altogether, his brown skin, black in the light of the torches, and his great hairy arms and chest made him look like one of those impossible ogres that the Japanese paint. I tell you, it took my nerve away just to look at him.

"The old Hadji Besar (that's their chief exhorter, you know) gave the Sultan a *kris*, and me another, a curly-cross piece of steel about four feet long. Then he stepped out of the circle, and began the Death Chant of Islam; all those savages took it up, and I can tell you it was pretty awful, for the hanged old bat-house had as many echoes as the Mammoth Caves."

Kent never dwelt upon the rest of the story. He was not an especially modest man, but he did not like to risk the imputation of exaggeration.

When the chief Hadji rose to his feet, and the chant ceased, Kent was ready for the swift flash of the Sultan's *kris* as it came toward him. He met it with a counter-slash, and the *kris* glanced off harmlessly. Kent found that his broadsword practice at the Point served him usefully in this crisis.

For five minutes or so it was cut and thrust, and Kent's arm began to grow weary. It seemed as though he could hold the heavy *kris* no longer. His bonds cut into his ankles, and the blood was flowing from a wound in his shoulder.

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He saw the evil face glowering at him behind the vicious cuts and closed his eyes in expectation of the end; then he seemed to see another face with blue eyes. He drew himself up, jumped aside, and with a last effort of strength he dealt a blow which severed the Datto's *kris* at the haft.

Swifter than the down-flight of an eagle, the Sultan was upon him, and their bare bodies flattened against each other. The brown hands clutched the white throat, and Kent gurgled; but at the same time he nearly laughed. It was the grip of all grips he would have desired. A Japanese had once taught him a trick of *jiu-jitsu* especially intended to break it. He dropped his *kris*, clasped his right hand firmly around the wrist of his left, and threw all the strength of his body against the Sultan's grip. It broke; no strength on earth could stand the pressure. The Sultan tottered; Kent's legs were pressing against him; nearer, nearer to the edge of the circle. He struggled futilely. Kent's arms had gripped his neck; with a quick spring and push, Kent stumbled back into the centre of the prescribed arena, falling on one hand, while the Sultan fell headlong beyond the limits of the inner circle.

In a second he was up—arms outstretched. His eyes looked on the remorseless *krises* of his erstwhile guards. He remembered the Law. He saw the white form of his enemy standing erect in the circle. At this supreme moment the Mahomedan in him came to the surface.

"*Kismet*," he muttered, and sinking on his knees, facing the East, with bowed head he awaited the blow. The next moment Ram Si Ko had gone to the judgment of Allah.

IV

As the dawn came, a voice from the *jardin* called aloud on Anselmo, and he descended. Presently he came back and asked the Señorita to follow him.

Below was a *quelis*, the *quelis* with the red and white ornamentations. Amy recognized it with a gasp. It was Ram Si Ko's.

"I will not go," she said. But Anselmo had raised her in his arms and placed her within. From the palms came the Sultan's body-guard in their court costume of white *jusi*.

Anselmo climbed in, and held the girl's hands. The *quelis* started off. It seemed to Amy that the whole world had come to an end.

"Mr. Kent—where is he?" she faltered out. "Let me go. I will not let you take me to the Sultan."

But Anselmo shook his head. "No *sabe Ingles*," he returned.

The *quelis* came to a halt. The guard closed around the girl, and Anselmo raised her to his shoulders.

They were below a long, low, white building. As they stepped within the threshold, the guard lowered their spears. They passed a long line of warriors, who saluted the girl.

"Sultana—*Unku* Sultana," they said. Amy was nearly fainting from terror. She passed into a long, wide room. On the raised dais at the end of the room sat a man in the garb of the royal family of Zulon. Around the dais were another detachment of the guard.

The girl was placed at the foot of the dais, free. She stared at the guard a moment fixedly, then drew from her dress a tiny knife she had found in the bungalow.

"I will not marry the Sultan," she cried. Then she felt a strong grasp on her wrist. She looked up fearfully, and saw Kent's face looking out from among the barbarous robes.

"Won't you marry the Sultan, Amy?" he asked gently.

"You!" she gasped. "You would have me marry him?—You!"

"I—the Sultan," he answered, "I am the Sultan of Zulon. Dearest, you came here to marry me; it was my picture you thought the Sultan's. Now the other is dead, and these people have chosen me for their lord. Will you share my kingdom with me?"

For a moment she did not answer. It all seemed fantastic—a fairy story. Things like this were not possible.

"I—I—thought you were dead," she murmured. Then she drooped her head. "I——"

Kent took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he placed her on the dais, and turned to the guards.

"This lady is your Sultana—my wife—the Sultana of Zulon."

The guards saluted with their spears, and their cheer came back in increasing volume from the great crowd without.

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The Swede's Angel

By MABEL S. ULRICH

Illustrations by Phillipps Ward

"YOU wished to see me?"

Miss Lawton, the superintendent of the hospital, stood before the visitor in the reception-room. The visitor was a bewilderingly fluffy person. There was a mist of chiffon about her hat; it fell over her face, half hiding it. Her gown was a fluttering series of ruffles; the skirt especially was a voluminous white mystery; it was more like a tiny bank of spring-time clouds than a skirt.

"You wished to see me?"

Anticipatory disapproval, disdain, and cynical amusement were added to the purely formal question in the repetition. Miss Lawton was a very busy woman. The general aspect of this Miss Westerveldt did not suggest business.

"I'd like to talk with you a little," said Miss Westerveldt timidly, "about a lot of things, you know."

In the girl's voice there was soft appeal and thrilling, if constrained, enthusiasm. Miss Lawton thought she knew the type. It was not a type she had time to humor.

The girl moved, rustling softly, to the end of the settee as if to make room for the older woman. Miss Lawton did not sit down.

"I am quite busy," she said. Her tone was more than cold; it was iced. "Is there anything of particular importance?"

Miss Westerveldt put her hands up among the mist of veils and pushed them away from the brim of her hat. She was a pink-and-white Dresden china creature, with very big violet eyes that were aggressively full of sympathy and wonder and a desire to do something—no matter how useless, Miss Lawton thought.

"It is very, oh, very important, to me," the girl said, her big eyes mutely accepting the implied rebuff and yet ignoring it. "You know, I have all my life wanted to be a nurse, though my mother wouldn't hear of it——"

"Really, then," Miss Lawton began, "it is hardly worth while——"

"Oh, I know," said the girl hastily, "I have quite given it up. Mother said that it would make me quite impossible socially."

"Any opinion of mine would seem to be as superfluous," said the superintendent, "as it would be incompetent."

The violet eyes were flooded for a moment, and the long-fringed lids dropped over them once or twice until they cleared again.

"You misunderstand me," she said. "It wasn't my feeling at all; it was mother's. I

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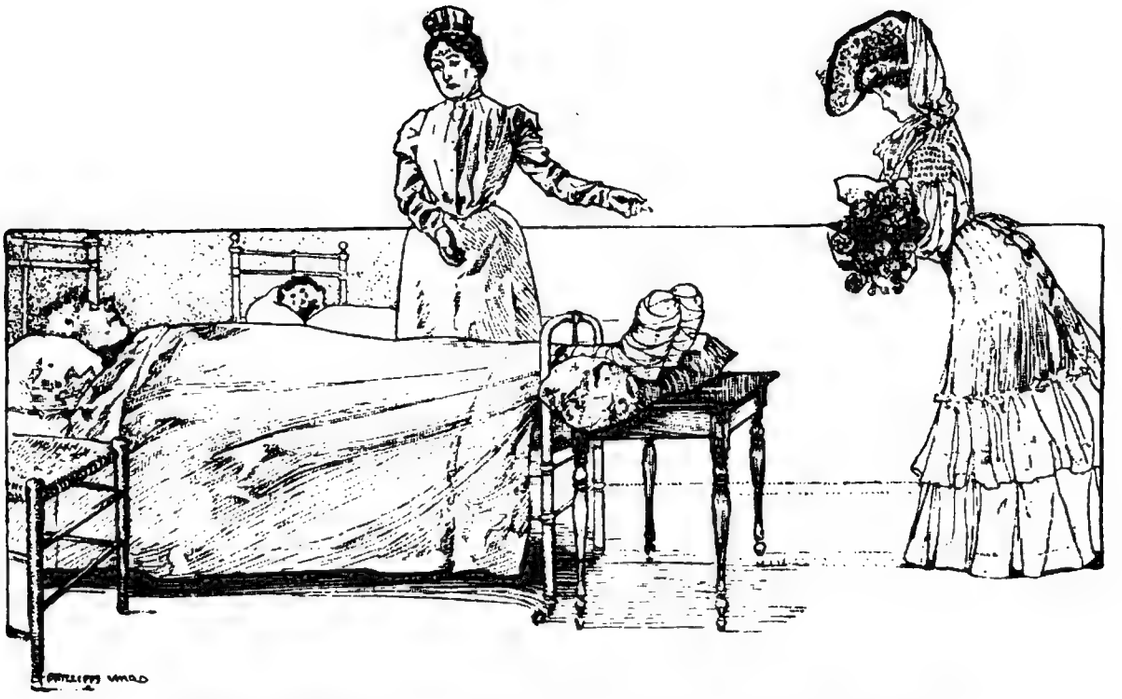

THE WHITE IRON COT WAS QUITE TOO SHORT FOR HIM.

should still like to go into the work, but it isn't possible, and I want to do something else." She hurried on to anticipate another rebuff. "I wanted to know if there isn't one of those poor firemen who were hurt on Wednesday, who is without friends, who has no dear and near ones to come and while away the long hours of suffering. Surely there must be at least one of them whom I can cheer a little. Surely there is, Miss Lawton! Ever since the newspapers told how brave they were, I have longed to do something to show how I felt about it! Not that my little praise or blame could make any difference to them. But don't you think that we, the public, ought to do something, when we can, to express our gratitude?"

"There is a fund, you know." Miss Lawton was altogether free from enthusiasm.

"Oh, I know, I do know!" The girl was almost tearfully eager. "I and papa gave a lot to the fund. But my heart longs to do something myself."

"So far as I know," said the superintendent, "they all have friends."

All the light and the happiness went out of the girl's face. It was almost as though she had been struck with a physical blow. Miss Lawton felt herself softening almost unaccountably.

"No," she said slowly, "there is one, Olaf Johnson. He has no one, I am sure."

"I'm so glad!" cried the girl. "I'm so glad! You have no idea, Miss Lawton, you cannot have the slightest idea how much this thing meant to me. May I see Mr. Johnson now? I have brought these roses and a book for him."

"Come with me," said the superintendent, and somewhat grimly led the way back into the hospital.

Passing through the wards, Miss Westerveldt shuddered delicately at the sight of bandaged heads and arms; she stared reverently at the white-capped, blue-gowned nurses. At the door of the children's ward she stopped with an ecstatic exclamation of delight.

"Oh, you darlings!" she called to them all, as they stretched out their baby hands toward her. "You preciouses! You little pets! Next time the lady will bring all of you some posies. But she can't give you these to-day; they are all for a big, brave man!"

Throwing kisses at them to right and left, she backed out of the middle of the room into which her enthusiasm had led her and rejoined the impatient superintendent.

They stood for an instant at the door of the men's surgical ward before they went in. Somewhere in the straight white rows of cots was Fireman Olaf Johnson. Miss Westerveldt did not know which he was, or where. So she looked her love out toward the whole room impartially, and the whole room stirred under the warmth of the admiration and pity in the smile.

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"Johnson is in the fourth bed," said Miss Lawton, guiding the girl to one side of the ward.

The girl gasped. Even with all the preliminary steps toward her goal, she seemed to have come to it with breathless suddenness.

Johnson was a giant—a tow-headed, round-faced son of the North. He was so big that the white iron cot was quite too short for him. His huge feet, made even more huge than they really were by the soft bandages in which they were wound, rested on a low table beyond the foot-bar. To Miss Westerveldt, in her first dismayed confusion, they seemed to reach half-way across the room. Johnson turned toward her the round, wondering eyes of a gigantic baby.

Out of their blue depths and from the placid breadth of his great face rose an impersonal, bland smile of satisfaction with the world as it was at the moment.

"Gee, she's the Swede's!"

Mike Lannigan, Johnson's chief, who lay in the next cot, his legs incased in a small mountain ridge of plaster and bandages, spoke out into the silence of the ward in perfect unconsciousness. His voice died away toward the end of the sentence, and the whole ward was overcome with a hush of embarrassment.

"Johnson," said Miss Lawton—her voice was very low, but the ward was so very still that every word was heard in the farthest corner—"Johnson, this young lady has brought you some flowers and a book. She is going to visit with you for a little while."

The huge babe stared up at her without winking, without any change of the placid smile, except perhaps that there was a shadow, though of wonder. Miss Lawton smiled at him encouragingly and went back to her work.

Miss Westerveldt's ecstasy had come back upon her, driving out the momentary annoyance resulting from Mike Lannigan's spontaneously announced discovery. She fairly trembled in her rush of desire to lavish comfort and sympathy on the hero.

"Yes," she murmured, all unknowing that the men in the cots all about them were fairly gripping their mattresses in the effort to hear every word, "yes, Miss Lawton has told me that all your friends are far away, in your home country; so I am going to be a friend to you, if you will let me." Shyness mingled with winning confidence as the girl leaned forward to look into the disconcerting stare of those pale blue eyes. "It must be terrible, perfectly terrible, to be sick in a hospital and not to have anyone near who cares about you."

Johnson, smiling, nodded. It was not that he understood, but it seemed to him to be only polite to the pretty lady to agree with her. Miss Westerveldt waited. It became apparent that Johnson was not going to help her. With this discovery came the appreciation of the silence which pervaded the ward. The girl stole a look around. Every face on the pillow of every cot was turned toward her, waiting and eager. She blushed and looked back quickly at Johnson. It was not an angry blush; after all, most of them were men whose deeds were still being recounted up and down the length of the city: the interest and open admiration of such men could not but be more acceptable than unpleasant.

"Aye t'ank you," said the Swede, with a mighty effort to do his duty to the full. "Thay don't hurt may now."

"Oh, you brave man!" said the girl, with a satisfied shudder of delight in his stoicism. "But tell me just how it happened. Tell me how you were burned!"

"Aye hayve not bane in thay fire," he said, simply unconscious of the shock that came to the spirit of the young lady who was beaming so softly over him.

"Oh," she murmured, under her breath.

"The b'iler bu'st, ma'am," loudly explained Lannigan, with so frank an interest in the conversation that the girl almost started from her chair. "He was scalded."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, with a great sigh of relief, "thank you, so much. He doesn't understand English very well, does he?" She was conscious of just the slightest irritation with the hero's imperturbability.

"Sure," said Lannigan, "he speaks it a-plenty! You oughter hear him around the truck-house. The boys call him Windy Olaf. He's awful shy, that's all."

Again Miss Westerveldt was grateful. Of course, a hero was shy. She should have known without telling. She turned to the giant again.

"You came from Sweden, did you not?" she asked.

"Ya-a-s," said Johnson. He was neither interested nor bored. He was meeting his duty as it came, serenely, if wonderingly.

"Have you been here-long?"

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SHE PUSHED THE CHAIR UP AND DOWN.

"Na-a-a-w!"

"How do you like America?" Miss Westerveldt was bound to help the great, shy child by her own vivacity.

"Aye tank she bane all right," said the Swede.

Miss Westerveldt heard Lannigan sniff in exasperated sympathy with her. She turned to him brightly.

"He will get to know me better, after a while," she said. "Won't you, Mr. Johnson?" She smiled archly down upon him. His even expression did not change at all. "Anyway," she said, "I shall come again." She lifted his hand from the cover of the bed. When she let it go it dropped limply back.

She was hardly out of the door of the ward when a volley of good-natured jeers was poured in upon Olaf Johnson from every side.

"Say, Olaf, who's your girl?"

"Who'd 'a' thought Olly was a masher!"

"Did you pipe the way she 'most cried over his poor little footsies, fellers?"

Lannigan broke out in song. His voice rang through the ward with the tin-pan resonance of the music-hall soubrette:

> They used to hug and kiss my pretty feet;
> Why don't they do it now?

The ward roared in its joy.

Johnson smiled indifferently.

"I don't know," he answered to all their questions.

In two days the "Swede's Angel" came again. This time she entered the ward followed by a disdainful maid, who carried a basket of fruit and a Venetian glass vase. These were set down on the stand beside the hero's bed; the maid's manner was distinctly severe and disapproving. Nodding cheerily to the fireman, Miss Westerveldt stripped the tissue-paper from a bunch of orchids and arranged them in the vase.

"It is so much nicer to have them in this," she said to Olaf, "than in that horrible, dispensary-looking thing they gave me here last week, isn't it?"

The fireman sighed an uncomprehending sigh, but he bobbed his head in courteous assent.

"You may go, Marie," the girl said to the maid. Miss Westerveldt watched the quick departure of the servant with the feeling that a depressingly critical atmosphere was dissipated with her disappearance.

With a brave little smile, of which another than Johnson might have felt the earnest pathos, she set about the task of overcoming his shyness. It was all in vain. Monosyllables which varied only with their increasing drawl were her sole return. She caught up a magazine and read to him for an hour with the greatest expression and vivacity imaginable. Johnson watched her placidly. Perhaps he listened to the words; if he did, certainly his Scandinavian smile did not waver, fade, nor brighten.

Miss Westerveldt went away impressed

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with the difficulty of the duty she had undertaken. But she persisted. She told her friends that she "loved the atmosphere of the place," and that even to do good in such an insignificant way gave a new joy to life.

The time came when Johnson was allowed to leave his cot and sit in a wheeled chair. She pushed the chair up and down the shaded cinderpaths of the hospital, pausing every little while to make sure that the pillows behind his head and under his hurt feet were comfortably adjusted. She solicitously guarded his eyes from vagrant rays of sunlight with her dainty parasol.

The patients changed her designation from "The Swede's Angel" to "Olly's Nurse Girl." She gave a new color and life to the gray monotone of the hospital, to say nothing of furnishing a never stale subject for talk. She fluttered like a butterfly about the great bundled-up baby in the trundle-chair and was happy. Abandoning all attempts to lead Johnson into garrulity, she chattered to him in a merry, kindly monologue. She did not observe, and perhaps no one else did, that in three weeks of her ministrations there had come a change in her charge. Little by little that cheerful, impersonal smile had faded. Trouble clouded the blue, infant eyes. Certainly, the symptom-card at the foot of his bed recorded that his sleep was irregular and that he was occasionally visited by a light fever. The general recovery of the scalded feet was not, however, impeded.

It was the day when the house surgeon had told him that he had but one more week to stay. A pouring rain had been soaking down all morning. Others were depressed and irritable in the fear that the storm would keep the Wednesday visitors away. But Olly did not seem to share the prevailing dissatisfaction. There was an uplifted air of renewed cheerfulness about him which even the news of his near return to the world could hardly account for. When the rain stopped and the sun came out, he insisted on being allowed to hobble without help from his bed to the wheel-chair. He showed an elephantine pride in his independence of guidance or support by the ward orderlies.

As his chair was rolled out of the elevator into the court, an imp of a boy came running out to him from the hospital office.

"Hey, Johnson," he called, "your lady friend just called up on the phone fer me to tell yer that the rain wasn't keepin' her away. She'll be over at four o'clock; she says she's awful glad to hear you're gettin' well, an' she wants to talk to you about what you're goin' to do when you're let out."

To Johnson the glistening grass and the clean-washed leaves and the sparkle of the sun on the diamond-like rain-drops became at once gloomier than the darkest hour of the rainy morning. The reprieve of an hour cheered him not at all. He had thought he would escape for once. That night the fool flowers would nod their silly petals over his cot. The pile of books and magazines would attract the usual renewed interest by the changes which she had made in it. Must he stand it for another week?

The orderly had taken him to a far corner of the yard, and had assured him that Miss Westerveldt would be sent to him as soon as she came. He was filled with sullen rage.

He sat up with a thrill of mighty inspiration. The ancient fire of his viking ancestors glared in his eyes. With a quickness utterly foreign to his habit of life and thought, he looked around. The nearest patient was a hundred yards away. There was no orderly in sight. A great gap in the hospital hedge was but ten yards from his chair. He caught a book from the flap at the side of his chair and tore out the fly-leaf. With a stub of a

DISTINCTLY SEVERE AND DISAPPROVING.

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pencil fished from his pocket he scribbled upon it painfully. He folded the paper and pinned it to his wrapper. Then he looked around again. Things had not changed.

HE PLUNGED FORWARD INTO THE GARDEN.

With astounding velocity he propelled his chair to the hedge. Beyond was the hospital vegetable garden. Orderly rows of beets and lettuce and carrots and turnips raised their foliage out of squares of rich, black, muddy loam. Beyond was a gate, open. Through the gate was disclosed, between the ends of the high fence, the great open world. He threw aside his quilted wrapper and stood up. The patient across the lawn cried out shrilly. Johnson looked back at him with angry sternness and grim determination. There was in his countenance the light which comes to men who die for freedom. He hobbled forth through the hedge. The cries of alarm behind him were redoubled. He heard stronger voices take them up. There was a path around the garden; but safety lay in swift escape. With an odd look of regret at the spotless bandages on his feet, he plunged forward into the garden. He sank half-way to his knees in the soft earth; the cool mud worked into his bandages and he felt as though new strength were coming to him. He drew out one foot and then the other with a barrelful of muck dripping from each one. He plunged on, leaving a mighty channel of destruction and disorder behind him. He gained the gates.

"Johnson," shouted an authoritative voice behind him, "you blame fool, come back here!"

He looked round and saw an orderly standing, hesitating, on the other side of the quagmire of a garden. Waving his hand high over his head and letting out a wild laugh of triumph, Johnson leaped through the gate and was gone. Had he waited a moment more, he might have seen a fluttering, lacy figure come flying up behind the orderly and stand looking out across the garden with pitiable dismay and wonder.

They never caught him. Hurt beyond all expression, vexed to distraction, Miss Westerveldt waited until dusk in the superintendent's office for an explanation. Miss Lawton came to her at last with a bit of paper, folded and run through with pin-marks.

"This seems to be for you, Miss Westerveldt," said the superintendent. "We found it pinned on Johnson's discarded wrapper. If it gives us any explanation we should like to know."

On the outside of the note was the inscription:

TO THE LADY

The girl tore it open and read:

Lady—when i get won chance i go way i got him now i can you not like like you like me i haf won litl gurl in Skvensk i tank you bane so kind to me i tank you for frut i have not it ete wile other boys did alws ete it firs OLAF JOHNSON.

The girl's cheeks grew redder and hotter as she puzzled out the words. She looked up from a full understanding of the communication and found Miss Lawton's eyes fixed upon her with a far more lively expression of curiosity than of concern.

"I think there is no explanation here that would be of use to you, Miss Lawton," she said. "You have been very kind to me. Good-by."

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Experiences of a Nursery Governess

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

III

How shall we bring up our children so as best to equip them for life? This is a question that concerns every parent in the land. In the course of her experiences as a nursery governess, Miss Martha Bensley reached certain conclusions on the subject of child-training. With Miss Bensley's conclusions and theories you may not agree. If you do not, we should be glad to have you discuss the matter in our department, "Straight Talk," which we set apart for voicing the opinions of our readers.—THE EDITOR.

MRS. SARTAIN'S soft eyes examined me carefully as I stood before her in the intelligence office, and her sweet voice asked what experience I had had with children. Satisfied on that point, she told me of her own family. The two older children were in school, and I should only have to help them with their lessons in the afternoon; most of my time, therefore, would be spent with the baby in the nursery.

She was a very charming woman; her attitude toward me was quite perfect; and when she said that she should be glad to have me come, I made haste to accept, and agreed to go to her on the following Thursday.

Her suburban home was large and old-fashioned, with extensive grounds. The butler conducted me up to the second floor, where Mrs. Sartain greeted me kindly. She then led me to my room, which proved to be one end of the trunk-room, partitioned off from the rest by rough boards reaching to about three feet from the ceiling, and smelling oppressively of moth-balls. This apartment was elegantly and luxuriously furnished with one old-fashioned wooden bed, one small chest of drawers, one agitated mirror, one washstand made of rough boards and covered with white cloth, two discarded dining-room chairs, and a worn strip of carpet. On the chest of drawers was an alarm clock loudly ticking, and suggestively set for six o'clock.

On looking through the drawers, I found white aprons with shoulder-straps, and, as aprons do not normally grow in bureau drawers, I came to the surprised conclusion that they had been put there for me to wear. It seemed queer that these people should wish their nursery governess to dress like a chamber-maid, but I unprotestingly arrayed myself.

Of course, wearing an apron, I could not expect to be summoned to the family table, and so waited in the nursery till Mrs. Sartain came up to take my place by the baby, sending me down the back stairs to the kitchen for my dinner.

I entered that kitchen with considerable timidity, being far from certain regarding the etiquette proper to the occasion. Clara, the pretty German cook, came from the stove and, greeting me kindly, showed me where to sit. At the head of the table was her husband, the butler, in his dress-suit, giving quite a festive air to the oilcloth-covered table. The laundress occupied the foot and I was placed beside her. Our dinner was the same as that of the family; it was served to us in courses by the cook, who rose from her seat for that purpose, and it was most delicious. Everyone tried to make me feel at home, and I was asked no personal nor impertinent questions. As for manners, I have seen much worse in famous hotels, dining-cars, and even in our "best society."

Not eating with the family, I did not even see them all on the first day. In the offhand, though kindly, manner in which I was presented to the various members of the household, I found the significance of my apron emphasized. Mr. Sartain's careless greeting of his new servant was as unlike as possible the courteous welcome Mr. Woodman had given me. He was tall, handsome, with a rich voice, and an accent that made his English a pleasure to hear. A wealthy man—the owner of a yacht, a country home, horses, automobiles—he devoted himself to yachting and incidentally did a little business in New York. His wife was beautiful, gentle, sympathetic, ready to admire her husband whenever he was in the least admirable, with no ideas to conflict with his, and devoted to her home and children. Her sister, Miss

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Morris, who lived with them, was a less beautiful, more dominant and intellectual copy of Mrs. Sartain. Warren, the eldest child, was a small replica of his father, or rather a caricature, in whom all the physical traits of the man were exaggerated. Edith was ten years old and looked like her mother, but bade fair to be more robust and aggressive. The year-old baby was everything sweet and lovely that a little girl could be.

It was some days before she would consent to make friends with me, and so I had time to get used to my other work before taking charge of her. Mrs. Sartain had told me that I should have the care of the nursery, but I was not prepared for some of the duties that were delegated to me.

"Here are baby's things," she said to me one morning. "As she won't go to you, you will have time to do them now."

I took them, blankly wondering; but it soon occurred to me that she wanted me to wash and iron them. I went down to the laundry and, supplied by the kind-hearted laundress with a gingham apron, took my place at the tubs. Lack of experience made me slow, and it was two hours and a half before the thirty-eight pieces were washed and ironed, by which time I had discovered that washing is done with the small of the back and ironing with the ankles. This became part of my daily routine, and I even grew to welcome it as a time when the strain was only physical. To be sure, the laundress was there, ready, willing, and with leisure to do this work, but Mrs. Sartain, seeing no reason why the woman who could teach her daughter algebra should not also launder her baby's clothes, had assigned it to me. I grew to do this task in less and less time, but that did not give me any more leisure. One day, as I came up the back stairs, Mrs. Sartain met me—

"Have you finished the baby's washing, Anna? Then I think I shall let you take care of Warren's room—make his bed and attend to everything—you will have time."

This proving quite within my powers, she transferred the duty of bringing up the ice for the baby's refrigerator from Karl to me. This happened again and again till I found myself doing a large part of the chamber work, and demonstrated to my own satisfaction that the sure reward of duty done is—duty to do.

Warren and Edith had always had a governess until this year, when a good private school had been established in the neighborhood. One of my duties was to help them with their lessons before dinner, and I found them farther advanced in their studies than is usual with children of their age. In teaching them, however, I was at a great disadvantage. I was never with them except in the schoolroom or the servants' quarters. During the whole of my stay I was but twice in the parlors or dining-room—once when I came to the house and passed through the front hall, and once when I was sent down to bring up the baby's shawl. With her distinctive apron, going up and down the back stairs, eating in the kitchen, excluded from the parlors, and classed with the servants generally, who was "Anna" that she should have any knowledge of history or mathematics? A teacher who made their beds and hung up their clothes was of little value in their eyes; they could not respect my intellect when they looked down upon me; and they were in a position to question the accuracy of the information of one whom they could send on errands at their pleasure.

This home had one ruler—the father; and in his government the Law of Love had no place, for he ruled by means of profanity. The smallest request came in the form of a threat on the wings of blasphemy; and the least deviation from duty, which was synonymous with his pleasure, was punished in the same way.

His wife and children were parts of his home, only differing from the furniture in that they could move about and get into places where he did not want them, and that considerable exertion on his part in the form of "language" was necessary to make them "stay put."

Occasionally Jove would descend from his mountain peak, the thunderbolts would be silent, and he would disport himself with these, his subjects, almost as an equal. Then his wife's eyes would lose their pathetic look; she put on her prettiest clothes, and the pink flushed into her cheeks.

The children asked favors without having spent hours beforehand in screwing up their courage, and could even question him about their lessons without the fear of being called dunces or fools. They chattered joyously at the table, and Miss Morris sang and played after dinner in the drawing-room; Karl, the butler, was smiling, and retailed stories of the dining-room to us in the kitchen; meals were on time and the cook was happy; even I ceased

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to dodge about the upper halls like a criminal. Of course, during the first day or two passed by the family in one of these vales of delight, we all had the air of not daring to believe it true, but as the strain relaxed and the happiness continued, we became almost our natural selves.

Like warm summer days, these blissful periods usually ended in sudden storms; out of the clear sky of Mr. Sartain's good nature would burst the torrents of his causeless wrath. The happiness died from his wife's face; the children would flee weeping from the table; Miss Morris passed the hours she was forced to spend in his presence in speechless immobility; Karl was gloomy with resentment at the epithets applied to him; Clara was moved to tears over the remarks that greeted her masterpieces; and I attended furtively to my up-stairs work lest I should be asked: "What in hell are you doing here?"

One morning, in a fit of condescension, Mr. Sartain carried the baby down to breakfast. A little later his strident voice filled the house in a long tirade of fault-finding, nagging profanity. Miss Morris came up-stairs with the baby long before she had had time to finish her meal; she was shortly followed by Edith in tears, and Warren banged out of the front door. The stream of Mr. Sartain's abuse was now turned full upon his wife, and she sat under it all in silence. I think that in conflict with Mr. Sartain she had long ago exhausted her natural weapons—tears, entreaties, and cajoleries—and knew that endurance only was left her. All other subjects of vituperation failing him, he fell foul of the family health.

"Nine hundred dollars for doctor's bills last year—nine hundred dollars! Do you hear me? I should think you might at least keep yourself and the children well—it's the least you can do—I can't do everything! There's the baby now—got a cold this minute! Can't you keep the house warm? Don't I buy plenty of coal? I know you spend money enough—some of it might go for useful things," and so on and on till he left to catch the boat.

That night he did not come home to dinner, though it was kept waiting an hour for him, and the trembling little woman at the table had braced herself sufficiently to meet any shock. She tried to keep awake till he came but could not do it, and I left her asleep on the couch in the library when I went to bed. I suppose her husband was trying to discipline her by withdrawing from her the light of his countenance.

These cyclonic periods were of much greater length than the seasons of sunshine, and their effect was more lasting. Poor Mrs. Sartain, after a day or two of endurance, would reach the limit of her courage and resort to stimulants for artificial strength; and the nursery governess was the last to blame the little swaying woman who, roused from an afternoon of stupor, came to kiss the baby good-night, and then clung to the supporting stair-rail as she went down to sit under a storm of abuse at the dinner table. I soon learned that, during these times, I must depend entirely on my own judgment in regard to the children and my work, except early in the morning; for, as Mr. Sartain's return became imminent, his wife was seldom in a state to give lucid instructions.

It must have been a long time since these children had known their real mother. The spiritless woman, almost continually under the influence of terror or of drugs, who had taken her place, was a creation of their father's anger; it was never her true self that they saw, never her influence that they felt; but only their father's influence upon her.

That she was essentially a weak woman, her utter inability to curb her husband or control herself proved clearly enough; she was one of that class who, as mothers, ruin their children by indulgence, with the mistaken notion that they love them too much to refuse any request. Yet I am convinced that, sweet and easily influenced as she was, Mrs. Sartain might, with the support and advice of a wise husband, have been a moderately good mother. As it was, except when under the influence of stimulants, her natural tendency to indulge her children was unchecked, perhaps even emphasized. She had lost all power of resistance or self-assertion. She gave her children love entirely untempered by reason, and purely instinctive. It did them no more good than the maternal affection of an animal for its young.

She proceeded on the theory that they could do no wrong. She accepted the most absurd and unreasonable excuses for their misdeeds —that is, when they condescended to give her any excuses at all—and would not believe anything that was not actually proved. When she could no longer doubt, she had two ways of meeting their offences. If she was quite herself, she resorted to tearful reproach.

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"Oh, Warren, how could you do a thing like that? I've told you so many times not to —oh, dear!—I don't know what to do with you—I really don't—you won't do as I tell you, and it's just no good at all, my talking about it!"

When the alcoholic influence was upon her it was different.

"Edith," she would snap, "what do you mean by this—what do you mean by it?—There, don't answer me—don't you dare to do it! Go to your room this minute and don't come out of it till I say you may—I won't have my children behave like this any longer—I won't, indeed!"

Her ideas as to what were and what were not the right things for them to do were unique. One day, during a light rain, Warren and a party of boys stationed themselves on the veranda with their air-guns and fired shot at the people who passed. I tried in vain to stop it, and at length called the attention of Mrs. Sartain to their performance. She returned to the nursery after investigating and told me it was all right.

"Warren says that they are only peppering holes in people's umbrellas, and that is no harm."

Once, after an ominous crash had sounded in the parlor, she exclaimed: "There, Warren has broken another window! I don't mind one occasionally—it will happen; but two in a week is too many. I must speak to him about it."

It was no wonder, even taking into consideration only her inherent weakness, that Mrs. Sartain could not control her children, and that they were shockingly rude to her. No child ever respects a weakly indulgent parent, nor one who demands only a fitful obedience. But Mrs. Sartain had more than her own temperament, more even than her addiction to drugs, to lower her in the children's eyes. There was the position in which their father placed her in the household. They could not but see that their mother, who was loving and gentle, who indulged and spoiled them, was less regarded in her own home than still air, that she was jeered at by her husband, and that her pleasure and convenience were never consulted. On the other hand, the reward of their father's profanity, selfishness, and brutality was consideration and outward devotion from family and servants alike, a devotion that was not lessened because it was founded solely on fear. Inevitably these children were deprived of reverence for either parent, and equally inevitably acquired a distorted sense of moral values.

On the baby Mrs. Sartain lavished all the affection that the other two children so often disappointed. The child was too young to give any return for love but love, and the mother found with her her greatest happiness. She was, indeed, the one outlet for all Mrs. Sartain's dammed-up tenderness; and she was a charming and delightful baby only because there is a limit to the amount of spoiling that a child of one can take. Whenever that baby cried, whatever the cause, time, or place, if the mother heard, she rushed to take her. Of course the child knew that her screams would bring her mother, and so was not to be silenced till she came. She had not been strong, and though she seemed quite healthy now, her mother would not let her go out-of-doors. I found, upon inquiry, that this little hot-house flower had not had a breath of outdoor air for four months, and the temperature of the nursery was kept at about eighty degrees. Mrs. Sartain followed her doctor's orders in this, in the face of common sense, and then wondered at the colds that resulted. When the child had a little cold that developed into a croupy cough, she watched night and day till she was worn out, and I had to take her place, sleeping with the baby in my arms. She was almost resentful toward me because the child liked me and would be good with me when she had to go away. Hers was the only perfect affection that the poor mother had, and she grudged every atom of it to another.

Seeing all differences between their father and mother settled by overriding temper and profane abuse, it is no wonder that the two older children tried these methods on each other. The house rang with their quarrels; their normal state was discord. Warren fleered at his mother and sister, and of course the servants and I came in for our share of abuse. He would play with the baby, who was devoted to him, get her to crowing delightedly, and then leave her with a pinch or slap that set her wailing. This bullying conduct was exactly of a piece with his father's attitude toward him: when in a moment of good-nature they had been having a rough-and-tumble frolic together, the father would suddenly push him toward the door with the threat of a thrashing if he ever saw a hole in his stocking again.

These two were startlingly alike, the difference in age counting little against so strong a similarity of temperament. Unfortunately

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the bad traits were exaggerated in the boy; a sort of intensifying of type had taken place.

Edith had not attained the submissiveness of her mother; she had a spice of her father's love of conflict, and did not take her brother's aggressions with calmness. In fact, when the conflicts of these two were confined to words, she usually had the best of it.

In spite of the paternal example, I never heard either of these children swear. Their governess must have devoted much time to their English, for their accent was most beautiful, and even in the amazing fluency of their frequent fits of anger I never heard a grammatical slip.

She must have been a remarkable woman —that governess—to teach those children so much and so well, in the face of the difficulties with which she had to contend. She seemed to have confined her efforts to instruction in concrete subjects, as was quite natural, for how could she inculcate general principles making for courtesy, kindness, affection, or even morality, in such an atmosphere as that in which they lived?

The Sartain children were well provided with external aids to culture. Their father's library was a good one and contained many books besides those which no gentleman's library should be without. On the table were most of the periodicals of value published in this country. Certainly Mr. Sartain was well read, though his wife cared for only the lightest of modern fiction.

The pictures, too, were good: Braun photographs and a few originals of some value, which had the look of being in their places because they were the individual choice of somebody, not because other people considered them great. Warren took drawing lessons three times a week, and displayed a good deal of ability. His mother showed great pride in his productions, which was to some degree justified by their merit. Whenever it was given an opportunity, her maternal complacency asserted itself. That her children were beautiful was a constant delight to her, but she was wise in that she did not make them vain of their good looks. One Saturday, Edith and Warren came joyously rushing in from dancing-school with the news that there was to be a minuet at the closing party, and they were both to dance in it. Mrs. Sartain forgave their waking the baby to tears and yells in her joy at their selection. I had never seen her so delighted over anything, and, in the intervals of the baby's wails, heard her eagerly planning their costumes with lavish mention of satin, powder, wigs, and diamonds.

Edith was taking music lessons, and when she could not manage to forget or avoid it, she practised. Her voice was not sweet or powerful and her technical ability small, but her mother delighted in her performances. The baby, too, would be quiet while she played, and loved to drum on the keys herself. Once, after a fractious day, the mother took her down-stairs where Edith was practising and let her strum on the lower keys. This naturally interfered with the effect, and Edith protested.

"But," said Mrs. Sartain, "she isn't touching any of the notes you are."

"Well, I can't practise when she does that, anyway."

"Now, that is nonsense."

"I can't do it—I don't know which notes she hits and which I do—and I'll just tell Miss Marteau about it, too."

"That would be a fine thing to do—lay the blame of your not practising on your baby sister! Now, don't speak of it again—you go right along with your playing and baby shall play too—so she shall, dear little bunnie!—she wouldn't interfere with sister at all—would you, darling?—no, she wouldn't."

And the queer duet went on, Mrs. Sartain never realizing that there was anything more to music than the mere striking of the notes.

As was quite natural, the affairs of the family formed the most absorbing topic of conversation in the kitchen, and our condemnation of Mr. Sartain as the cause of their trouble was unanimous.

"That poor woman," said Karl, "she just shivers when she hears his voice."

"Oh," said Clara, "he ish a teufel—chust a teufel! She don' haf no peace in her life—he svear so terrible. Chust last night he come running oud, und he say: 'Vhy und hell don' you clost dat door, damn you?'"

"Yes," said Karl, "he speaks to her like she was a dog. I don't speak to my woman like that, do I, Clara?"

"No, you don'—if you do, I chust knock you on to de head," and we all joined in the laugh that followed. Once, when he was grumpy and she told him he was like Mr. Sartain, he brightened up at once.

Mrs. Sartain's addiction to drugs was also discussed by us, and the blame laid where it belonged. "My, but she was dopey to-

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night," said Karl; "asked me where was the soup after I had brought the salad."

"Vell, it ain't her fault. She don' do it ven he treats her good! I vould take a drop meinself uf you don' treat me nice."

"I don't know what he wants," continued the butler; "she don't never have no company, and she don't never go nowhere—'cept to see about getting new servants."

"Yes, she chust minds de shildrens und de house all de times—und no tanks fur it."

"Faith, yis," broke in the laundress, "and look at them brats, will yez! It's thim is up to their dirthy thricks the whole time—bad cess till 'em! There's Masther Warren now—what do yez think he done yistherday? All me clane clothes was out, and if he didn't go a digging in the dirt right under thim! Faith, niver a wan of thim but the dirt blowed all over thim! And what 'ud I be doin' but up and tell the misthress. And what do yez think she said? 'Niver moind, Eliza, yez kin do thim over to-morrow, and I'm sure Warren didn't think about it.' Didn't think, indade, when I told him meself! But it's the way wid these ladies—they don't niver take a bit av a whip to children, and for the love av Mary look at the kind av children they do be havin'!"

"It ain't her fault," commented Karl, "it's his, just the same as her doping."

It was true that the only callers received in the house were the playmates of the children. They were likely to invade it at any hour when the father was absent, and romped unrestrained from drawing-room to laundry. Mrs. Sartain was helpless to control any of them, and her son and daughter were even ruder to her in the presence of their friends than when alone.

The day after I had "given warning," Karl came from the dining-room and said: "He's just been jawing her about you—says she ain't paying you enough—and how she ought to be ashamed to run her house so bad she can't keep a nice girl like you."

What had the future in store for these children? Material things, and the power to appreciate them. What of good was their education giving them? That which can be learned from books and pictures; from competent teachers in a good school.

In the unconscious education of their home life they learned that to work for bread in the household was a disgrace, since it involved the submissive taking of insults, and they acquired a feeling of class distinction regardless of intelligence or usefulness. They became familiar with the use of intoxicants and of profanity by those who naturally influenced them most; they learned how low a regard for woman an intelligent and educated man may have. Would a boy who had seen his own sweet and beautiful mother ridiculed and cursed be likely to respect any other woman? Impossible! There was no religious feeling in that household; there was no respect for law and order, nor even for the requirements of common courtesy and good breeding.

On the whole, the atmosphere of the kitchen would have been better for the children than the society of their parents. When the family were together after dinner, the drawing-room was wrapped in gloom; the family feelings were sore and bruised from Mr. Sartain's verbal blows, while he sat silent, deep in the paper or some French or German publication. Below stairs, where I relaxed from the trials of the day, Karl gave us a digest of the daily news; the laundress fairly bubbled with anecdote and wit, and the rest of us did our little best, as we lingered over our coffee. Here were at least cheerfulness, courtesy, kindliness, and fair intelligence. Karl's generously imparted, if limited, store of knowledge would have amounted to more to Warren and Edith than did all their father's intellect and information kept selfishly to himself.

Had the children belonged to Karl and Clara, they might have learned bad grammar and a surprising accent; but they would have lived in an atmosphere of love, and have been taught truth and consideration toward the world at large. They would certainly have stood for better things in the community as the honest, sober, industrious offspring of a butler and a cook than as the inheritors of riches linked with discord and dissipation.

This beautiful house, in spite of its perfect appointments and evidences of wealth and refinement, was the worst possible environment for children. What could masterpieces by Lefèvre avail against drunkenness, or *de luxe* editions of the English dramatists against continual bickerings? For what could any external beauty or refinement count in an atmosphere where all moral and spiritual culture was lacking?

These children were orphaned of all the high things of fatherhood and motherhood, and their home was a more forlorn place than the most barren institution.

(The "Experiences of a Nursery Governess" will be continued in the April number.)

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The Perfect Tale

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

NOËL FARINGTON sat by his office desk, his long legs stretched out, and his lean, narrow, youthful face, with its dark-lashed eyes, bent over his personal mail, which consisted that hot August morning of a returned manuscript and a letter postmarked from the mountains. He opened the manuscript first and glanced it over, although he knew it by heart. If his spirit still remained buoyant after repeated failures, it was because he believed so firmly that he had it in him to write a story some day that would touch the highest mark of success. This aspiration was to Noël what love might be to another; every definite hope and aim was in some way interwoven with it. It kept him warm when he would otherwise have been very cold.

Even in those magazines where his articles were refused it was recognized that he had genius, though his efforts were still crude. He had that curious sub-popularity which obtains in editorial offices, unknown to the public—something was expected of young Farington. He clung the closer to his dear Mistress Inspiration, because he looked forward to no other companion. Marriage was a happiness meant for other people, not for him.

At the present ratio of his earnings, indeed, as he sometimes thought grimly, there could be no prospect of marrying any young woman of his own class before the age of fifty. During the latter half of his stay at college he had been attached to a girl older than himself, who had led him on and then thrown him over. The effect of this was to give him a painful inner distrust; he felt with sensitively shrinking, unvoiced humility, that there must be some lack in himself, he didn't know what, that made it impossible for a woman to really care for him; he hadn't the power other men have to inspire affection, that was all. Naturally generous and with high ideals, he was growing self-centred from a life that was lonelier than anyone knew.

There had been the usual summer strain of overwork in the office, with men off on vacations and one, unscheduled, ill. Noël had been too tired to sleep these nights—suffocating nights spent between the two long narrow walls of his room, with heavy wagons hulking over the cobble-stones until the dawn. As he looked at the rejected manuscript on his desk he realized that he had come to the end of his tether for a while.

"Take your feet out of my way," said a fellow-clerk, stumbling over them purposely. He spoke irritatingly—tempers were going in the office.

"If you do that again, I'll knock you down," returned Noël with sudden, unexpected fury. He controlled himself by a great effort, and took up the letter—Lauter's letter that he had left unopened. It was an invitation to spend the month with a party of friends in the Adirondacks. That night Noël packed his typewriter in his trunk with his other belongings, and went.

Noël felt in a dream-prelude to some wonderful, fairy-like existence as he sat down to dinner that first evening in the long, low, pine-built dining-room of the bungalow, decked with cedar boughs, velvety dark in the gleams of the pink-shaded candles on the table—a delightful mingling of the sylvan and the luxurious. While the forest gloomed around, the noiseless waiters served delicious dishes and poured champagne into the long, bubble-topped glasses—a change indeed to one who had eaten no food lately that hadn't a price on it. The conversation was charmingly gay and intimate, but Noël could not talk, though his worn, thin, boyish face reflected the lights and shadows of discussion, and his eyes

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smiled a quick response to whoever questioned them. Most of the people he knew, more or less, but far down the table beyond the pink glow of the candles the profile of a stranger occasionally gleamed into view —the delicate, spirited profile of a girl, her small head set on a long throat that rose out of a gown cut slightly square at the neck. The outlines of her velvety black hair melted into the velvety black shadows beyond, but he could see the curve of the long lashes on her olive cheek, and the sweetly set, infantine corners of her mouth. She was as silent as he, though once or twice he heard her laugh at something that was said. He felt the subtle aroma of some unknown attraction.

"Who is the girl in white?" he asked afterward of his friend Lauter. "I was presented, but I didn't catch her name."

"Which one? They're most of 'em in white," said Lauter, a jovial, youngish-elderly man, who took a semi-paternal interest in his younger guest. He laid a large, kind hand on Noël's arm as he spoke. "Been working pretty hard, haven't you? Well, you wait till you begin to feel the air—that'll set you up. What girl did you say? Oh, that's Genevieve Deering—she's a nice child, but rather impulsive. Come outside and smoke."

During the evening, before the early bedhour, they all sat grouped on the piled-up cushions in the veranda of the bungalow, with the moonlight streaming down across the mountain and the motionless forest upon the waters of the lake that lapped in silver on the ivory margin. It was a scene of almost impossible beauty, whose fibres caught at the hearts, in the exhilaration of the deep surrounding silence. Some of the men began to thrum hauntingly on guitars and mandolins, at the feet of the women, whose soft cheeks had a magic sheen upon them. The air was full of the resinous perfume of the crouching pines; Noël drew a long, long, long breath of it. Genevieve Deering's presence seemed to give an added touch to this night of enchantment, as she sat back against the heaped-up pine boughs at the other end of the group. As she glanced across the space that divided them he saw to what the attraction he had felt was due—it was because she had such happy eyes.

When they were all parting for the night he found himself unexpectedly standing alone near her. She hesitated for a second, and then held out her slim brown hand to him.

"Good-night," she said with a frank cordiality, as if they had been talking for a long time before.

"Good-night," he answered, and added, with involuntary response, familiar words, long unsaid: "Sweet dreams."

Noël went to his room, but he could not sleep. The enchantment was still upon him. After half an hour of closed eyelids he rose, lighted the candles, partially dressed himself, and sat down by the table, where he had placed his writing materials on first unpacking. He took up the pen now, and began to write, haltingly at first, and then with a suddenly exultant power that carried him whither it would. The word and the thought became one. He hardly dared stop to think, lest the gift, so longed for, should leave him. He wrote and wrote, his mind growing clearer and clearer in this high joy of accomplishment—wrote and wrote, while the clock ticked and the wind blew ghostly past his window—wrote and wrote, with burning eye and whitening cheek, pushing sheet after sheet of paper from him, until the last line was reached. Then he leaned back in his chair, throbbing with an exultant emotion he had never known before. Short, simple, almost childlike as was the story he had finished, it held within it something indefinable —something that was divine—and true: the heart of man—the joy of life. In an overwhelming moment he realized that he had written the perfect tale!

He dragged the typewriter over to him, and set to work to copy the closely written pages, with the swiftness born of long practice. When he finished, the gray dawn was coming in at the window. He wrote a note to the editor of a famous magazine, sealed and stamped it, and then stepping out of the low window, walked around by the side of the lake to the inn post-office, pointed out to him the night before. Then he came home, and throwing himself down upon the bed, fell sound asleep at last.

It was late when he awoke, after repeated knockings at the door. The party had nearly finished breakfast as he entered, the men only waiting for him before starting off with the guides on a canoeing trip planned the evening before. The dark forest still glowed around, but the sunlight danced upon the lake, blue under a blue sky. Miss Deering was in a suit of hunter's green, a scarlet cape hanging over her chair; her eyes were still happy. Noël felt with a thrill that the exhilaration of last night was still his.

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"You look like a different person," said Lauter heartily. "We were all worried about you yesterday, but I said—all he wants is air, and he'll get it here. It's a glorious day."

"It was drizzling at four o'clock this morning," announced Birket, a squarely built young fellow, with a heavy chin and penetrating eyes.

"Was it?" asked Noël. "I didn't notice it; I was out at that time. That accounts, however, for the dampness of my coat," he added, feeling it with his hand.

"What were you doing out of doors so early?" asked Mrs. Lauter, who was a cheerful, stout lady, with beautifully tailored girth.

"I went to post a manuscript I was writing all night."

"Writing all night!" Every eye was turned on him.

"Writing what?"

"A story called 'The Perfect Tale,'" said Noël, in a tone that he tried to make light, as he gave a brief account of the night's performance. "It's by far the best thing I've ever done—something I've thought of always. I could hardly believe I had accomplished it—I wanted to make sure at once."

"That was quick work," said Birket, staring at him, "to write and typewrite it and post it all before morning."

"It was," assented Noël with a slight grandiloquence.

All day on the trip he could think of nothing else in his state of exaltation, and dreamed of the future it would open to him. He counted the days until a reply could come from the magazine. A golden haze encompassed forest and stream. All he wanted was to get back to the words he had written—to pore over them, to make them his once more. But when he went to his room the manuscript was not there. He applied to Mrs. Lauter, who came to him some moments later very much distressed.

"Oh, Mr. Farington," she said, "I hardly know how to tell you. A new maid stupidly burned up the papers in your room—they must have been blown about the floor by the wind, and she thought you had thrown them away. I wouldn't have had it happen for the world—I blame myself dreadfully! And we were all hoping so much that you would read it to-night!"

"Ah, don't mind so much, dear lady," said Noël. "It was all my fault. I should have been more careful. But it doesn't really matter in the least, the copy is safe." He hesitated, and then added doubtfully, "Perhaps I can manage to tell the story."

But when they were once more sitting on the veranda, with no moon this time, but with a gypsy fire sending a redly flaring light and shadow over the group, Noël began and began again, in vain. He could not tell the story.

"It's all so elusive—indicated more than told; one word suggests another, and I can't seem to find the words now—I wrote so quickly that they've left no trace," he said earnestly. "It's the same as it would be with a long poem that you tried to remember—a bare outline would mean nothing, even if you could give an outline. I can feel the whole thing more and more—it's as real to me as your faces—but I can't formulate it. I can't reduce it to details. The only thing that stands out quite clearly in my mind is the part—just before the wonderful climax—where the heroine reaches out her arms to Ralph as she stands in a shaft of sunlight, and says: 'I believe you!'"

"My word," said Birket in an undertone, after a pause, "he thinks no end of himself, doesn't he?"

"Hush," murmured Frances Remer, a light, white young woman, with a hard expression, in spite of her dimples. "You've no romance in you."

"It's too, *too* bad you can't remember it," said Mrs. Lauter, settling herself back comfortably in her cushions.

There was a cheerful murmur of regret from everyone. The conversation began again, and the guitars and mandolins commenced to thrum softly and hauntingly as on the night before. Only Genevieve Deering, her scarlet cape half over one shoulder, and half over the velvety blackness of her hair, leaned toward Noël across the ruddy, flickering shadow, with dark, pleading eyes.

"Oh, I *wish* you could have gone on!" she said.

"Haven't you heard from the *Idealist* yet, Mr. Farington?" Mrs. Lauter spoke. It was three weeks later, and this time some of the party were stationed on a little cleared space on a mountain-summit; the tree-tops were at their feet; the sun shone through a white haze that thinly veiled the world below. Noël sat at the feet of Mrs. Lauter, his cap on the sward beside him, his thick hair back from his forehead. Two of their number had just strolled away, and Noël and Mrs.

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Lauter had smiled a mutual recognition of the unconscious coupling of some of the others: Birket and Miss Remer—pretty, sensible Ethel Gray and ardent young Porter. With the age of youth, which is far greater than the age of the really old, Noël felt a high, protecting, brotherly pleasure in the contemplation of those who were lovers; it seemed something right, and charming.

"Why, no," he said aloud in answer to her question. "It is time I heard from them. But summer is a bad season to get a quick decision—so many men are off on vacations. I'm looking for an answer any day now."

"Yes," agreed Birket, "Allis says that Sanford—the editor—has been in Maine. Where is Allis? He was here just now."

"Oh, he and Emma have gone off together—to talk about furniture, I suppose," said Ethel Gray. "If it's as prosaic as *that* to be engaged, I never want to be."

"There can be a good deal of romance in furniture when it's for two," stated Mrs. Lauter sagely.

"Well, you wouldn't want to marry without it," said Frances Remer. She looked at Birket with her ironic, dimpling smile. "Honestly, I never could see *why* it should be considered more interesting to go without things after you are married than before. I'd hate it. If I'm not comfortable I'm downright disagreeable, that's all—*most* people are."

"What do you say, Miss Gray?" asked young Porter anxiously.

"Well," said Miss Gray slowly—she leaned her sensible little square face on her hand—"I don't think I'd mind beginning plainly—I'd sort of like to keep a place in order and make nice little dishes if I thought I shouldn't have to do it always. I shouldn't want to be really *poor*—would you, Genevieve?"

"Oh, I shouldn't care," said Genevieve.

She lay on the mountain-top facing the others, her chin propped up by her slim brown hand—her young, reclining figure, with its dark head and scarlet-draped shoulder, half outlined by the green sward, half by the blue sky. The corners of her infantine mouth smiled, but her eyes were serious. Noël watched her with the frank admiration a man may feel in the sight of a beautiful girl; there was a charm about her beyond the ostensible charm, like that of a field of crimson clover with the wind blowing over it, or the reflection of green fluttering leaves in still water. "I shouldn't care how poor I were, if I were really fond of some one," she said.

"My dear child, you'd care soon enough," said Mrs. Lauter compassionately.

"No, I shouldn't!" said Genevieve, shaking her head. "Don't you see?—you can have chairs and tables and clothes and servants, with your sister, or your uncle, or your grandfather—but that isn't *love!* Love is when you *have* to be with a person, no matter what you go without. If I loved anybody very much, I could live anywhere and be glad, if there was anything to live on *at all*. I'd be happy to cook for him, happy to work for him."

"In two rooms over the elevated road," supplemented Birket.

"Yes, in two rooms over the elevated road," said Genevieve defiantly. "I'd have scarlet geraniums on the fire escapes, and when he came home at night he'd forget it was a fire-escape over the elevated road—he'd only see over the tops of the houses to the cloud mountains beyond."

"You are very romantic," said Mrs. Lauter indulgently.

"No," said Genevieve, "I'm quite practical." Her lips still smiled, but her eyes took sweet counsel from within. "Wasn't it Hawthorne's wife—and they were *very* poor!—who said that she passed her days in a 'dream of bliss'? Well, if I am married and haven't the outside things I'll just dream them into my life—I've always done it! There's only one thing you *can't* dream into it—you can't! And that's love."

She rose as she spoke, and stood, her arms hanging down, facing the little circle—then she turned, and disappeared through the trees, as an Indian maiden might. Noël hesitated for an instant, stooped to arrange Mrs. Lauter's cushions anew for her, and then, jumping up, followed the glint of the scarlet cloak down the trail.

"Do you know," said Noël, as they walked with light steps that swayed together in unison. "Do you know when you were speaking just now you touched on one theme of my story?—it came before me for a moment with extraordinary vividness. I have so often tried to remember it as it was written, but all my life it has been this way with me: Very great events seem to blot out sensation—I can't go back and take up the details. And it was such a strange power that came to me that night—such divination of life!"

"If an angel spoke
In thunder, should we haply know much more
Than that it thundered?"

quoted Genevieve softly.

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"How you understand," said Noël. "It is when with you that the thought of 'The Perfect Tale' comes to me most clearly. I can almost see it all before me again with that beautiful climax that I can never quite get. Sometimes I've wondered whether I really wrote as I thought, or whether my imagination has gilded it since. But there is one assurance I return to every time: Everything—the grass, the sky, the world itself, has been changed for me. I feel that I live now to accomplish great things—for there's a beauty in existence I never felt before."

"Oh," said Genevieve, her frank eyes alight, "I've felt that, too! Don't you think you can tell when beautiful thoughts are near you? When pecple are in a room with you, you can know whether they're bothered or discontented or happy without their speaking. Why couldn't one feel something beautiful—like what you wrote? There's so *much* more to living than what you *see!*"

"Have you learned that too?" asked Noël.

"Yes," said Genevieve. She added in a shy voice: "I've had to dream things into my life, I've had to believe in what I don't see, because—" She stopped, and then went on resolutely. "You know I'm not a rich girl, like the others— When I finished school and my cousin told me I had to go back there and teach—I—*cried*. And the Principal of the school—I have never told anybody else before——"

"Is he unkind to you?" asked Noël in a voice that startled himself.

"Oh, no, no, he's very kind—*too* kind," said Genevieve. A crimson wave reached to her black hair; she looked at him with piteous eyes. "He has a mouth like a fish," she whispered painfully.

"He must be a villain," said Noël with a cold, unreasoning anger.

She gave him a grateful glance. After a moment's silence she murmured: "Now you see why I've learned to dream into my life. Mrs. Lauter was telling me some things about you, and I thought I'd like you to know some things about myself."

"I thank you very, very much," said Noël gently. Yet his thoughts were not gentle; it came upon him with a strange unsettling force that while he had been wrapped in his own plans she had been living somewhere near, and that those soft hands that he had held in his were toiling and must toil still.

They walked on in another silence, till they neared the little cabin where the rest of the party awaited them with the guide.

"I am going away this afternoon to the Warren's camp for a week's visit," said Genevieve suddenly.

"I did not know that! Why, you will come back then only just before I leave here myself," returned Noël. He was disgusted, annoyed, he knew not why. "At any rate, I shall surely have news of 'The Perfect Tale' for you by that time!"

The next day a heavy rain settled down, and Noël felt a fathomless depression, and a consuming anxiety to hear news of his story. The day after, amid a wet, cold fog that clung to the ground, he wrote to the *Idealist*. The weather cleared afterward, but there was a chill in the air, and he was restless and solitary in the midst of this group, with their pleasant family ties, their pleasant sweethearts.

The week was not yet at an end when the longed-for letter arrived. No manuscript with it! That was as it should be. His heart beat with triumph. Another moment and he was standing before Lauter, deathly pale, in the long room where the men were sitting. "Listen to this!" he said:

"*Dear Mr. Farington*—Your letter was received yesterday. In reply we would state that no such manuscript as you mention has been received here; there is no record of it, and a thorough search has failed to bring it to light. It must have been inadvertently sent to some other periodical, or lost in transmission. We regret very much not having had the opportunity to examine it.

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE SANFORD."

"Well!" said Lauter.

"Well," repeated Noël. The veins stood out on his forehead. "I *did* send it to the *Idealist*, and it was not lost in transmission. I put extra stamps on it to make sure; I posted it myself. *They've* lost it with their damned carelessness! It's an outrage! I'll take the first train I can get this afternoon, I'll *make* them hunt it up!"

"It's too bad," said Lauter sympathetically, but Noël had gone off unheeding. He sat down on his bed with his head in his hands, trying to think. Then he got up and started out again. As he came around the corner near the window where the men were sitting, Birket's words caught his ear:

"I don't believe Farington ever wrote that story at all!"

"Oh, see here," expostulated Lauter.

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"Well, consider the facts! He says he wrote it in a magically short time and there's not a vestige of it to show."

"The maid burned up the copy," said Lauter.

"She burned up some papers, but who knows what was on them? And he can't remember a word—is that rational? He *thinks* he wrote it, all square enough, but the thing's absurd—I've always known it."

"His clothes were damp from going out to post it that morning," argued Lauter, yet evidently wavering.

"Exactly, and he may have walked in his sleep or anything else,—I don't pretend to explain what. But you may be sure of one fact—there'll never be any more of that impossibly perfect tale than there is now—and that's nothing! Porter thinks so, too, and so does Frances Remer."

"Well, perhaps not," said Lauter with an easy laugh. "Poor Farington!"

Noël turned and went off into the forest, the enshrouding forest, dark with the weight of centuries, through whose branches the late afternoon sun could hardly penetrate to the thick carpet of pine-needles below. Everything else had failed him—had this failed too? An awful, suffocating doubt clung to him, a devil-tentacled doubt, created by that deadening disbelief of others, from which his soul strove desperately to free itself. If they were right, why, then—! There was no one to uphold him. To be true to the truth we know of ourselves, in spite of the judgment of the wise—that is a vital attitude, though it may take the loneliest struggle of all to maintain it. The very crucial need of effort now weighted him in the endeavor to stand upright. There are some hurts that drown remembrance, and others that give fresh wounding power to every other hurt that has ever been. He heard those carts hulking over the stones in the long, lonely, hot nights, into the fetid dawn. . . . He was a child again, who needed comfort. . . . He saw the tears of that bright-winged creature, compelled to drudge unwillingly for hire. . . . Men with fish-mouths gaped at him from behind every tree!

He held on to the low branch of a cedar and rested his forehead against its trunk. As he lifted his eyes again, a slant of that late afternoon sunshine fell athwart the trail, through which came the figure of Genevieve Deering, her scarlet cloak over one shoulder, slipping between the tree trunks with the light, free step of an Indian maiden, her eager eyes searching into the gloom before them. As she saw him she ran forward.

"You!" he said, and taking the hand she held out to him, clasped it in both his own, with a miraculous lightening of the heart.

"Yes," said Genevieve, a glow on her olive cheek below the curving black lashes, "I came home a day too soon, I couldn't wait. It has been such a strange, dreary week—so different from the rest."

He made a gesture of assent. "Yes! I was sure you would feel it, too. I could not think why it was, but now I know it was the presage of misfortune. Did you hear——?"

"Yes," said Genevieve, forestalling him. "They told me at the house, and I ran to find you, to say——"

"No," he interrupted, "you haven't heard the rest." His face stiffened, his proud eyes questioned hers with a defiant hardness. "They say I'm a self-deluded fraud and that I never wrote that story at all—that I only dreamed that I did!"

"Oh!" she cried, "how could they hurt you so!" Her tone had a passionate, indignant, yearning sympathy in it. She moved instinctively toward him with a lovely, maternal gesture, as if she would thrust her body between him and the world. "How cruel, how cruel! You must never, never think that! Never!"

"Genevieve!" said Noël, "Genevieve!" He pressed the hand he still held, and the color rushed back to his face. "How you divine me—how you divine! It's wonderful!" He stopped to control his voice that trembled. "I want to tell you now that story *was* sent—it was made from the fibres of my heart and of my brain—these fingers held the pen that wrote it, these eyes beheld the written words. It was as real as you and I!"

"Oh," said Genevieve, her beautiful, heartful eyes upraised to his, "why do you tell this to *me?* I would believe in you against the whole world—*I* would believe in you even against yourself."

She made a swift step nearer to him—he felt the warm comfort of her tender arms around him as he held her—his lips rested on the soft joy of hers.

"Ah," breathed Noël, lifting his head as one who awakens, with the thrill of an ecstasy far greater than that lost one in his voice. "I remember it all, now. *This* is the Perfect Tale!"

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The Jewel Crafts of India

By EDMUND RUSSELL

Illustrated from photographs belonging to the author

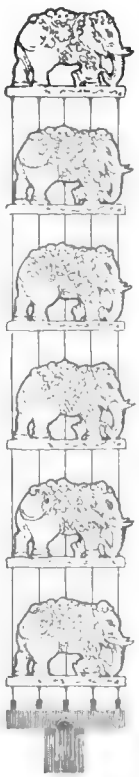
IT is morning; late, in Hindoo life—the orthodox have been up at four, spending two hours in holy communion and prayer, then visiting friends in the cool of the day; but the *sahib* is not yet accustomed to Aryan ways, and is asleep at ten in spite of the cawing of hundreds of crows and the general murmur of animal life that fills the air in an Indian city.

One wakes with a sort of Alice-in-Posterland feeling to see through the opening in the whitewashed wall against turquoise-green sky great racemes of scarlet-blossoming trees, where birds cluster like bunches of black grapes. A monkey mother with babe at breast peers in at the window and flees chattering over the roof-tiles; vines creep everywhere; and occasionally there is a shadow of a turbaned head. The air is that of the hot-room of a *Hammam*, the *punkah* no longer "punks," the *punkah-wallah* has fallen asleep.

In poetic description soft footfalls would tinkle on the tufted floor, but one can't tinkle on tufts, though the seraphim may have worn Indian bell-bangles on their ankles. Then the *punkah*-boy awakes and the droning buzz increases on the veranda, where the faithful secretary guards the door:

"Who is there this morning, Sorab?"

"The gem-dealers, the pearl-merchants from Surat, the man with inlaid arms and *kuft* and *bidri* work whom you drove away yesterday, the Cashmere shawls, the snake-charmers, the *yogi* who wants you to see him put red-hot irons through his cheeks."



ARM-BAND OF GOLD ELEPHANTS.

"Let the jewellers come in," was the favorite reply—"throw out the rest."

A patient little caravan loaded with bales and boxes climbs down the steps, to reascend next and every morning as long as "the *sahib*" stays.

"The jewellers!"

A wonderful old man with long white beard, green turban, and orange waist-band, looking just as if he had stepped out of the Arabian Nights, salaams in the door. Behind him the white-robed sellers of pearl salaam. Attendants loaded with boxes enter. The pearl-merchants take their treasures from old pocket-handkerchiefs and silk wrappings and get out their scales. The gem-dealers open their boxes and cases of little drawers. But Sorab is before them with flashing eyes:

"How dare you bring such trash to the *sahib!* He does not want your vile copies of things from Birmingham that you think are so wonderful! He knows our ancient arts!"—the usual *shaitan-ka-butchas* and Kiplingesque abuse of female relatives.

They take well to a little lecture on the horrors they have brought; the

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cheapness, vulgarity, and stupidity of these badly made *inglisfassun* stars, crescents, swallows, frogs, and golf-sticks.

"But we thought these are what the *sahibs* like to buy. O *sahib!* give us time—we are

MAHARAJAH KHANDARAO IN HIS DIAMOND CAPE.

but poor miserable beings—we will search the city—to-morrow we will lay the treasures of *Shiva's Kailasha* at thy feet; thou shalt see thy likeness in gold and gems as an image in the wave—we love all that you love—but knew not the love was in you—to-morrow we will come."

And to-morrow a wonderful feast is spread; for they have been to all the old families depleted by famine, have had secret interviews with dissatisfied wives, whose husbands do not give them enough allowance; with nautch-girls, who have more Jeypore enamel set with rubies than they can wear; or widows who no longer may paint their parting with vermilion or braid in their hair with the fringes of pearl.

Only in this way may we find any of the things we read about. They are not to be seen in the shops which display specimens of the most debased art, catering to the cheap "souvenir" tourist trade. All jewelry in India is *in use*, no stock is kept, expensive pieces are only made to order. In no other art does outside influence show such fatal results; all of the marvelous ingenuity, skilled workmanship, inherited intuition, are let go to waste. The craze for mental "higher education" is chasing the native arts like wild beasts into the jungle.

On a foggy morning I went once down to Charing Cross Station to bid good-by to a rajah, who was going to cross the English Channel—the most disagreeable of all journeys. He was covered with a loose coat of pale gray cashmere embroidered in self-tones, beneath this a tight-fitting garment of lettuce-green. There were three rows of pearls around his neck and a large diamond and pendant pearl in the lobe of his right ear (a custom that comes from Persia, the left ear being covered by the folds of the turban. An earring in the *left* ear in Mohammedan countries denotes a slave). He was a prince dressed as a prince, even to cross the Channel. The holy books, knowing that sea-sick gorgeosity is not impressive, forbid princes to

THE NOSE-STUD.

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travel. The representative of Queen Victoria who came to bid him farewell was more suitably attired, in a shabby ulster and plaid cap, though he had only to cross London.

Again, I remember turning to a modernized prince in immaculate evening dress at a crowded soirée and saying how sorry he must be to give up all his beautiful jewels. "I never give them up," he replied, "I have them all on—and I have rings on all my toes." I looked down at the little patent-leather pinched extremities—but the Indian foot folds like a leaf of magnolia-blossom.

A jewelled experience is the *Tosha-Khana* or treasure-house of His Highness the Guikwar of Baroda—where the wonders upset all preconceived standards of materialized poetry and would take the hundred tongues of the hundred heads of the great serpent *Vasukinag* to describe. The *Tosha-Khana* department buys and preserves state jewels, state dresses, dresses-of-honor to be given as presents, valuable curios of small bulk, also perfumes for the *durbar*.

The governor comes to the little guest-palace and asks, What would the Guikwar's guest like to do this morning—would he like to have the jugglers, or the nautch-dancers, perform on the lawn while he breakfasts? Will he take an elephant ride through the bazaars? Will he explore the underground palaces, or inspect the royal jewels?

We drive through the cross-roads tower to the *Nazr-Bagh* palace—the old residence of Khandarao, where the jewels are kept; the upper story being devoted to the *Sila-Khana*, or weapons and ancient armor.

The great doors roll back with a clang; on each side scarlet servitors, with the gold cimeter of the Baroda arms embroidered on their breasts, bow to the ground. In the portal stand the ministers in charge, the governor of the palace, the keeper of keys, the breaker of seals; a certain number, that must be present when the treasures are opened.

Most of the wonders were collected by the Maharajah Khandarao, predecessor of the present Guikwar, probably the last ruler on earth who lived in real imperial lawlessness. He entertained with sumptuous hospitality. His *sowaris* and *fêtes* were in fashion of long gone days. In an arena elephants and tigers tore each other to pieces, men fought with claws of steel fastened to their fingers, the gladiators looked up to the royal box where the Emperor called *Maro! Maro!*—Strike! Strike!—and all this scarcely forty years ago. His was the wonderful cape of table-cut diamonds, made of five hundred great stones, fringed with polished, pear-shaped emeralds. I have had it on; it weighs like a suit of armor. Siraji Rao, the present Guikwar, is of quiet taste, entirely wrapped up in studying

TASSELLED JEWELS FOR THE EARS ARE HIGHLY PRIZED.

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the welfare of his people, and, if allowed really to rule, would quickly make his state the first in India. His Highness rarely wears his wealth of jewels, whose value is estimated at twenty millions of pounds sterling.

But what wonderful things are here! A sash of a hundred rows of pearls, which ties over one shoulder with great tassels of pearls and emeralds. A *devachchanda* — the "stanzas of the gods" —goes under the opposite arm of the wearer. The seven rows of pearls the Guikwar ordinarily wears are worth, an expert told me, half a million dollars. I saw once on one of the Guikwar's little sons a collar of huge, faceted diamonds, the centre gleaming with the "Star of the South," which originally belonged to the French crown, and is as large as the *Koh-i-nur*. Below it shone a pear-shaped stone of almost the same size. When this great diamond came to the capital a special *sowari* and *durbar* were held as for a royal personage. The Maharajah of Patoiala has others of the Empress Eugénie's jewels, including the Sancy diamond, which were secretly brought to India to be disposed of at a time of her distress.

Trays of great emerald rings, step-cut, *cabochon*, "tallow-drop," some of enormous size carved deep with Arabic inscriptions and names of forgotten princesses. Trays of pigeon-blood rubies; necklaces of tiny gems that lie row after row like serpents of living light. Boxes of jewels marked with the names of Baroda's former queens; a jewelled litter set with seed-pearls; a whole carpet of pearls; marvellous Jeypore enamels, the flower of the jeweller's art; unset stones in old boxes and cans; heaps of pearls in which one may thrust the arm to the shoulder.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE WEARING HER INDIAN GEMS.

Knowledge of jewels is considered a princely sign in India, and those who have come in through the royal door of incarnation are said to be better connoisseurs than even the most experienced jewellers.

With the Hindoo, as with all, the diamond, *kaustabha*, stands pre-eminent of gems. It adorned the breast-plate of Vishnu, Light-of-the-World, all-glorious! According to Puranic tradition, diamond and thunderbolt were one and the same substance. The first style of diamond-cutting in India was simply smoothing off the corners of the octahedron crystal in which the natural stone is found; when splitting became possible, the table-diamond with bevelled edges came in vogue as capable of preserving the stone in largest size. Great table-cut rings are often worn in India, but they look merely like pieces of glass; the diamond being the only stone the Oriental jewellers do not successfully handle; though, really cut in better fashion it would not harmonize with the dull tone of Eastern effects.

Nor to lack of skill must their treatment of the diamond be ascribed, for the native lapidary, with the simple tools of his ancestors and the mystic technique handed down

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COLLAR CONTAINING THE "STAR OF THE SOUTH," A DIAMOND THAT ORIGINALLY BELONGED TO THE FRENCH CROWN.

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from generation to generation, produces work which is the despair of the best European craftsmen; thus the briolettes, or pear-shaped diamonds, come exclusively from India, covered with tiny facets and pierced by a small suspension-hole which it is said none of our workmen could drill. In this marvellous *Tosha-Khana* of the Guikwars there was one necklace that fascinated me above all others, one that His Highness has never worn in Europe, a seven-row of these briolettes, crystals of light that splash from throat to girdle, the largest pendants the size of the end of a hazel-nut. Flashes seem to leap from stone to stone, and the shape and fringed effect gave poetry that I have never seen in any other diamond-mounting. There is no setting, the graduated stones being strung on almost invisible wire.

But pearls are really the royal and best-beloved of India, the only jewel that owes none of its beauty to artificial touch. In these the wealth of the Maharajahs is inestimable. Pearls are the favorite of every *caste;* in good times it is difficult even to buy them, but recent plague and famine have flooded the market, and visitors to the *Durbar* had some priceless heirlooms offered to them. Pink pearls are much sought by Buddhists. In some parts of Ceylon a pink pearl is placed between the lips of the dead before cremating. The Brahmins often wear necklaces of pale coral beads, ash-pink being their sacred color. The most wonderful string of pearls in the world is said to be that of the Maharajah Scindia of Gualior, captured by the heroic Rani of Jhansi at the time of her struggle during the mutiny. When cut down, dressed as a warrior, it was found around her neck and restored to Scindia. Some, however, give the palm to the rope of the late Maharajah of Dolpur, which has of course descended to his little son. A well-known English duchess crossed over to India only to compare these pearls with her own. She came to the villa in Simla where this Maha-

PROUD OF HER TOE-RINGS.

A JEWELLED PRINCE OF INDIA

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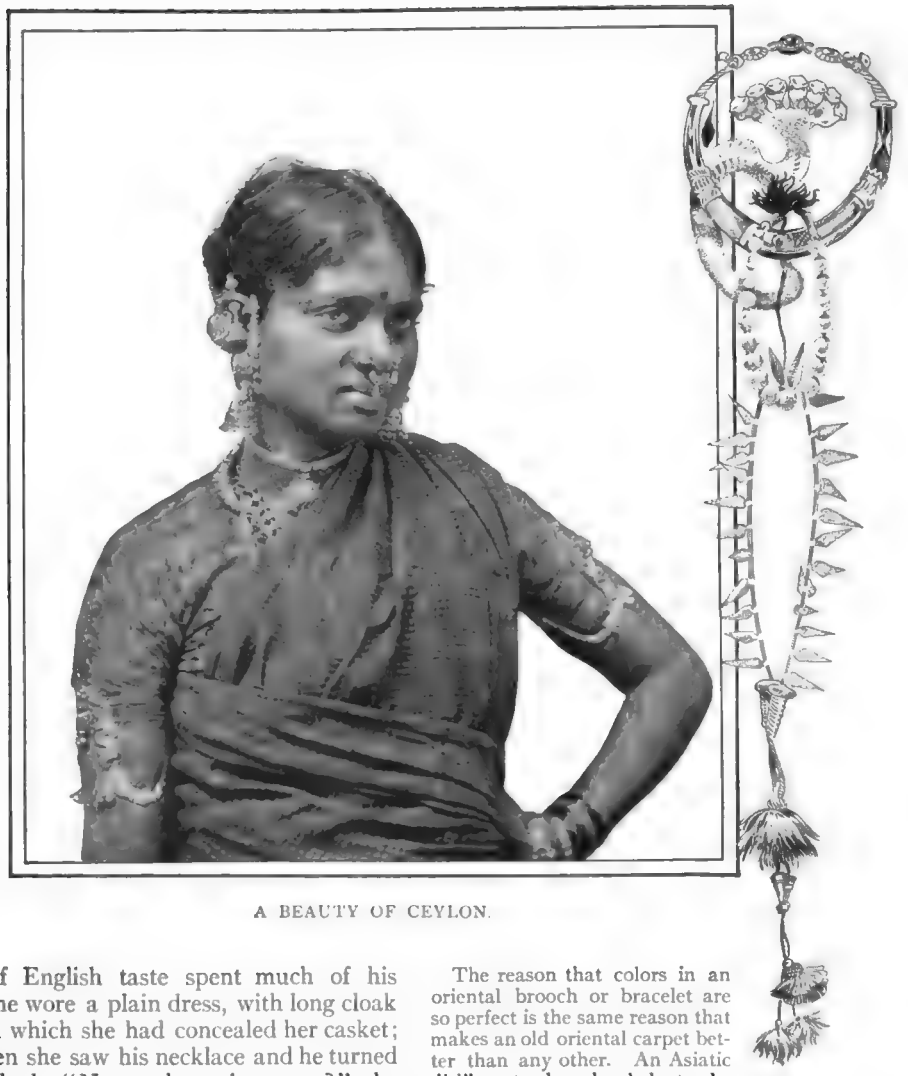

A BEAUTY OF CEYLON.

rajah of English taste spent much of his time; she wore a plain dress, with long cloak beneath which she had concealed her casket; but when she saw his necklace and he turned and asked, "Now where is yours?" she stammered and said: "I forgot them, my maid mislaid—really, I did not bring them to India with me!"—and went away without showing her string.

A noble lady in Ireland possesses a ruby over an inch and a half in length, pierced as a talisman, and engraved with the names of the four great Moguls who had successively worn it. The Maharajah of Ulwur is proud of a cup cut out of a single emerald. The unmanageable Maharajah Holkar, of Indore, created a sensation at Queen Victoria's first jubilee ball by appearing in *choga* covered with emeralds and sapphires set on peacock-toned embroidery.

Of Indian jewels it has well been said:

The reason that colors in an oriental brooch or bracelet are so perfect is the same reason that makes an old oriental carpet better than any other. An Asiatic dislikes to be dazzled, to be blinded with glare, to have his eyes hurt and his brain heated by unsubdued effects of light. Consequently, though he dyes his wool in intense colors, he so combines them that the very idea of the glare of full daylight on the patterns is entirely absent. It is precisely the same with oriental jewels. Their natural glare is kept down by combination and want of polish. The Asiatic, who carved in jade, and sank deep inscriptions into sapphires, could have faceted precious stones as well as the cutters of Amsterdam. But he did not desire to do it. He wanted subdued effects, and made of the garnet a carbuncle—which is a miracle of color without glare—or he cut off, as we have seen in many emeralds, a mere corner, so the beholder, instead of being bothered with flashing green, should peep at will into green depths. His intense appreciation of turquoise was due not only to admiration of its color, which can be matched only by one or two flowers, but to the fact that it is the only gem that for all its brilliancy of color does

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not flash. To this hour the high-class Asiatic loves the cat's-eye as the European never can, because the light in it gives no pain, but reveals itself to a sort of dusky shade. The European has made lovely jewels, and will make lovelier ones, but he has never made jewels like those of the Asiatic, who with illimitable art can take from gold all its glitter without diminishing by one iota the perfection of its color, and will hand you a bit of enamel in which the green is as bright as the emerald, the red as fiery as the ruby, and the whole as restful to the eye as a piece of turf.

Aside from the color arrangement of gems it is in the real crafts of the artisan that the native workman shows at his best, for here he far outdistances the world. Protected and limited by *caste*, all the trades are divided into great clans, and both design and technique have become almost instinctive and automatic, in the high sense, the subconsciousness of genius. The worst of machine-made goods is that they furnish people with objects they do not understand, while handicrafts are indigenous and people grow up with them.

SARAH BERNHARDT WEARING THE BUDDHISTIC JEWEL, "THE BLUE LOTUS."

Families of artists have been from time immemorial in the employ of kings, their productions being used as royal gifts, since Solomon sent to India, the *Tarshish* of the Bible, for spices and gems and gold. Being maintained, time is counted for naught; thus for three generations an entire family have been known to work on a single jade bowl. There were some famous artists whose weapons were esteemed far and wide, who held villages instead of pay and collected the taxes for their revenue.

It gives Western countries a shock to find a splendid collar finished by a crude glass bead or a large emerald hanging from a row of imitations. When King Edward made his famous Indian tour as Prince of Wales, the rajahs vied with each other in laying the choicest productions of their native arts at his feet. One of the most interesting specimens he brought home was a hair-comb of ruby and emerald Jeypore enamel, pointed in gold, and surmounted by a curved row of large pearls, each pearl topped with a green glass bead. Superb in design, it is one of the finest pieces of Indian jewelry made in modern times—but one marvels to see ordinary glass set with gems of such price. No one has given a satisfactory explanation of this. I think it is because the artist worked solely for color and was disdainful of value. The glass happened to give the tone desired, better than the emerald, so he took it. Not a question of economy, of affording real stones or not, as the occasion was one of lavish expenditure and he could have had what he wanted. The *motif* of his eye-poem was pearls, the producer wished all else to be subordinate, and green beads to give simply a minor note. As with the pendant emerald,

CLEO DE MERODE WITH AN INDIAN NECKLACE AS A DIADEM.

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the string must shine less and be of duller tone to give honor to the chief glory.

A third of Hindoo family possessions being in the form of jewels, each composite household keeps a special workman, who is always employed in a little niche in the court-yard, repairing, cleaning, resetting, stringing. The finest gems are threaded, as there is prejudice among the higher people against gold, it having been handled as money.

ENAMELLED BRACELETS SET WITH GEMS.

Native jewellers will take gold or silver coin and return marvels equal in weight, charging but a trifle for workmanship. There are said to be ten jewellers in India to one with us. Little Indian children actually sleep covered with jewels, and people have day and night gems, as we our wretched day and night shirts.

The whole costume of a Hindoo woman consists of a small bodice and the *sari*, or yards of drapery wrapped round the body, but she is covered with jewels. At the prize-giving of a girls' school a stranger would be literally amazed to see the profusion of gems on small children. A woman of the poorest classes who lives in a mud-hut may buy her nose-ring pearl by pearl, wearing imitations till she can obtain the proper number, then beginning to save for the central ruby. This is inherited by her daughter, who in turn begins her economies for a string of gold beads. So in several generations a family is well bejewelled.

The Oriental decorates many parts of the body we do not honor, such as the back of the hand, the top of the foot, the rim of the ear. This latter is especially pretty, as it follows a very beautiful contour and emphasizes a natural curve.

A plaque of gold set with gems is often fastened to the crown of the head; below this the hair is braided with jewels, while an ornament follows the line of the parting and falls in fringes around the face and the back of the ears. These fringes of pearl are very becoming, massive, yet delicate and full of song. The object is to frame and enhance the beauty of the face rather than to dazzle the beholder with flash of gems. Strange caprices are breast-boxes of carved wood set with gems.

These people belong to a distinct *genre*, which must not be studied from Western standpoints, and never seem overloaded, even when they can scarcely see out of their eyes; they have such idol-like repose they can do no decorative wrong.

It is considered an insult and extremely indelicate in India to refer to a woman's nose-ring, but so many ask me, "What is that flower they hold in the mouth?" that I must tell what I shouldn't—it is the badge of wifehood, even more sacred than our wedding-ring—set always with the costliest and most beautiful jewels a woman possesses and the last she will part with. A ruby with two pearls is the favorite, as symbolizing a heart between two guardians of purity. This is somewhat going out of fashion under English influence; the *Somaji* ladies and Zoroastrian sisters do not wear them, but every orthodox Hindoo woman has her *pak-chabi*, or "nose-key," as it is also called; usually two, one of precious jewels and falling pearls, the other a little plain gold safety-pin, which is slipped in just as the great circle is being drawn out, for the nose must never for a moment be left free.

Ugly on the unveiled, shameless ones, who want to look like *memsahibs*, it is often very fascinating, half seen like a jewelled flower through the folds of some gold-webbed *sari*, held by lotus-hand, with arm as graceful as the stem of an aquatic lily. The back of

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the hand covered with a plaque of gems fastened to each finger by strings of pearls.

The wife also wears a tiny iron band round her right hand. If she be widow, no ring in the nose, no vermilion in the parting of her hair, no iron string at her waist.

In mentioning the rings of India, one must notice that they are worn on every available part of the body, which is covered in undreamed-of profusion; I have counted twenty-six on the hands of a beggar woman.

Most primitive are the jewels worn by the naked hill-tribes, descendants of the aboriginal *vanars*, who figure as "monkeys" in the epic wars of Rama. Necklaces of chopped grass strung on blue wool, identical in design with the tubular gold of ancient Greece and Etruria. To-day, in some of the wilder parts of India, the only ornament worn by young unmarried girls is an actual silver fig-leaf engraved with the symbolic "Tree of Life," in design copied from the *ficus religiosa*, or "Sacred Fig-Tree," and it is singular that these districts are the legendary location of the garden of Eden. Almost revolting are the great cylindrical ear-plugs of southern India, in amber, jade, or green jasper inlaid with rubies, forced through a hole sometimes an inch across, but of dramatic effect with a brigand-like countenance.

In the silver filigree frost-flowers of Cuttack, earrings are connected by delicate chains which pass under the throat. In Rajputana —land of the sons of kings—earrings are so large they fasten over the top of the ear with chains of seed-pearls, while their fringes fall on the shoulders. In other places a sort of gemmed hood covers the entire ear.

As literature is a common possession with us and the poorest house may abound with books and magazines, so art is universal with these peoples. Good taste is not rare, as in the Western world; even the most ordinary peasant woman seldom wears a disagreeable color, or an ornament that does not become her. The upper classes wear gems; then come gems and gold; then gold, silver, and semi-precious stones, silver, bronze, brass, lacquer, glass, stained wood, chopped straw. I have bought five necklaces for three cents in the bazaars of Delhi.

Temple towers covered with roofs of gold, gold chariots drawn by bullocks with gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet, great services of solid gold, in bowls and platters, belong to every king and every temple. Of course, *Hathi* plays his leading rôle in art as in life. Most interesting are the armlets of little gold elephants strung on elephant's hair. The massive silver *repoussé* of Cutch is very famous, while silver of Bijapur is chiselled in high relief, not hammered, a somewhat unusual process.

It is to be wondered what influence the treasures brought back from the *Durbar* will have. The Duchess of Connaught has long possessed many fine examples, particularly a court-robe of marvellous *kincob* or royal cloth-of-gold, given to her by the Maharajah of Kapurthala, of which each thread was strung with a seed-pearl as it was woven. Princess Christian has done much to help the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art. Both Lord and Lady Curzon's sympathies are very strong in this direction. The Prime Minister of a kingdom in Kathiawar told me that when a reception was given to Lord Curzon on one of his tours, one young man of English education thought he would be very smart and appear at the *Durbar* in a frock-coat, while all the other princes wore their *kincobs* and jewels. When the presentations were over Lord Curzon asked, "Who was that man in a black coat?" "Oh, Your Excellency, he is the son of one of our leading *nagar-Brahmins*" (the most sacred and highest *caste*). Lord Curzon said: "Will you please tell him from me, that I hope I may never see a *nagar-Brahmin* in English clothes again."

An ash-smeared *Yogi* told me that the *Maha-nila* or great blue one—color of the garment of night, the body of Krishna, the throat of Shiva—was the most occult of gems —the *Sapphire* that fell from Vishnu's eyes as the hottest tear when he came to earth to sin and learn how mortals suffer—the stone of repentance. It is said that those who own sapphires find it easier to repent than those who do not.

There is a black diamond the king of serpents carries on his head, a pink pearl the mad elephant generates in the centre of his forehead, there are gems invisible, that one may only see after years of *Yoga*, and probably not then; for these, and others still more rare, one must ask the original of Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," who still lives, whose real name is Jacobs—but that, as the all-seeing Rudyard says, is another story.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this instalment the author plunges directly into "Coppers," explains the economical situation out of which Amalgamated was evolved, and describes the significant interview at which he induced Henry H. Rogers to take up the project. "Standard Oil's" method of organizing a stock campaign is graphically set forth, and incidentally we are given the story of the bitter fight over Butte & Boston.

CHAPTER VII

THE CROSS-ROADS: "CHANGE COACHES."

A THOROUGH familiarity with the facts and conditions set forth in the preceding chapters will help my readers to an understanding of the series of complicated transactions through which the snaky course of Amalgamated must be pursued. Its flotation was the most tremendous and public ever even attempted, much less successfully carried out, and in its market career the full resources of stock jugglery were exercised on its behalf. I should pause still longer here to describe the Stock Exchange, its paraphernalia and its methods, but realizing that some of my readers are impatient to have set before them now the details of those nefarious crimes through which so many lost and suffered, I shall compromise by weaving the explanations into my narrative.

The crimes of Amalgamated are to the delinquencies of Bay State Gas as the screaming of eagles to the chirping of crickets. As I have reiterated, my story naturally began with Addicks and his gas ventures, and the recital of his treasons and stratagems has afforded a standard of proportion by which the more flagrant and audacious acts of the copper enterprise may be measured and realized. From the inception of its career there was malpractice, and the instances thereof constitute a series of frauds so numerous and so formidable as to startle even those calloused to the trickery of modern stock deals. I propose to deal with these in due succession:

1st. Chicanery and double-dealing which preceded the formation of the Amalgamated Company;

2d. Frauds perpetrated in the Amalgamated Company's formation;

3d. The "hold-up" of Lewisohn Brothers;

4th. Malpractice connected with the flotation of Amalgamated;

5th. Misrepresentation and knavery used in placing it upon the Stock Exchange;

6th. Brutal penuriousness and greed which dropped it the first time and shook out the public;

7th. Frauds perpetrated in forming the second section of Amalgamated;

8th. Iniquities and deceptions perpetrated in carrying the price of copper, the metal, to seventeen cents, and then smashing it to eleven cents;

9th. Deviltries connected with McKinley's assassination;

10th. The "Mafiaing" of Keene;

11th. Frauds and outrages connected with hamstringing the dividend and scuttling the price from 130 to 33;

12th. "One Million Hugh J. Grant";

13th. "Heinze of Montana."

The period concerned is that between 1896 and 1904, and interwoven with the narrative of the happenings in Amalgamated will be the inner history of such contemporaneous

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episodes as affected its career. It is a span of years crowded thick with events, for it is the period of the greatest financial "jamboree" the world has ever seen, when American financiers, glutted, gorged, and frenzied with millions, in the throes of their golden delirium vied with one another in debauching the industries of the country, perverting the proud and untarnished institutions of an honorable commerce into wantons of the stock-market. Within this period United States Steel was launched, and Mercantile Marine, and United States Realty; the ship-building hag began her brief, disastrous, fortune-telling career; American Tobacco and the Massachusetts Gas Companies were spawned, and the Louisville & Nashville corner startled the world by its revelation of jobbery in high places.

When the curtain fell on the closing scene of the performance in the Delaware court there ensued a brief interval of quiet in the affairs of Bay State Gas. Rejoicing in the temporary diversion of public attention, the chief actors proceeded to assume their former rôles, and soon affairs began to move at their old gait. Rogers took possession of all the Boston gas companies and patiently awaited the coming down the pike of some traveller with more money than brains. Having successfully corrupted the State of Delaware, Addicks was being measured for the senatorial toga, when accidentally the blind lady dropped her scales on his unprotected head, which laid him out long enough to enable another to sneak the prize he had so long striven for. We are not at present concerned with the affairs of Delaware, and it suffices to say in passing, that after a heated contest one Richard Kenney was chosen to the senatorial seat Addicks had so long coveted, and that this man, a typical Delaware vote-rancher, after being sworn in as United States Senator, was brought back to Wilmington and tried for robbing a Delaware bank, his accomplices being some other heelers of Addicks. The disclosures made in the trial showed that the case in all characteristics conformed to the Bay State standard of indecency, for the bank officials, not satisfied with "blowing in" every dollar of deposits and capital the institution owned or controlled, had actually "lifted" in addition the building in which the bank was situated. One of the court functionaries who had heard the evidence tersely remarked, "Talk about stealing a red-hot stove: this is a case where they took the funnel with it to keep the draught going until they set it up in a new location!"

But Delaware, as my readers have doubtless gathered long ere this, is its own kind of a country, and rewards and punishments are so perversely adjusted that it seems a sort of Topsyturvydom. In this instance certain of Addicks's heelers went to State's prison and death; Kenney returned to the Senate to help make laws for the great free people of America, while the chief conspirator, with a threat to sue the blindfolded lady for damage done, began to set out the pieces on the Bay State chessboard with a view to trying certain new moves that had occurred to his perpetual-motion mind.

The situation of Bay State Gas Stock was fully understood by the public. While Rogers had possession of the Boston companies, he simply held them in trust, and must give them up whenever the parent corporation had coin enough to redeem them. The securities were still in the hands of the public and my friends, and my own duty to get Bay State on its feet was plain. It was again a case of raising money, and to do this we had the issue of securities which we were preparing to float just before Foster and Braman swooped down upon us. Addicks agreed that if I would undertake the marketing of this stock, he would issue only enough of it to redeem the properties from Rogers. His directors met and formally "resoluted" on this point, and I felt satisfied before going ahead that there was no danger of this money being put in jeopardy without actually stealing it. The company, for the nonce, had no other business but to pay office rent and clerk hire, and in spite of Addicks's financial immorality, all who knew him were aware he took no chances of ever himself being sent to jail. So I began to sell the stock in the open market.

CHAPTER VIII

ECONOMICS OF "COPPERS"

AT this time I was formulating plans that I had long been maturing in my mind in connection with "Coppers." For sixty years past Boston had been the home of the copper industry. From it great fortunes had been derived, and there was in course of development a copper aristocracy which threatened the supremacy of the East India aristocracy that had so long lorded it in Boston society.

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Indeed, so far had the rival contingents progressed that there was a serious searching of the pretensions of any newcomer whose origin had to do with other enterprises. "Coppers" were respectable, were genteel, and, above all, were not "trade," for the average old-time Bostonian affects the Anglo-Saxon contempt for the traffickings of retail commerce, and woe betide him who dares suggest that either of these proper and honorable vocations partakes of the character of "trade."

For the benefit of those in the outer darkness, to whom the ways of Boston are strange, it may be explained that the East India trade goes elsewhere under other less euphonious names, and consisted in the swapping of New England rum, made from molasses, water, and other things, for human cotton-pickers. It was a most profitable industry, with a spice of adventure to it, and in which at the time a gentleman might honorably engage. It may be said that with the paradoxical conscientiousness characteristic of the Puritan mind, the first outcry against the personal ownership of these human chattels was voiced by New England, and her leading citizens generously devoted the incomes of the fortunes their forefathers had amassed in this traffic to releasing their colored fellow creatures from bondage. That, however, is still another story.

To return to "Coppers." In my young days in "the Street" in the early '70s, the first task I remember performing was making deliveries of copper stocks traded in by "the house" which was entitled to my twelve-year-old services in return for the three large dollars which I received each Saturday with far more honest pride than any three millions I have since handled. As I grew up I watched Calumet and Hecla advance from a dollar to 450 (it afterward sold at 900) because of its real worth, and imbibed the conviction, which all true Bostonians entertain, that money acquired through copper is just 33 per cent. better than money from any other source. I sympathized with the State Street code which declares, or should: "Gold can be found in a day by anyone with eyes, silver in a week by anyone with hands, and money in a year by anyone with sense enough to save it, but no man gets into copper without capital, fortitude, patience, and brains." As a matter of fact, it requires, even to-day, with all of to-day's facilities and rush, $5,000,000 in money and five years of spending it after a copper deposit has been found before it can be made to yield returns. Is it surprising that a project requiring so much money for so long a time would appeal to Boston's regard for endurance, expensiveness, and exclusiveness? Could there be found an enterprise better calculated to discourage the upstart?

My daily round of errands led me from broker to broker and from bank to bank, and always I heard talk of copper. It is not surprising that my youthful mind became impressed with the profound importance of the metal and all pertaining to it. I picked up a great deal of information on the subject, which I fortified later with a careful study of copper the metal, copper the mine, and copper the investment. As I mulled over the immense returns the men I knew had their money in copper obtained from their ventures, it struck me as extraordinary that this industry should be so much more profitable than others. Here was a great staple, a necessity of the people, which had been in use since men had begun to sit up, and would be needed until Father Time smashed his glass, that returned 100 per cent. gross profit on the business done in it, while the business done in any other staple did not return, gross, over ten to eighteen per cent., which gross profit gave to the capital invested in copper a net profit of sixteen to twenty-five per cent., while that invested in the other staples returned a net profit of only three and three-fourths to four and one-fourth per cent.* The value of money had decreased with the world's development; the cost of the great commodities of life had all come down with the decline in interest—all but copper, which kept its old places throughout all the changes that had occurred in the relations of capital to labor and business. I realized that copper, in that year, would afford a gross profit of 100 cents on each $2 worth produced; that this great gross profit was legitimate, was not brought about through unfair restrictions or forced combination, or evasion of the country's laws, but was wholly natural, being founded on the fact that the supply was so limited, the demand prevented the price dropping below a certain figure, and that this under ordinary circumstances rep-

* For those unacquainted with such business terms as "gross" or "net" profit: Gross profit on business done is that first profit which remains after deducting the first costs of producing the goods—in this case copper, the metal; and from this gross profit must be deducted other expenses, such as unusual development expenses, the expense of running the executive departments, interest, etc. This leaves the net profit which is available for dividends.

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resented at least 100 per cent. of gross profit to the producer after he had paid for labor and material the highest ruling prices.

No better illustration of the main facts about copper can be found than the condition of the industry to-day, in 1905. The metal is now fifteen and a half cents per pound, and the consumption so great that the price still advances, yet if through an agreement among the producing mines this sales-rate should be dropped twenty-five per cent., it would so increase consumption as to force back the price to a point that would again discourage consumption, and yet in the old mines the cost of producing the metal sold at fifteen and a half is but six to seven and a half cents, in some even lower.

Compare these conditions with those existing in the steel industry. Therein, unlawful combinations and unnatural restrictions are essential if those engaged would show a gross profit of even fifteen per cent. on their gross output. If more than fair or going returns are earned, then new capital flows into competition and the surplus again shrinks to an uninviting point. The same is true in wheat, corn, and cotton—big prices invite fresh investments and the planting of broader acreage. Hence the sorry spectacle of the cotton planter who, in 1905, will receive no more for his twenty per cent. increased crop, coming from over two millions increased acreage planted last year, than for his smaller one of the year before.

That my readers may quickly and, once for all, grasp the point I wish to make, I will illustrate:

The Steel Trust in 1904 did a gross business of $432,000,000, upon which they made a profit of $71,400,000, and yet this vast amount was only five per cent. upon the Trust's inflated capital of $1,400,000,000 odd; and as the "System," in regulating the capitalization, arranged that the preferred stock (and bonds), which represented the "System's" profit, should receive seven per cent., there was not a dollar in dividends for the $520,000,000 of common stock which had been sold to the people for, in round figures, $300,000,000.

At the same time the Calumet & Hecla Copper Company produced and sold over $10,000,000 worth of copper, upon which it earned, net, over $5,000,000, that enabled it to pay to the people who had invested in its 100,000 shares of stock (par value, $25), 160 per cent., or a total of $4,000,000, and, at the same time, carry an enormous amount to its surplus.

In the commercial world copper occupies an impregnable position. To compete, it is first necessary to find a copper deposit; then to lock up a vast sum of money for a long term of years before returns begin to accrue. And new copper deposits are as rare and few and far between as Lincolns and Roosevelts in politics or Grants and Lees in war. In the last eight years, or since the metal has been prominently before the world of capital, but two great producers of copper have been created—the Copper Range at Lake Superior, Michigan, and the Greene Consolidated in Mexico—and these two mines have only, at the end of six years, after an immense expenditure of millions (Copper Range, with a capital of $38,500,000, 385,000 shares, par $100, which sold in the open market a few years ago at $6, now selling at $75, and Greene Consolidated, with a capital of $8,650,000, 865,000 shares, par $10, now selling in the open market at $25), reached the point of profitable production. Their combined output, while reaching the (for young mines) unprecedented amount of one hundred and odd million pounds of metal per annum, constitutes but a fraction of that which Mother Earth has given up during the period of their development, namely, 2,500,000,000 pounds, all of which has been disposed of and cannot again be used to satisfy a ravenous consumption.

It seemed to me, then, a curious anomaly that, while capital was chasing investments which promised but four per cent., it eschewed copper which yielded sixteen to twenty-five per cent., and my investigations told me that a producing copper-mine is the surest business venture a man engages in, for, by the time it begins to produce profitably, it must be so far developed that its owners are certain of ore to work on for decades ahead. A good copper-mine is really a safe-deposit vault of stored-up dividends, which cannot be stolen nor destroyed by fire, flood, or famine. Calumet & Hecla, for instance, though it cost its first owners but a dollar a share, has paid out $87,000,000, or $870 per share, or 3,480 per cent. on its par value of $25, and while it has been paying dividends over thirty-five years, it paid last year $40 per share, and has more in sight than it has yet paid. And Copper Range, though but six years old, will be producing soon as much as Calumet

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& Hecla, and has in sight now ore to keep it going fifty or sixty years.

Having pieced together all the facts and circumstances in this connection, I surmised that I had grasped a principle of great commercial value, and I set about finding a cause why the world of capital should for so long have overlooked the tremendous potentialities of this industry. I found the cause in Boston herself, in the characteristics of the city, which was headquarters for copper, and which had grown in financial power with the revenues her mines earned for her investors. Boston controlled and managed the copper industry, and had since the days when copper-mining was a hazardous pursuit, in which only bold and speculative souls dared engage. In the early days the canny Bostonian demanded for the honorable dollar his parent had earned—exchanging five-cent rum for human beings worth $1,000 apiece—at least twenty per cent. interest, and having acquired this habit, it became a principle, and such principles as these are clung to in Boston with the zeal of a miser for his hoard or of a martyr to his faith. Looking back over the years, I still recall with chagrin the quiescent hilarity of the scion of a Back Bay family whose good father had been one of the most successful and most brutal of all the "East India traders," when I suggested to him that he was fortunate in obtaining twenty per cent. on some copper ventures about which he was grumbling. (My readers must not confuse a Boston grumble with the ordinary ejaculations of discontent indulged in by the inhabitants of other portions of the world remote from the Hub of the Universe. A Boston grumble consists of an upward movement of the eyebrow, a slight twitch of the mustache, and a murmur cross-bred from "Deuce take it!" and "Scoundrelly!") "Young man," he said, "my father said that such a hazardous venture as copper should return at least thirty per cent. to be safe, and I feel if I receive but twenty per cent. that something is radically and unpardonably wrong with the management of the mine." I did not pursue the argument, for I knew he inherited with his fortune a line of Boston reasoning, and I remembered once having watched a country boy put his tongue on a frosty iron door-knob, and I knew better than to invoke again that wintry Boston smile, which in a Western or Southern community would be used to *frappé* mint-juleps or cold-storage hogs with.

No better illustration of the attitude of the shrewd New York investor to "copper" can possibly be given than to detail my first interview with H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller on the subject. To-day Mr. Rogers is known throughout the world as the leading figure of the copper world—the copper Czar, so to speak; yet it was only nine years ago when I said to him at the end of a gas-talk:

"Mr. Rogers, would Mr. Rockefeller and yourself look into Copper?"

"Copper?" said he in an amused way, "copper? What kind of copper?"

"Why, copper such as we know in Boston—copper the metal, copper the industry, copper stocks."

He burst into one of his jolly laughs. "Look into it? Why, I don't know a thing about copper other than that we had old copper kettles when I was a boy which were used to fry doughnuts in, but I suppose my plumbers would look at anything you wanted, for I remember I get big bills for copper tanks at the house."

CHAPTER IX

MY PLAN FOR "COPPERS"

THE plan I had so carefully formulated in connection with "copper" was simple in application yet vast in scope. It was to buy up all the good producing mines at their market-price, or double if necessary, to organize them into a new corporation and offer its stock to the public at a capitalization of double the original cost. By advertising the exceptional merits of the copper industry and the financial power of the men who were backing it, the public would become educated to a knowledge of the values of "copper." Under this education the world of capital would invest in copper shares until the price had advanced, because of so much capital seeking this form of investment, to a point where the net return was brought down to the going rate of, say, four per cent. This would mean that the old going prices of good producing Boston copper-mines would advance 100 to 200 per cent., which in turn meant that those who risked their money in the first venture, which I figured would require $100,000,000, would make $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, while at the same time the public would make $200,000,000 to $400,-

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000,000. This seems like an "Aladdin lamp" story when it is told, but, as a matter of fact, prices afterward did advance in this ratio, and 100 and 200 per cent. beyond, and many of them, notwithstanding the tremendous drops that have taken place since, still show from 200 to 300 per cent. advance over the prices then in vogue. NEVER IN ALL THE HISTORY OF BUSINESS WAS THERE AFFORDED CAPITALISTS SO FAIR AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE HONESTLY AND LEGITIMATELY SO VAST A SUM OF MONEY AND AT THE SAME TIME TO DO SO MUCH FOR THE PEOPLE. NOR WAS THERE A MORE HONORABLE UNDERTAKING NOR ONE WHICH A MAN COULD BE MORE JUSTLY PROUD OF CARRYING TO SUCCESS.

As time went on, this big enterprise was more and more in my thoughts, and I tested it in every way I knew, going over in my mind and trying out each successive step and link until I was certain the whole structure was unassailable. Then it became my purpose in life to launch the venture. The difficulties of the task were never for a moment overlooked, for I well knew that much money would be required, but with strong backing success was sure, and such a success was tremendously worth attaining. Next to putting in force my financial invention which would remedy the evils of the "System," this great copper project seemed the thing—the dollar thing—best worth doing in all the world. It was to execute this project that I allied myself with the "Standard Oil party," for with their money and backing I knew I could carry through my plans on the lines I had so carefully mapped out.

The chief indictment my critics have brought against me since I began this series of articles is that I have turned "State's evidence." Having been "in with" "Standard Oil" in their robberies of the public, it was not until we disagreed and "split" that I thought of taking the public into my confidence. The truth is, my relation with "Standard Oil" was different from that any other man ever had with that mysterious and reticent institution, and throughout the copper crusade I insistently blurted out our plans and purposes through every channel of publicity I could command. At no time was there the slightest secrecy. From the very first day of the campaign I told the story as I tell it here, and I told it from the housetops by newspaper interviews and advertisements, market letters and circulars, frankly and freely explaining what I was about. The absolute truth of the foregoing is easily proved through existing records, for the press of the country contains an almost continuous story, beginning in 1896 and running up to date, wherein I have openly and fairly told what I knew about "Coppers" and detailed the progress of our plans. Time and again, during this period, financial writers commented on my frankness, quoting brokers and bankers to the effect that "Lawson will surely have his head dropped into the 'Standard Oil' basket if he keeps telling people all he knows in this fashion." For the complete realization of my project the public's interest was essential. The creation of the vast business structure that I had designed required the participation of the great mass of the people, and I was determined that no subservience to the selfish ends of my associates should swerve me from my plan. I saw the enterprise whole; saw that there was great profit for all concerned, for "Standard Oil," for myself, and for the public, but if the public were not taken care of or were discouraged from participation, then my institution would surely be only another combination of capitalists and I should fail in my ambition.

This is why I so persistently kept in the open throughout my "Copper" campaign. I fully realized how anomalous my position was and how far I had departed from "Standard Oil" precedents; but my thought was to protect the integrity of my enterprise, and the best way to do this was to have the people partners in its conception and development. To be perfectly frank, the prospect of millions of profit was of far less importance in my calculations than the honor and prestige I foresaw in the success of my copper structure. As proof of this, witness how I voluntarily gave back the millions I had secured, to make good. To have created a great institution, to have erected a new and absolutely staple investment, and in doing so to have made millions for one's partners, oneself, and the public, was to have lived not in vain. The knowledge of my attitude will perhaps help my readers to comprehend the enthusiasm with which I entered into my "Copper" crusade; help them to understand how strongly I resisted, and how deeply resented, the perversion of my fair structure into a pitfall for those I had expected to benefit. My indignation against the "System" is that which any honest man would feel

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against ruffians who had used his best ideas and his most generous feelings to lure innocent and unoffending people into some den of vice and infamy. So far I have not troubled to correct the misstatements of detractors who, in an attempt to discredit my facts, have tried to pillory me as a traitor, for I knew the middle and end of the story would make plain how and what I had been doing. The succeeding chapters of this narrative will yield unimpeachable evidence that all my dealings in "Coppers" as an associate of "Standard Oil" were open and as much in the interests of the people as it was possible to have them.

CHAPTER X

BIRTH OF "COPPERS"

ACTIVE upon the Boston market during my Bay State operations were two copper-mining companies—the Butte & Boston and the Boston & Montana. Their properties were in Montana and both were large producers of the metal, that is, they were old and equipped mines. These two organizations form to-day the most valuable part of the Amalgamated Copper Company—in fact, more than three-quarters of all the real worth owned by that corporation.

Butte & Boston and Boston & Montana were essentially Boston institutions, and were both officered and directed by the same set of men. It had come to my knowledge, in the course of my stock business, that there had been bought for the Butte & Boston, with its money, some very valuable mines; instead of transferring these to that corporation, however, its directors at the last minute had turned the titles over to the Boston & Montana. It is only fair to these men to say that up to the present this alleged fact has not been proven, although set forth in cases still pending in the courts. This curious proceeding was part of a plot the subsequent steps in which would be to run Butte & Boston through the bankruptcy mill, and, by placing it in the hands of a receiver, to drop the stock to a nominal figure, at which it might all be gathered in from the public. I verified my information sufficiently to decide to act, and swung the red danger-signal in a public statement telling the stockholders and people in general of the coming move. At once there arose a chorus of denials and recriminations from the management, and the cry, "He's short of the stock and is working a fake to scare us into throwing over our holdings that he may buy them," from the Stock Exchange, stockholders, and the hireling moulders of opinion, the "News Bureaus."

The rôle of Cassandra is not more popular to-day than it was in ancient Troy. The swinger of the red danger-signal is seldom heeded, and is invariably suspected of interested motives by the human moths circling round the flickering flames of frenzied finance. When I gave my warning, Butte & Boston was selling between 25 and 30. In conformance with their plan the insiders began to sell, and soon the price began to slide downward, for the great majority of the stock was held by the people. There was a halt when the denials of the management were heard, but only for a moment. The decline continued, growing swifter as it got lower, until the stock struck $2 per share. At this stage, while the stock was on the way to $2 just as I had predicted, the property was cleverly slid into a receiver's hands by the very men who had so indignantly denied my statement that this would be the case. An assessment of $10 per share was next levied, and those who had held on, hoping against hope, began to throw over their holdings for what they would bring—which was something around a dollar.

So far the scheme had slipped smoothly along the single-rail track those in the deal had constructed for it, and just as my information had led me to expect. At this juncture, however, the train struck an open switch, and with a painful jolt for the conductor and the engineers it slid out on a siding—it was my siding. From the time the stock struck $2 a mysterious purchaser took in all that was offered, and when it struck bottom he was still buying. Suddenly the schemers "tumbled" that the plums they were shaking off the tree were dropping into some other bag than their own, and they started into competition for the coveted fruit.

Next day, and for several days afterward, there were strenuous doings in Butte & Boston on the Boston Stock Exchange. The trading was heavy and the price pushed up from the bottom to 6½. Soon, however, it was slammed to 2¾, then back to 6 again, down to 3¼, back to 5¾, and so on, until the middle of the fourth day, when the rival News Bureau to the "System's" favorite opinion-moulder sprung the following notice set forth on a double-leaded sheet:

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"We have just solved the Butte & Boston conundrum. The enormous blocks of stock purchased during the past few days have come in for transfer, and the management now know who owns the bag into which all the stock they have for months been planning to acquire dropped. We have unmistakable evidence that the bag belonged to Lawson, and that he now is in control of the Butte & Boston Company. A hasty investigation amongst the leading floor brokers which we have just made brings out a consensus of opinion that there will now be music in coppers."

The announcement was calculated to interest a good many persons, and I was the target of a thousand inquiries. In answer to the innumerable calls for a denial or confirmation of the statement, I issued the following:

'Tis true. 'Tis my bag, and there are 46,000 shares in it.

It was not until the following morning that I realized what a rarely presumptuous thing I had done. I had invaded a valuable preserve. I had coarsely "butted into" a private copper domain without a by-your-leave to the natives who thought it belonged to them. I was an interloper, an intruder, an upstart. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that it now devolved on me to present what I had purchased to those who had been a bit late in getting to the bargain-counter, or that I should, at least, turn it over to the conscience fund of the Government. The copper market reflected the indignation of the baffled schemers. It entered for once into an open competition with Donnybrook Fair, and to judge by the action and feeling developed in both individual and corporation classes, the Hub had Donnybrook jigged to a wind-up. In other contests with the "System" I had accumulated a certain hardihood which now stood me in good stead. I had learned before this that breaking into a secluded treasure-trove is about as pleasant as taking the lining out of a steel furnace with the metal sizzling and the blower on.

I stood to my guns for the time being and then charged into the ranks of the enemy. I issued the following statement:

TO MY FELLOW-BROKERS AND THE PUBLIC

I have stumbled on the fact that the stock—capital 200,000 shares—of the Butte & Boston Copper Mining Company is a nugget. I bought about 46,000 shares of it at an average of something over 2½, or, with the assessment paid, 12½ per share. I am going to hold it until I get over 50 for it. Barring accidents, I shall get it.

I advise—strongly and unqualifiedly advise—all my friends and the public to load up with it at anything under that price. My friends and the public know whether or not I mean a thing when I say it. I pledge them that I not only mean this but that I shall fight it out, and shall not sell until there is an active and legitimate market for not only my stock, but for what they buy, at over $50 per share. All intending purchasers must bear in mind this is not a sure thing, for the men who are opposing, and will oppose me, are not conducting their operations from a graveyard, but are as lively and aggressive as Bengal tigers at raw-meat time; but they may rest easy in the knowledge that barring tripping over stumps or into bogs, I'll give whoever buys a run for their investments.

Buy and watch Butte all the time, and, above all, pay no attention to what the fake "News Bureau" says.

This was the formal declaration of war. State and Wall Streets, familiar with my style of fighting, at once lined up and took sides. The papers entered the controversy. According to what one read, Butte & Boston was either the greatest mine in the world or a hole in the ground. Feeling intensified; Geneva and Queensberry conventions were forgotten; it became a go-as-you-please scramble; mud batteries filled the air with liquid dirt, and both sides used Gatling-guns to fire off their libels. Altogether it was a lusty and vociferous contest, which meant destruction and death for the lame, the halt, and the slow-footed who got between the fighting lines. I was naturally the chief mark for the enemy, and was deluged with vilification. In the Bay State campaign I thought I had learned the personal cost of antagonizing the "System," but the copper magnates showed me that they had terrors at command which would make even "Standard Oil" jealous. In those days I don't believe my bank account varied thirty-five cents without the news being passed around before the ink on the bank-book was dry, and my family, down to my ten-year-old, received daily or weekly through the mails pictorial representations of their parent being hustled along to the realms where sulphur is the standard of all values. Here is a sample of my usual breakfast-table reading:

C. W. Barron, the proprietor of the "Boston News Bureau," feels it his duty to inform his readers, the banks and bankers and brokers and representative investors of New England, that that faking ass of State Street, that knave of knaves, Tom Lawson, is braying again, and such braying!—"Butte is to sell at 50, and going to be worth 50." It would be such a joke that this conservative paper would be only too happy to circulate this scoundrel's vaporings, if it were not for the sad part of such schemer's

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work—if it were not that the poor and ignorant unfortunates who are unacquainted with this knave, may buy Butte because of his advertised lies at $14 or $15 a share and thereby be robbed of what they can ill afford to lose. There is no more chance of Butte & Boston stock selling at $50, or even $25, than there is of Tom Lawson telling the truth; and this paper does not hesitate to say that if Butte stock ever does sell at 50, we will upon that day close up our office and forever leave Boston and our lucrative business of guarding investors against such knaves as this lying thief; for any man who would do what he is doing to fleece investors, is a thief and should wear stripes, and it is surprising to us he has so long escaped.

It was not so long after the above appeared that Butte & Boston stock was selling at $130 per share, and that the same Mr. Barron was using his own and his "News Bureau's" best efforts to induce the people whose Butte showed them over $115 a share profit to exchange it for Amalgamated. At this latter time he was in the pay of "Standard Oil."

It may be added that this same Butte & Boston stock, which I was such a knave to advise the people to buy at twelve to fifteen, sells to-day in the form of a share of Amalgamated, for which it was exchanged, at seventy-five to eighty—dollars, not cents.

My chief weapon in this Butte & Boston fight was publicity. Every morning while the battle waxed hottest I had huge, striking advertisements in the papers urging the public to buy and to hold on to what they had bought. My opponents responded in kind, and being intrenched in the management, told such alarming stories of the mine that it was often as much as I could do to prevent my followers from being scared into throwing their holdings over. The tremendous expense of this mode of warfare, together with the immense sums my market operations required, kept me hustling, and there were times when things looked distinctly blue. However, the value of victory is measured by the fierceness of the tussle, and far be it from me to complain of my opponent's energy. There was good fighting over Butte & Boston.

The more deeply I became interested in this struggle and the more familiar I grew with "Coppers," the more advantageous and profitable seemed the prospects of such a consolidation of copper properties as I had in mind. The large holdings of Butte & Boston I had accumulated in the battle gave me a practical basis for my structure, for I could now afford to do all my own part of the work of organization for what I would eventually make when the consolidation was brought about, and I could get for my shares what I knew they were worth. It was at this stage I broached the subject of "Coppers" to Mr. Rogers, and discovered to my surprise that he knew nothing about it or its possibilities, notwithstanding that "Standard Oil" has a department for the sole purpose of keeping the "System" posted about what the world is doing in various directions. Indeed, both he and Mr. Rockefeller laughed when I informed them that we had been trading in copper stocks in Boston long before the Standard Oil Company received its birth certificate.

Before I could get down to business on the subject I had to take advantage of five gas-talks, offering at each a few interesting and striking facts about the metal. One day Mr. Rogers said to me, laughing pleasantly, "Lawson, we're beginning to look for all your talks to taper off with: 'I wish I could get you to listen to Coppers!'"

"Why don't you, then?" I said. "It's the biggest opportunity in the world to-day."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Mr. Rogers. "If you will put through for us right away thus and so" (naming quite a difficult little bit of work in connection with the Brooklyn Gas Company), "and do it in good shape, I'll ask John Moore to run up to Boston next week and listen to your story. If he says it looks anything like good, I'll go over it with you to a finish."

The Brooklyn job was done on time, and I began on John Moore in my office at my hotel in Boston just after breakfast one bleak, rainy morning the week following. I talked, as I had seldom talked before, for five straight-away hours, and he listened. John Moore was a good listener. On all stock things he was admirably posted, and it was not necessary to waste words. I wasted none. I knew my subject from the postage stamp to "Yours truly," and I was playing for a stake that looked as big to me as the sun does to a solitary-confinement life prisoner. At the end of the five uninterrupted hours I agreed with Moore that I had nothing more to produce, and I looked for my verdict. Before starting I had felt sure of winning him; when I was half through I knew nothing could stand against my arguments, and when I had said the last word I felt satisfied that, being human and intelligent, he must be convinced. It

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took him only ten minutes to show me that I had been talking against 10-inch armor-plate, and he meant it absolutely when he said, "Lawson, I want to see it your way, but I can't."

It was John Moore's turn then, and he showed me the good thing in an industrial scheme he was floating at that time, and as he wound up he said pleasantly:

"Lawson, we must do something to show for our long talk, so I'll put you down for $50,000 underwriting." And he did.

If John Moore had seen "Coppers" as I tried to show them to him that wet morning he could not have made for himself less than three to five millions, for in the operation which hung on his decision I had expected to buy stocks that soon after doubled and trebled in value. Calumet & Hecla then sold at 256, and later as high as 900, while Boston & Montana, then 50, mounted to 520. On the other hand, the stock of which he had sold me $50,000 worth returned at the end of the year but a mere fraction of that amount, and was one of the worst failures of the industrial boom period. It not only cost John Moore an enormous amount of money, but also prestige, and its miscarriage was one of the few bad disappointments of his brilliant career. Afterward, when "Coppers" were the rage and all Wall Street was green with envy at our success and his enterprise was trying to hide itself behind the garbage barrels, John Moore said to me:

"Lawson, we all think we are the masters of our own fortunes, but we are not. We are only working on a schedule laid out by some One who does not take our desires into consideration."

And it is so. The ablest Wall Street man is only like the burglar who, after working for weeks to loot a second story, is astounded to find, while lugging his swag by the police station, that the bag he thought full of dead sealskins contains a live parrot with a lusty vocabulary, "Police! Robbers!"

CHAPTER XI

ROGERS GRASPS "COPPERS"

THE next day our gas business brought me to New York, and after Mr. Rogers and myself had threshed out the matter I had come about, he said with a smile:

"Well, I've heard from John Moore. Are you satisfied now? Will you drop that copper will-o'-the-wisp?"

"Far from it," I replied. "I'm surer than ever of my position. In going over the ground with Moore I got the whole business in perspective, and now I know I'm right. All his argument amounted to anyway was that it was impossible for so gigantic a thing to have lain out in the travelled highways all these years."

I ran on vigorously for a few moments, in a way I felt might piqúe his curiosity, if it did not gain my point. Finally he said:

"Well, Lawson, what more can I do?"

"This," I answered: "go over the matter fully with me yourself. I will surely carry it through one way or another; if not with you, with others, and I cannot drop it with you until I have your personal judgment."

Instantly came one of those flash decisions for which H. H. Rogers is noted among his business associates, the oft-proved correctness of which goes far toward making him the pre-eminent American financier of the day.

"Lawson," he said, "be in New York next Sunday, and I will listen until you have run the subject out."

That decision changed the face of the copper world.

Sunday is Mr. Rogers's pick of days for a lengthy hearing, and returning from church, he came directly to the "stowaway" rooms at the Murray Hill Hotel, at which we frequently met while the Wall Street world was trying to trace and keep track of our movements. I had been there awaiting him for some time and was keyed for the struggle.

Of my ability to land John Moore I had felt confident, yet I had failed, but this time in advance I knew success was mine. Experience has taught me that in all dollar matters the man to "talk up to" is the actual owner of the dollars you are after, who when he hears your story and weighs your goods can deal out the *yes* or *no* which means business. I had discovered some years before that few bull's-eyes are scored shooting at a target by mail or messenger. One's finest word-pictures sound better than they read, so if you would have the next man see them in as vivid colors as they appear on your mind's canvas, you must paint them before his eyes. The enthusiasm of the artist, his love of the subject, the deep or high tones of his voice, the very movements of his hands, are all factors in aiding the other man's vision.

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When he sees what you do, you have won. Nowadays when I have things to sell, I engage the eyes as well as the ears of my purchaser. When the other fellow would make me his customer, he must first sell his goods to my secretary, who may, if he can, sell them to me. Thus I am always able to dispose of the only merchandise I keep in stock, honest goods, and I seldom buy chromos for oils.

As I awaited the coming of my most potent customer, I could not keep my mind off the momentousness of the interview before me. I knew I was at a fork of the road, at one of those departure points from which all coming events must date, and I thought of a dream I had had years before in which I found myself drifting with the grim ferryman across the brimming flood, the far bank of which is eternity. In my hand was a long staff with strange and irregular notches on it. And these represented the actions of my life. Some were shallow, others deep and wide, and as I ran my fingers up and down, I seemed to remember what each nick commemorated—the good things and the bad things, here a death, there a disappointment, this a victory, that an error. I wondered, as the circumstances of the dream came to my mind, what kind of marking this day's events would make on my life staff, and I felt a conviction that it would be both deep and wide.

Then, as I heard Mr. Rogers's footstep outside my door, I forgot all about dreams and notches and plunged into my argument.

"Mr. Rogers," I began, "you and your associates have unlimited money. You have not always had it. You have obtained it through business projects and you are using it in business projects to get more. There are two ways of adding new dollars to those in your possession: by taking them from others so they are losers and you the gainer, whereby you win at the cost of their happiness; or by expanding the world's wealth so that others gain when you do. You, I know, prefer the latter, that others should make money when you do, rather than that they should lose and suffer when you are benefited."

I did not then know "Standard Oil's" and the "System's" religion as I do now. I had yet to learn the cruelly cynical principles that guide this financial Juggernaut in its relation with men and things. I imputed to it the generosity and freedom which seemed to characterize Henry H. Rogers's personality, ignorant that the man and the machine he served might stand for different things. The "System's" Big Book says: "A dollar honestly made makes another for some one else, but a dollar taken is two dollars, because it increases our power and diminishes the people's. Between the 'System' and the people must be eternal war, and it is the price of the 'System's' existence that all opportunities of weakening the people are sternly utilized."

"Mr. Rogers," I continued, "I have discovered in 'coppers' an opportunity whereby you and your associates can, by the investment of a hundred millions of dollars, obtain these results: *First*, your money will be safer than in anything you now have it invested in. *Second*, by indorsing this form of investment with the seal of your business success, you will make it known to all who have money and there will at once arise a tremendous demand for its securities. This demand will drive prices up until dividend returns are in normal proportion to the legitimate value of the security, namely, four to six per cent., which is, as I can prove to you, a little more than can be got from anything else but 'copper' with the same elements of safety. *Third*, when the advance I foresee occurs, your one hundred millions have doubled, and all those who have joined us in the venture or have held on to their stock will gain in the same proportion. As I estimate that we will have but a third interest in all the good American 'coppers,' there should be something like $200,000,000 for the people, while we will have made $100,000,000. To bring this about I have planned a campaign which will make what you have done known from one end of the world to the other, and will persuade the people at large to look at 'Standard Oil' in a more favorable light than they do now. And, what is more, all this money can be made and all these benefits rendered without taxing anyone a single additional dollar, for there will not be a penny a ton added to the price of copper the metal, nor a reduction of a mill a year taken from the wages of those who mine it or work it."

Here I halted. I had made a beginning, and I was familiar with Mr. Rogers's system of diagnosis and treatment. Propositions placed on his operating-table are invariably dissected in parts—this is the winner's method; so if, under the probe of his keen mind, one section or limb is found stiff, dead, or unhitchable to that to which it belongs, he at

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once stops operating and the corpse is removed.

"How is it the situation is as you outline it?"

I drew the picture of copper Boston as I have given it in the early part of this chapter. It astonished him.

"How do you show that safety in this class of investment is more assured than in others?"

I reeled off the facts: A copper mine, from the very nature of the business, must be developed years and years ahead before it entered the ranks as a regular producer. The price of the metal being practically fixed within certain limits, the mine's value, present and future, could always be told to a certainty.

He saw it. He put me through a thorough examination about my second claim, that the price would advance 100 per cent. I again astonished him by showing him what a market there was and had been for many years for copper stocks, and that it was simply a question of educating investors at large to their merits to advance them to the price my plans called for.

When he came to the question of the amount to be invested and the aggregate amount of profit, he did not attempt to disguise his surprise when I showed him there were 150,000 shares of Boston & Montana which had been selling at 20 odd and were now 50 odd, and could surely be bought between 50 and 100, and 200,000 shares of Butte & Boston, 100,000 outside of what I and those who had bought with me owned, that could be had at an average of 20 or 25; that there were 100,000 shares of Calumet & Hecla, selling at 250, large quantities of which could be gathered in between that price and 400, and so on through the list. Mine after mine I enumerated to him, all as sure dividend earners in the future as they had been in the past, to an aggregate, without touching any of the uncertain ones, which it would surely take one hundred millions to purchase, and as I called them off, he listened patiently while I gave him a full history of each.

Then I outlined my sensational but never before attempted plan of campaign for educating the public, he vigorously questioning me as to details and particulars the while.

It does not take Henry H. Rogers months, weeks, nor even days to grasp any plan, however vast, nor many minutes to decide after he has grasped it. I believe he would, if the world were going to be auctioned off next week, be the first man on earth to decide upon a limit price that he would take it at, and three minutes after it was knocked down to him he would be selling stock in it at 150 per cent. profit.

Just before lunch-time I saw the result was quite the opposite of that with John Moore. When I had come to a finish, Mr. Rogers simply said, "It's curious, Lawson, why I have not listened to you before. I'll talk with William Rockefeller to-morrow. No—I'll make it this afternoon if I can get at him."

And his eyes snapped a bit when, as I was helping him on with his coat, he said, "We must not lose a minute in getting to work."

As he left the hotel and before I crossed the street to the Grand Central to take my train back to Boston—I suppose I should not say it, but I shook my own hand in self-congratulation. How many times since I have thought that had old Dame Fate but done her red-light duty to this faithful servitor of her behests, or had but given him a peek ahead through the years 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, instead of shaking hands with himself he would have kept his feet busy kicking himself.

If Henry H. Rogers had been slow at getting started on "Coppers," once in he made up for his early tardiness. After our Sunday interview things moved swiftly forward. Before noon next day he called me up on the telephone to say that both he and William Rockefeller were impatient to have my facts and figures verified, and would I at once send my data to start his experts on. I mailed him a bale of "pointers," and from that hour until the flotation of Amalgamated Mr. Rogers's enthusiasm on "Coppers" grew in a constantly increasing ratio until there actually came a time when it went beyond my own. It took him months to complete that rounding-up of the situation which is the absolutely necessary preliminary to the making of final decisions on any far-reaching and spreading project to which the magic name of "Standard Oil" may be permanently attached.

This waiting period I duly improved by continuing my fight on Butte & Boston, and by way of intensifying the campaign I included Boston & Montana in the fight, and led a fierce attack into the stronghold of my opponents. While this war was at its bitter height I received word from 26 Broadway that at last reports were all in, and that they were ready to talk business. Next day I was in New York.

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"Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, "our experts have examined your plans step by step and have verified your conclusions. It is an exceptional situation, and one we are equipped to handle."

Then and there we had a "sit-down," and while I had in my time gone pretty thoroughly into the general subject of "Coppers," and thought myself well informed thereon, I was surprised at the completeness and detail of the reports that had been prepared for him. In beautiful shape, concise, clear, comprehensive, the entire copper industry of the world was spread out before me. Every mine had its place and its history—not merely the mines of America, but those of Europe as well, and fully set forth were the extent and cost of the product of each, the profit it made, the men who owned it, and—miraculous "Standard Oil"—the standing, financial and otherwise, of the men who might have to be dealt with in our prospective trades.

Rogers smiled as he watched my growing surprise as I ran over the extraordinary budget of facts he had gathered. I said to him:

"This is wonderful. You have here all there's to be known about the subject, and I marvel how you got hold of so much inside information."

"'Standard Oil' has its own way of doing things," he replied. "You told us your copper plans would mean an investment of $100,000,000 of our money, and now's the time, not after we have parted with it, to find just what we are to get for it."

The world has never yet heard of "Standard Oil" locking their barn door after someone has stolen their mule; for that matter, it is not of record that anyone ever locked the gate after his barn had been visited by "Standard Oil." The reason is that, with the thoroughness characteristic of this great reaping machine, they never fail to take the barn with the mule.

At this meeting it was agreed that Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and myself should become partners in my plan of "Coppers," they to furnish the capital and to have three-quarters of the profit, I to have the remaining quarter. The campaign for the execution of the enterprise I agreed to work out and submit as soon as possible, and we parted.

As I bade them good-by Mr. Rogers said to me:

"Your baby is born, Lawson, and if you put the same kind of work on raising it you have in bringing it into the world, it will be a giant."

From that day it was understood that we were together, and that all my dealings in "Coppers" outside Butte & Boston were for the joint account—that is, they were to have the right to come into all my operations. Those they did not care to join in I had the right to put through alone. On the other hand, I must not undertake anything on their behalf without a specific understanding with them.

Thus began Amalgamated, that extraordinary dollar-thing which shot up in a night and grew as grows the whirlwind, until even its creators marvelled at its mightiness. It waxed greater and stronger while the world watched and waited, until finally there was that tremendous and unprecedented climax when lines of investors fought round the portals of the greatest money mart in America, the National City Bank, for a chance to obtain the $100 shares of this $75,000,000 institution. And the world wondered indeed, when it was announced that Amalgamated had been oversubscribed over $300,000,000.

Thus Amalgamated began. It might have brought to all the world good-will and happiness, and to the men who made it much glory and the great regard of their fellowmen. Instead, it has wrought havoc and desolation, and its Apache-like trail is strewn with the scalped and mutilated corpses of its victims. The very name *Amalgamated* conjures up visions of hatred and betrayal, of ambush, pitfalls, and assassination. It stands forth the Judas of corporations, a monument to greed and a warning to rapacity. And may this story that I am to tell so set forth its infamies and horrors, that never again shall such a monster be suffered to violate and defile our civilization.

For "Lawson and His Critics," see page 65 of the ***Advertising Section*** of this issue.

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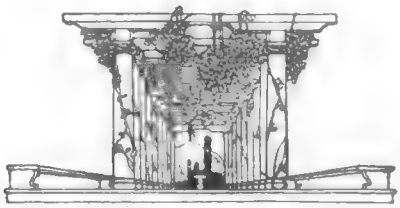

The Modern Speaks

By ARTHUR STRINGER

WHEN I, who have joyed in my work,
Who have loved, have taken my fling,
Have hungered, forgotten, been glad,
Have hated the hand that would shirk
The honey of life for the sting,
Have housed with the good and the bad—
I ask, when the years shall bring
To this weariness need of sleep:
Be it not, gray Death, that I bend
When the salt, cold wind shall creep
Through the grim-houred fog at the end,
And the hulk drops out to its Deep—
Be it not that I shake and bend
At the thought of the end!

But if battered and torn and weak,
Should the flesh at the last forget,
In my might of a man I speak
With a strength that is mine as yet:

Though ground in the great slow mill,
And shattered and bowed with pain,
Though the hooves of the years are wet
With my blood and my tears of shame,
In the core of me, conquering still,
This man's good might shall remain,
And none of me, *me* shall you break—
But a reed, whereon Rapture has blown,
But a lute, that now none can awake,
But a lamp, now forlorn of its flame,
But a cage, with the music all flown,
This, this you can shatter and take,
This husk of my days you can claim,
Not the Life I have known!

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The After-Dinner Speakers

By WALTER L. HAWLEY AND LINDSAY DENISON

IT is pretty nearly over now, the season when the after-dinner orator expands the petals of his eloquence and sheds his fragrance on the gradually deserted chairs of the banquet-hall. To be sure, there is no closed season for public banquets. The man who, as the irreverent and not always scrupulously accurate Simeon Ford says, "rises full of views to present them to folks who sit back full of booze," may hunt his applause and his laughter in any month of the year. But from November until March his opportunity comes most often and in its most desirable form. His best hunting-grounds are in the larger cities. The best of all is America's largest city, New York. But there is no town from Brunswick, Maine, to El Paso, Texas, which does not know his pursuit of his prey—the good listener.

Your American is always a good listener if you can tell him something he never heard of before, or if you can tell him things perfectly familiar to him in a way to crystallize his own unformed notions. Every town has at least one man to whom it turns as its joy and its pride when public sentiment is to be put into public words; and some towns have very, very many. If this article were to be truly exhaustive, it would be the work of a hundred men rather than of two, and would fill a series of fat volumes rather than these few pages.

Not long ago—when students of New York politics felt that almost any pessimistic views expressed by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew had a sound foundation in his own political situation—Mr. Depew held forth to a friend some rather disheartening views as to dinner oratory of this generation. It should be borne in mind in considering the pessimism of Mr. Depew that he was speaking not as a political spellbinder, but as a banquet orator. The conversion and the stimulation of the electorate is business, in a sense; talking across the coffee-cups is play—it may be intellectual play or it may be rough and tumble. But it is play.

Mr. Depew's memory runs over a greater span of time than that of any other man of similar experience now in public life. He recalls that when he first faced the rows of banqueters who had turned away from the food of the flesh to gather and digest food for the brain, the Brady brothers, James T., the soul of lucid, convincing eloquence, and his brother John, the wit, were at the head of the list of those who made after-dinner addresses. Following the contemporaries and rivals of the Bradys was the school of William M. Evarts. The audiences addressed by Mr. Evarts and by those who appeared at public banquets with him were not minded to listen to trivial things. Dinners of the public sort were not nightly occurrences, nor were the guests promiscuously collected. Mr. Evarts had wit, but it was cold and keen; his audiences were made up of men who missed no particle of his learning and charm of phrase.

Out of this somewhat formidable era developed the sort of orators among whom Mr. Depew himself made his almost world-wide reputation. Mr. Depew with becoming modesty holds out Joseph H. Choate as the most brilliant light of that period. Though most of its exemplars are still in the land of the living, Mr. Depew believes that the intellectual appetite to which they appealed has passed away. It is hard to believe that if Mr. Choate returns, as he surely will, to grace the "head table" at our great public banquets, he will not find as much attention and as much appreciation as before he went away; or that General Horace Porter's gently drawled sentences of satire, and his thrilling periods of essential Americanism, will not

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bring up to him from the dinner-tables the same tribute of laughter and cheers. But Mr. Depew said that the public taste had been vitiated. If we do not misquote him, he said, waving his hands as though to shoo away a flock of chattering blackbirds:

"But now—what have we now at our public dinners but vaudeville."

It would be as unkind as it would be true to suggest that Mr. Depew has been foremost in creating the desire of the public diner to be entertained. But with all Mr. Depew's tendency to remember the days "when I was living in Poughkeepsie," his most vicious critic must admit that the Senator has always indicated, somewhere in the beginning of what he has had to say, the path along which he was going to travel to his peroration.

One who looks up and down the land in this day, when dinner-clubs and patriotic societies and political bodies are in bitter com-

Photograph by Fredricks, New York.

MR. SIMEON FORD.

petition to get speakers, cannot but feel that "vaudeville" is an unduly disparaging term. Certainly, the announcement of the toastmaster that Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, is to speak does not start a scraping of the chairs of those who are filled with a desire to escape from an unpleasant ordeal. Mr. Hay has wit, but he is never put to the necessity of using it as an anchor to hold the attention of his hearers. Mr. Elihu Root discourses for an hour or more with never an attempt to raise a smile from shallow groundlings, and there are no signs of uneasiness on the part of those who listen to him.

The number of men who are capable of sustaining the strain set by Mr. Evarts or by Mr. Choate, the leaders of their respective schools, is very small. The change which has come over the spirit of dinner-speaking is not in the way of a deterioration of the taste of the audiences. It is a change in the conditions of playing the game. Where there was one public dinner ten years ago there are seven public dinners to-day. There are not enough orators (men who make orations in the good old-fashioned sense of the word) to meet the demands of these multifarious occasions. There is just one consideration set before those who arrange the programmes: to find men whose names, sent out in the dinner committee's prospectus as "among those who have promised to address us," will convey to prospective diners the assurance of an evening's entertainment which will make the exertion and expense of attending the festivity worth the while.

In no city of this continent is there more of conglomerate dining than in New York. There are often eight public dinners on the same night. And there are few nights between November and March when there are not at least two dinners which require the attention of the New York newspapers. The occasions for them range from the grand and formal banquets of the Chamber of Commerce, at which no one less officially important than a member of the cabinet, or at least a comptroller of the currency, is permitted to raise his voice, to foregatherings of vegetarians, who solemnly chew wheat-grains and compliment one another on being different from the rest of mankind.

When word is sent out to any New York society or club that Simeon Ford or Job E. Hedges is to be among those who will respond to toasts there is a certainty that the dinner will be well attended. Men like to laugh. They know that Mr. Ford and Mr. Hedges will make them laugh. The dinners are spread in one of twenty New York hotels and restaurants—whether it is the world-famed Delmonico's or a comparatively new palace of luxury is a matter of indifference; the

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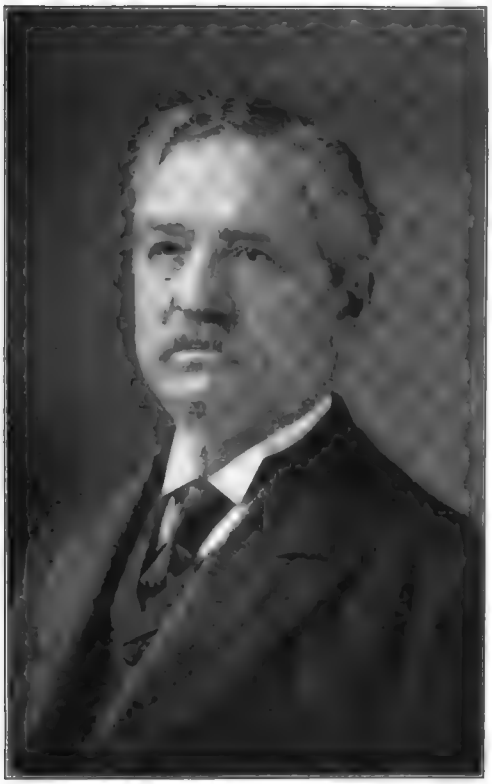

Photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

MR. CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

combination of rich food with at least half an hour of laughter is one that makes it quite sure that from two to five hundred men will pay from five to fifteen dollars apiece to make certain of a seat at the banquet.

Simeon Ford is a hotel-keeper, but he looks much more like an undertaker. He rises with a wan and timid air and delivers himself of comments on topics of the time in a manner which almost causes pity for his apparent embarrassment. But he keeps his hearers in gusts and gales of laughter from the time of his first elongated rising until he sinks back in his chair with the air of a school-boy who has relieved himself of the burden of the bi-monthly "declamation." Much of Mr. Ford's after-dinner humor has been collected and published. The resemblance between Mr. Ford's manner and that of the school-boy on "declamation day" has something substantial behind it. If you ask him how to be a great after-dinner speaker, he will tell you most frankly that the only way he knows is to write out his impromptu fun very carefully in advance and commit it to memory. But to do this with complete success Mr. Ford's imitator must be a natural-born American humorist. The quality of Mr. Ford's humor would sometimes be the better for being strained; we know some delicate ladies who most emphatically forswore reading any further reports of his speeches after the publication of his description of the things he and golfer Travis "gave up" on their voyage to Scotland a year ago. But at other times he gives us assurance that the soul of Artemus Ward is marching on, though the professional humorist is no longer known to our American life. Not long since Mr. Ford addressed the American newspaper publishers at their annual dinner. He said:

"I am not altogether pleased with the toast assigned to me: 'How much easier it is to run a newspaper than a hotel.' There are several toasts on the list which would

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MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

suit me better: for example, 'The Sins of Publishers.' Being a hotel-keeper,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres, . . .
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

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SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG.

Photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington.

REAR-ADMIRAL A. S. BARKER.

You see, a number of our local publishers live along the line of a railroad whose sole virtue is that its New York terminus is immediately opposite my barroom door — a railroad so conducted that passengers alighting therefrom at once seek oblivion and surcease of sorrow. Now I claim to carry a very choice line of oblivion, and as for my fine old vatted surcease of sorrow, 'one swallow does not make a summer,' but four or five will produce an early spring and possibly a late fall."

Mr. Hedges has an altogether different vein. As reporters, we have approached Mr. Hedges early in a banquet evening and have besought him to tell us what he was going to say, in order that we might inform the readers of our early edition that he *had* said it. And Mr. Hedges has always replied solemnly that he did not know himself what he was going to say. Ever green in the memory is the occasion when Mr. Hedges was called on late, after a number of unpleasantly pompous persons had told of their plans for beautifying the city of New York. Among them was one who dwelt lovingly on the subject of street-signs. Mr. Hedges has an explosive manner. He ends each sentence like a challenge to battle. He turned to the man of the street-signs and said:

"I wish it to be understood that you, sir, are not the only one in favor of plentiful street-signs in this community! I, too, love my fellow-man. But I am not narrow! I am not petty! Mere signs do not limit my philanthropy! I know how the heart of this community throbs and struggles every time it finds a man who appreciates the needs of this town in the way of street-signs. I am for street-signs! But I am for more! More, sir! More! I would not have a lamp-post in any highway of this imperial city which had not only signs upon it, but also an automatic phonograph-megaphone which would loudly recite the facts as to the locality. There are some of us, sir, who are not as holy as you! There are times when we cannot read signs! We need vocal direction! And when the slow-witted citizens of this municipality awake to their true needs enough to elect me to the office which you now hold, there will be no excuse for the erring brother who attempts to tell his family that he has stayed out all night because he could not find the way home!"

Mr. Hedges is very little quoted in the public prints. He has a belief that nothing helps a man so much in a community like New York as does popularity as an after-

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REAR-ADMIRAL J. B. COGHLAN.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MR. ALEXANDER REVELL.

dinner speaker. He believes that nothing so quickly kills that popularity as over-quotation. So he ever seeks the last place on the programme and rises after most of the newspaper reporters have gone to catch their unwaiting presses. Mr. Hedges gives us certain views as to after-dinner speaking, which have in them much instruction for ambitious orators of less experience. He says:

"This is the stomach age, in which men who would get on in the world must eat their way to publicity. In a great city no man of affairs has time to meet singly all the good men he wants to meet, so he must meet them collectively at dinners.

"Modern public dinners have reduced social differences to the vanishing-point. Men attend them to be amused and instructed while they rest from the cares of business in an atmosphere of good-fellowship. Dull men and slow are rarely found at the popular public dinners.

"Oratory and after-dinner speaking differ as the broadsword and the dagger. One is ponderous and slow; the other strikes quick and straight to the brain or heart. Oratory of the old style is out of date. Eloquence is not, and it will impress, please, and convince so long as men are human and impulsive, and impulsiveness is one of the fixed and essential emotions of true humanity.

"In after-dinner speaking, the manner of the speaker, his gestures, his voice, all count for more than they do in political or legislative debate. Many popular speakers of the present time have won fame and favor by the way they said things."

There is nothing that is quite so satisfactory to an audience which wants to laugh over cigars and coffee as raillery. Mr. Ford and Mr. Hedges, and others of the "regulars," relieve the monotony of their rounds by guying one another as unintelligent hungry hacks who go about making speeches because they could not get two square meals a week any other way. Others who deal with the personal element and at the same time touch with biting sarcasm on the weakness of the body politic as represented by their fellow-diners, are the Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, who once created a sensation by a protracted discussion of the backwardness of the Chinese in failing to avail themselves of the superficialities and dishonesties of the Caucasian Occident, and George H. Daniels, the passenger-agent of the New York Central Railroad, who greatly resembles Dr. Slicer in everything except his calling. William H. McElroy, a newspaper

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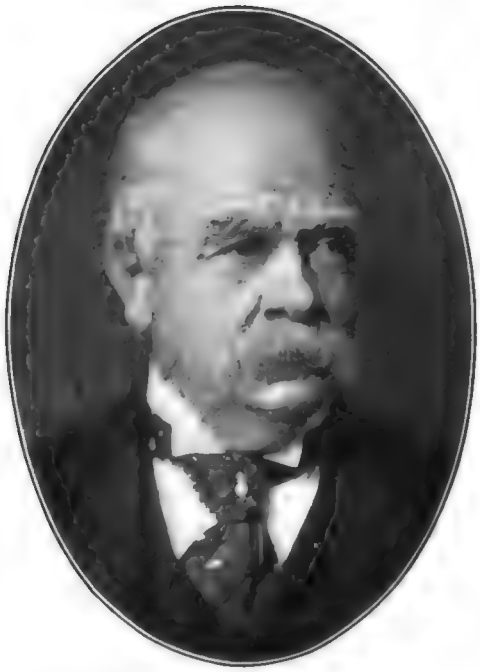

Photograph by Pach, New York.

JUDGE HENRY E. HOWLAND.

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MR. S. J. ELDER.

editor, has a supply of keen-edged nonsense and sense which keeps people waiting through almost any number of what are called "filling-in" speeches to hear what he has to say. Former Judge Henry E. Howland is one who was trained in what Mr. Hedges calls the "old school," but his listeners never suffer from a longing to hear his peroration. It was Judge Howland who so effectively replied to Senator Depew's gibe that the Howland jokes were poisonous and insidious, by an insinuation that Mr. Depew's jests were overwell preserved. He applied to Mr. Depew the story of the young woman who was advised to boil her drinking-water, in order to kill the microbes, and said: "Really, doctor, I'd rather be an aquarium than a morgue." Augustus Thomas, the playwright, takes no joy in dinner speeches; in his desire to avoid them he has missed much of the advertising which has come to hundreds of men less competent. But the banquet which has Mr. Thomas for a toast-master sparkles like the crystal on the tables, and when he makes a set speech, there is a steady glow of good-nature illuminating a sound central essay on men and things of the moment. The counterbalancing influence of deep thought and philosophy and the like is brought into the dinners by the presidents of universities within two or three hundred miles from New York. It is a remarkable thing, when one comes to consider it curiously, but clergymen are seldom relied upon by toast-masters to contribute heavy doctrine at a public dinner. There is no gayer vein of humor thrown out, over the speakers' table, at an audience than that projected by the Rev. Dr. Slicer and the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke.

In the series of dinners there are always substantial contributions to the thought and public sentiment of the year. Early last fall President Woodrow Wilson made a speech on "The New South" at the Virginian dinner which is still a subject for newspaper discussion. The Ohio Society of New York has an immense advantage over the other state organizations because of the inherent tendency of Ohio's sons to become great in the councils of the nation. It was at the Ohio Society that President McKinley made the first announcement of his reciprocity policy. John Hay, William H. Taft, and other leaders in national life have made the Ohio Society's banquets the occasion of many of their most important orations. Thus the Ohio banquet has come to have a charac-

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ter almost official, and summons diplomats, governors of states and captains of industry to its board with the certainty that they will be glad to take up the invitation. Then patriotism finds a natural outlet in greeting the post-prandial representatives of the Army and Navy who are almost always present in the persons of Admirals Barker and Coghlan, Generals Chaffee, Grant and Corbin.

It is by no means true that New York has the only public banquets worth considering. But the practice, not to say the vice, has obtained a more general hold in that city than anywhere else. Boston is not without its mighty talkers. Charles S. Hamlin, with a classic polish to his phrases which is not inconsistent with the atmosphere in which he was bred, rings out good citizenship, relieved with appreciation of lighter things. Samuel J. Elder has the head place among the late-at-night language-dispensers of Boston. Mr. Elder's touch is that of a whip-lash in the hands of a skilful driver. It does not sting, and yet it compels the obedience of his hearers to the directions which he makes clear to them. His audience must follow his argument or be hurt. There is an interesting difference between Mr. Elder's manner and that of former Governor Frank S. Black, of New York, who is not unknown at Boston festivities. No one, unless it is Mr. Black himself, is quite sure that he knows all that Mr. Black intended to convey by his words. The hearer knows that partly masked by Mr. Black's unemotional manner there is more than one meaning, but it is not always possible to tell how many more than one there are. The difference is one of method, and not one of effectiveness. Governor Black's speeches always seem the stronger for his having avoided saying the things which most of those who listened to him expected him to say. Mr. Elder's speeches seem the stronger because he says his say out sharply and to the full.

Lucius Tuttle, the President of the Boston and Maine Railroad, is one from whom Boston diners anticipate the latest word of advice, exhortation and criticism regarding the commercial progress of the city. Mr. Tuttle has the rare ability to talk business without ever being prosy. There is a peppery newspaper editor in New Haven, Norris G. Osborn, whose satirical tones are now and then raised at banquets through New England. He denies modesty with his lips—but his actions in consistently keeping away

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MR. JOB E. HEDGES.

Photograph by Haberlicht, San Francisco.

MR. JOHN McNAUGHT.

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Photograph by Matzene, Chicago.

MR. FRANK O. LOWDEN.

from public dinners have been the only bar to a career of glory such as have illuminated the lifetime of Senator Depew.

There is a sort of after-dinner speaking which is the despair of the reporter. It is born of a full, round voice and a capacity for rhetorical construction. Editors sit under its spell for hours, and then return to their desks to find that the reporter who has been charged with the duty of reproducing it has not brought away anything but commonplace and platitude. It is a fine thing to be able so to state the obvious that it seems to have a new force and a new reality. President McKinley had that ability to an extent which made him the truest of representatives of the mass of our people. In Philadelphia there is a man named Talcott Williams. When he speaks, men cheer. They rise in their seats and wave napkins. He tells the truth, the unvarnished, undressed truth; but he tells it so strongly and well that instead of going to sleep—the truth is a mighty soporific, unless it is a most unpleasant sort of truth—his audiences rise and reaffirm his utterances. It is a powerful gift, that gift of the convincing tongue. We cannot help wishing that Amos Parker Wilder, of Wisconsin, could come back into the stenographer's closet when some of his protracted periods are being unravelled into typewritten reports. It is distinctly amusing to hear a stenographer new to Mr. Wilder come bustling out to his "mill operator," saying that Mr. Wilder is positively the greatest and most wonderful after-dinner speaker who ever opened human lips—and then to hear that stenographer try to find out from his notes whether Mr. Wilder really said anything or not. It is like the art of the Eastern juggler, who makes his audience see a man climb a rope into the open sky and disappear—while the unromantic and mechanical camera records the fact that there was no man and no rope anywhere within the range of eyesight.

"While I have hitherto sworn off smoking,

Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MR. LUCIUS TUTTLE.

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as a New Year's pledge which has never been kept," said a Universalist minister at the Jewellers' Club dinner in Chicago a year or two ago, "this night, with a beautiful smoking set as a souvenir, has brought to me the determination to make a new pledge that I can keep—to smoke as long as I live."

William Porter Williams was the toast-master. He had been considerably scratched at by the Universalist brother. When the minister was seated Mr. Williams said:

"When I reflect upon the uncharitableness of my brother in what he said about me, I am constrained to wonder why, in making that resolution to smoke as long as he lived, he necessarily drew the line at his death."

The curse of over-many dinners is enveloping Chicago just as surely as it has already enveloped New York. The time is already at hand when the competent makers of late small talk will be so much divided between competing societies and clubs that two, or at most three, good speakers will be the utmost number that can be heard at any one banquet on any one night. But no matter how much the number of dinners increases, there will always be two men in demand while life stays with them: Alexander H. Revell and Frank Orren Lowden. Mr. Revell is a personification of Chicago success. His presence stands for aggressive, persistent force of character applied to everything within the range of his ambitions. When he speaks, men lift up their hearts and believe that life is good and is worth the living. Mr. Lowden is more given to the lighter handling of a subject, and has always the nimbus of personal popularity shedding its helpful light upon his handsome head. Judge Peter Stenger Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, is one whose name on a toast-list promises a brilliant presentation of serious thought. His speeches have some of them made such an impression on those into whose hands they have come that they have been reprinted in form for permanent preservation; such speeches were "The New Nation," delivered at an Alexander Hamilton Day banquet last year, and "The Trusts—the Next Great Step in American Politics," delivered on Lincoln's Birthday, 1902.

The Pacific Coast is scarcely less prolific in oratory of all the known varieties than it is in botanical and horticultural wonders. There is something in the airs which float down from the Sierras which seems to lend grace to words and music to the voice. When San Francisco has a public banquet the difficulty is not the finding of sufficiently good men, but of making a choice between those who are more than qualified to hold and amuse their audiences. Nevertheless a choice must be made; and it most frequently falls upon John McNaught, Edward Hamilton, Franklin K. Lane, former Mayor James D. Phelan, Alexander T. Vogelsang, Gavin McNab, D. M. Delmas, Samuel M. Shortridge, General Tirey L. Ford, the Rev. C. R. Brown, and Judge John F. Davis.

Mr. McNaught seldom or never tells stories. He became known as an after-dinner speaker when he was elected president of the Amauret Club, which gives banquets in honor of men of mark who come to San Francisco; his voice is described as having the "music of a perfectly attuned flute," and he has a grace and dignity of bearing which give it perfect setting. Mayor Phelan is the president of the Bohemian Club; he would never have attained that exalted eminence had there been any flaw in the quality of his ability as a toast-master and projector of impromptu wit and compliment to those who gather to partake of the famous club's hospitality. Part of the joy of the Pacific Coast's after-dinner speakers is the privilege of hurling scorn and derision at the provincial and effete East. So we have Mr. Lane saying at a dinner given in honor of Mascagni, after the composer's somewhat disastrous journey across the country:

"The Italian has always made the mistake of landing on the wrong side of this continent. Four centuries ago another great Italian reached that inhospitable Eastern shore and was still more unfortunate than our guest, for he was returned to Europe in chains."

Clubs of the type of the Amauret Club do more for the development of real after-dinner oratory than all the reunion associations with professional, business, or genealogical reasons for existence. Thirty-five years ago the Lotos Club was founded in New York. Besides the conveniences and equipment common to all good clubs, the Lotos Club had from the start the purpose of giving dinners to men of prominence in the life of the State or nation. So carefully has the club selected its guests, and so brilliant has been the speaking in which their qualifications for the honor have been described and commented upon, that an invitation to be the guest of honor at a

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Lotos Club dinner carries with it sentimentally much of the significance of the conferring of an honorary degree by one of the great universities. The Clover Club, of Philadelphia, exists for dinner-giving. Its name is not so well known for the speeches which have been made before it as for the fun which the members of the club have in embarrassing those who are their guests. Nothing that will trip up a speaker, give him "stage fright," or get him either to laughing or to swallowing his rage so much that he has to sit down in mere helplessness, is ever overlooked by these genial hosts. Grover Cleveland is the only guest of the club who was never "roasted." Yet the Clover Club has always been ready to settle down and listen to the speaker who has come to it with a really forceful message. Former Postmaster-General Smith has always been able to wring a hearing from it. The big Westerner, who is lovingly known in Philadelphia as Governor Bill Bunn, enforces silence by the very fact that those who desire to torment him fear that, by raising their voices, they will keep themselves from hearing one of his great store of gibes at other interruptors.

Another famous dinner club is the Gridiron, of Washington. It was built up by the newspaper correspondents from all over the nation. Its guests are the great men of the nation whose activities in public life bring them to Washington. The President of the United States and all others in authority consider themselves very lucky when they are asked to a Gridiron dinner. It is at dinners of this club, and those of the Amen Corner, a somewhat similar organization in New York, that Mr. Depew's description of modern after-dinner speaking as vaudeville is best realized. The Gridiron, in order to free its guests from any embarrassment and restraint in their utterances, or in their enjoyment of the whirl of almost boisterous fun which the dinner always produces, gives its pledge that no newspaper report shall be made of its proceedings. But sometimes stories leak out of things which have happened. It is told, for instance, that when the principal guest of the club was a President of the United States, who but a few days before had occasion to speak with spirit and point to the commanding general of the army, two bears entered the banquet chamber. One of them was a real bear; the other was an imitation bear with a man inside of it. The pair rolled into the middle of the hall and stood up and faced the toastmaster.

"Where did you come from?" he asked them.

"We've been over to the White House to see the President," said the smaller bear dolorously. It was then observed that his fur was much disarranged, one of his ears was nearly severed from his head, and that he was in an apparently much enfeebled condition.

"You do not look very well," observed the chairman.

"Don't I?" answered the small bear. "Don't I? Gee, but you ought to have seen Miles!"

The brilliancy of these dinners is not altogether in their fun-making and their oratory. The uniforms of officers of the army and navy, foreign ambassadors, and distinguished guests from abroad diversify the rows on rows of black coats and white shirt-bosoms along the tables. A conspicuous figure at these dinners is Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, the American-educated Chinese minister, who always appears in all the gorgeous panoply of his oriental robes, but who speaks with a richness of classical allusion and a ready use of American colloquialisms which are the envy of many a native-born after-dinner speaker.

The Merchants' Club, of Boston, has exactly an opposite plan to that of the Gridiron for protecting the utterances of its guests. Only one newspaper reporter is admitted; he takes down in short-hand every word said, and each speaker has an opportunity to revise the report before it appears in the newspapers the second day after the dinner. Nor is the purpose of the dinners of this august body the amusement of its guests, but rather their instruction. The appearance of two bears, even were one of them an imitation, in the Merchants' banqueting-room would undoubtedly cause most of the diners to take to the chandeliers.

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Cinderella of the Links

By ZONA GALE

Illustrations by Hamilton King

ARNOLD looked hard at the little shoe. It lay near the ninth hole, and his ball had come to rest close by the patent-leather tip. It was not at all a typical my-lady's slipper, for although it was small, it was a thick-soled, hob-nailed, low-heeled shoe, as if the missing Cinderella were concerned about other pursuits than a prince's ball or a pumpkin coach. It was tied with thick braid, guiltless of tins, and it was beautifully polished. Arnold picked it up, turned it over, and dropped it in his pocket.

"It must be Sara Audrey's," he decided, and tapped his ball into the ninth hole, smiling. When he had come down to breakfast at the Abbott house-party that morning he had met Sara Audrey and Lawrence Brixton, coming in fresh from an hour on the course. The girl had nodded to Arnold and had run away upstairs, and Lawrence had muttered a greeting brightly, and had also vanished. When Arnold had stepped out on the terrace a moment later to breathe in a blessing before breakfast and the frost had caught his face, he had consigned Miss Audrey's rapid flitting to a probable blue nose. Now, with the little shoe in his pocket, his mind clutched feebly at something vaguely spicier. Princesses were always leaving a slipper behind in their flight. Like many philosophers, he did not elaborate his theory; that, plainly, would have spoiled it.

When his fingers were so cold that they could not close about his putter, he occasioned pious remarks from his caddy by striding back to the house, waving a red and blue hand of farewell at Lawrence Brixton, outlined against a far bunker. It was eleven o'clock, and Arnold wanted a grate fire and something hot, and, if possible, to talk with Mrs. Crothers.

SHE WAS A WIDOW, AND SHE WAS ENCHANTING.

A woman of other people's interests and the good taste of her own convictions, without undue courage, was Mrs. Crothers. She was a widow, and she was enchanting, with little features, and a slim throat and captivating hands. She was one of the women whose strength and poise are never brandished, like weapons, but instead rest upon them like graces. Her voice was never raised, and her manner was made all of charm and not at all of guile.

Mrs. Crothers was alone in the morning-room, before a hearth of busy flame, when Arnold entered. She was doing nothing. Mrs. Crothers never paid men the subtle compliment so peculiarly feminine of being willingly interrupted at books or letter-writing; she was always doing nothing, and instead of putting herself about to entertain the interloper, she let him, to his satisfaction, idle up and graciously entertain her. Mrs. Crothers had been a widow for four years.

"I was wondering where everybody is," she said, with her restful absence of intonation. "Doesn't it smell of winter in the world?"

"How do *you* know?" smiled Arnold. Mrs. Crothers, in her pink morning-gown, in

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no way suggested the crisp, frosty morning. It was otherwise with Sara Audrey, now. The comparison was in Arnold's mind. Sara Audrey had been often in his mind since her arrival the day before, and he wanted to talk about her.

"You are looking very charming this morning," he said instead, having been a bachelor for even longer than Mrs. Crothers had been a widow.

"Well," said Mrs. Crothers idly, "then I feel encouraged and anointed for better things. I was thinking what a stupid time I was going to have—I, a house-mouse, with such a field-mouse as Sara Audrey here."

"That is disingenuous of you," said Arnold promptly. "No girl of twenty-two, however charming, can compete with the woman who looks twenty-two and is a very little more."

"Men like brains," admitted Mrs. Crothers with pretty thoughtfulness, "but they love complexions."

"My dear Geraldine!" remonstrated Arnold, who had known her husband.

"Let us be frank," pleaded Mrs. Crothers. "Mornings are as irresistible a temptation to me to be frank and confidential as after-dinner is to most people."

"What do you want to know?" asked Arnold, acquiescent. When a woman grows confidential he had observed that she grows confidential in questions, not answers. Mrs. Crothers appreciated his understanding and paid it the tribute of a smile.

"Ah, well," she said, "since you are so clever, do you think that Lawrence and Sara Audrey are in love?"

"Brixton?" asked Arnold frowning. Mrs. Crothers noted the frown and sighed a little.

"Yes," she nodded. "I think that Sara seems very well suited to him."

Arnold made an impatient movement.

"'Suited'!" he said. "What do you mean by 'suited'? What does a woman mean by 'suited,' anyhow?"

"Why," explained Mrs. Crothers, "suited. She can sail Lawrence's yacht as well as he can—with two men to help her. She will pitch a tent on the links and live there, if Lawrence wants her to. She rides, and I believe she took away the Hermes tennis-cup. She talks about nothing but that kind of thing. I take it for granted that she can skate on dry ground. And you know Lawrence. Outdoors he's a man of the world. Indoors——"

She shrugged and smiled. Everybody liked the big, awkward, young giant.

Arnold listened, amused. It was refreshing, he was thinking, to find a woman who was broad and fine, and yet whose code did not insist on a milk-and-water withholding of just comment.

"Still," he answered, "Brixton isn't the only outdoor man."

"N—no," said Mrs. Crothers.

"Miss Audrey is very jolly," said Arnold. "I mean, she's very vivacious and breezy in her talk, and that sort of thing."

Mrs. Crothers accepted the unconscious challenge and met it magnificently.

"And in her dress too," she said, "isn't she? We were all down for dinner last night when she came in from golf. You were dining out, weren't you? The women were all there. Silvia had on her gold gown, Mrs. Abbott was in black lace, the girls were in white—and in came Sara, blue shirt-waist, sleeves to her elbows. Mrs. Abbott patted her on the cheek and made her come down the way she was. Sara said that she would live in a golf-skirt and with her sleeves turned up when she had a house of her own. Lawrence looked adoring, and the girl was so clever that she really made us all feel ashamed of our civilized ruffles. Didn't you notice her dress when you came back?"

"Yes," said Arnold, "I thought that she had just come. It was mighty becoming, I must say."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Crothers with indulgent triumph. "My dear Arnold, women neither travel abroad nor take dinner dressed in that way, unless—well, she wore a duplicate costume at breakfast this morning," she added.

"It looked very smart," insisted Arnold stoutly.

"So does Lieutenant Bridges' uniform at parade," assented Mrs. Crothers. "But if he wore it at dinner, or off the ship at all?"

"And what do you prove, my dear Geraldine?" asked Arnold idly.

Mrs. Crothers wondered just how much of what she was trying to prove, it would later be wisdom to disclaim. That it might be as little as possible, she laid her hand on the arm of his chair.

"When a girl," she said, "makes capital of her enthusiasms, whatever they are, the capital is not large. Neither, usually, are the enthusiasms."

"No," assented Arnold, and wondered if

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"MEN LIKE BRAINS," ADMITTED MRS. CROTHERS.

the lesser angels look so charming when they argue.

"There is an immense difference," said Mrs. Crothers, "between a healthy liking for outdoors, and a fad for liking outdoors, isn't there? Sara doesn't sing. She cannot play. I do not recommend her dancing nor her dowry. That is no secret. She knows all this. She has therefore simply gone in for her specialty."

Arnold listened, half frowning. It was most curious, he was thinking, that a woman who was generous and big-minded should yet resent another woman's cleverness!

"Ah," he said thoughtfully, "instead of going in, say, for lots of gowns?"

"Quite," said Mrs. Crothers. "She is a type. I know many who do the same thing. I dare say that you will accuse me of talking cant, but isn't it a pity that so many women throw away a crown and take to wearing bangles, so to speak, instead? The woman who will be her real self—reserved, simple, tender, and with humor, if she has it—has infinitely greater charm, to speak of charm alone, than the woman who puts on the armor of a specialty for her own adornment. An assumed hobby, vivacity, unwilling hostess-ship—these are half the time the bangles that a woman wears without caring twopence for them. It's birthright and pottage all over again."

"A man likes to be amused," defended Arnold.

Mrs. Crothers laughed.

"Marry to be amused and live to be bored," she said lightly. "Besides, real women are often more adorable than simply adorable women! Yet if I were a man," she went on, "I might like to marry Sara, if only," she added under breath, "to note the relief with which she dropped athletics."

There was a patter and a scratching without, and in came Beagle, a little frayed skein of black silk which Mrs. Crothers worshipped for a dog. He was named Beagle, she was wont to explain with grave inconsequence, because he was a Pomeranian. She tucked him under her arm reprovingly.

"He's been very naughty," she complained, "and he's had no exercise to-day. Shall we take him to walk on the terrace after dinner?"

Going slowly up the stairs Mrs. Crothers surprised and terrified Beagle by a sudden passionate gesture.

"Ah," she cried, "what did I say all that for? I must be growing old!"

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Left alone, Arnold went to his room and drew the little hobnailed shoe from his pocket. He set it on the mantel by his tray of pipes, and it pleased him. It was such a sturdy, self-reliant bit of leather, and it was so small. A white-satin slipper dropped in one's path would be, he reflected, as out of date as a flowered waistcoat. He smoked contemplatively, and looked at the little shoe. This fragment of romance, forced upon him, unaccountably delighted him. Romance had never before come to him of her own free will—perhaps because he had so persistently sought her.

"I think I could promise myself," he said, "to love the woman who wears that shoe. And it must belong to Miss Audrey, because all the rest of the house-party, excepting Geraldine, is made up of Amazons. Yet I never heard of the chance owner of a Cinderella slipper not being altogether charming. Therefore, Sara Audrey must be charming!"

If any woman at the house-party had been

"I THINK I COULD LOVE THE WOMAN WHO WEARS THAT SHOE."

asked, she would have said that Miss Audrey would not dare to again set at defiance dinner conventionalities, but at seven o'clock that evening the girl tapped at Mrs. Abbott's door, and met that lady just about to descend, in the Abbott sapphires. Miss Audrey herself was in a little flannel gown, cut well above her stout boots; it turned in at the throat, and the sleeves were up-at-elbows. Sara's plain face was glowing and very becomingly ashamed.

"Oh, Mrs. Abbott," she apologized, "Mrs. Carbury and Lawrence and I were delayed in the village, and the roads are so bad that we had to run back very slowly. Mrs. Carbury has gone to dress, but I am so tired——"

"My dear," said Mrs. Abbott comfortably, "you look charming. Come down with me the way you are."

Arnold sat at Miss Audrey's left. He looked up the long table, at stately Mrs. Abbott, at the Misses Abbott, regal in black jet, at Silvia Carbury in one of her wonderful white gowns, at Mrs. Crothers's pale beauty in rose, and then back at the girl beside him, in the gown in which she had played golf all morning and motored all afternoon. Sara Audrey's features were irregular, and her cheeks were slightly hollowed, yet with her really beautiful hair tangled enchantingly about her flushed face, and with her vivacious talk about her adventuresome day, she was the most distinctive personality at the board. It flashed over Arnold that, if she were wearing the Misses Abbott's jet and were to be silent for a space, no one would give a second glance at her. As it was, Calverly was looking at her through his single glass, Lieutenant Bridges on her right was frank in his admiration, and young Brixton, opposite, was frowning at him with a will. Arnold remembered the shoe, up by the tray of pipes, and rejoiced.

"Miss Audrey," he said, "do I enter the before-breakfast game in the morning?"

She uttered a little dismayed exclamation.

"Again?" she said, with an involuntary frown. "But I was up at seven this morning! Oh," she caught her breath with a smile, "but you really wish it, do you? How delicious of you!"

"Of course I really wish it," said Arnold, puzzled.

Miss Audrey looked up at him with studied, yet beguiling, appeal.

"You are not just humoring me?" she asked in a low voice.

"On my honor, no," said Arnold in surprise. "What an idea, Miss Audrey. Hasn't everyone told you how selfish I am?"

She sighed.

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"Then *you* forgive me," she said humbly, "for appearing—so?" with a little deprecating glance at the flannel gown.

Arnold passed airily over the matter of the taste of her question.

"Forgive you," he asked, "for looking charming?"

"You are very good," she said softly, "to my shabby frock."

Presently Arnold heard her discussing, with Lieutenant Bridges, the Abbotts' new ice-boat, and then, in a flow of technicalities, the best kind of bits to be used in coaching. Memory of Mrs. Crothers's words of that morning smote him, and it occurred to him that it would be legitimate deliberately to try to make Sara Audrey talk of something else. Unlike the rank and file, Arnold was skilled and delicate in eliciting opinions; he never ventured upon the amusement in the studiously offhand fashion that warns a woman that she is being scrutinized. He knew men and affairs, he loved books, and he had certain standards which were for him inexorable, and not merely opinions. Therefore, when Sara Audrey deftly waived the subject of literature by telling of a new motoring novel, and when she skimmed past one or two discussions by the timely memory of a good story, and then turned eagerly to the lieutenant to answer his polite inquiry about her mare's foreleg, Arnold began to understand. Yet her love for her "specialty," as Mrs. Crothers had called it, seemed to him so sincere and so frankly a mode of self-expression, that he respected it, and she continued to attract him.

After dinner Mrs. Crothers, who had watched the two for an hour between the rose-colored shades on the table, smiled into Arnold's eyes in the drawing-room.

"The lieutenant," she said, "knows about Pomeranians. He is going to take Beagle on the terrace with me."

Arnold made the almost fatal mistake of abstractedly smiling his compliance. Mrs. Crothers's face hardened a little as she took the lieutenant's arm.

"I *must* be growing old," she murmured to herself dismally.

Arnold played the early-morning game next day with Miss Audrey. The cold drove them in early for breakfast, but they were off immediately afterward for a gallop. At Hartleigh, the twelve-mile village, Arnold proposed a return, if they were to be in time for lunch.

"Just a little farther," pleaded Sara Audrey. "This is my last day, you know. And I am so perfectly happy on Baffling."

So they rode on to the next village, and returned, in consequence, in the midst of luncheon. Mrs. Abbott, who was just leaving the table, put Miss Audrey at the tea-tray, and as she sat there in her habit, with her hair straying about her glowing face, which the exercise had lighted almost to prettiness, she held Arnold and the lieutenant and Lawrence in talk about a new skating figure, and a proposed ice-carnival and toboggan-party.

"AH, I'VE BEEN LOST, REALLY LOST THIS TIME."

"Oh, but I must be growing old," again thought Mrs. Crothers wearily.

Miss Audrey went off to motor soon after luncheon, and Arnold spent the afternoon in the billiard-room. About five o'clock he heard the machine puff round to the stables, and he went down for tea and drank numberless cups in expectation of Miss Audrey's arrival. At half past six, however, when he went up to dress for dinner, he had seen nothing of her. At all events, he reflected, she would certainly be in evening dress tonight, and perhaps inclined to feminine conversation befitting chiffon and frills. He looked forward to a harmless triumph over Mrs. Crothers.

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Just before seven he strolled down to the drawing-room. It was still empty. He walked to the window and looked out on the great brooding stillness of the winter evening, crisp and starry, and locked by the dark and the frost. On a sudden impulse he unlatched the long window and stepped out on the terrace. As his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he saw something crossing the drive. Even in the dusk he recognized the dainty step and high head of Baffling, Miss Audrey's mare. A groom was leading the animal, and Arnold's first thought was that her rider had met with some accident. A moment later he saw that the groom, instead of going to the stables, was simply walking up and down before the side door leading to the servants' quarters. As the stable clock struck seven the side door opened, and a little figure slipped out, mounted the waiting horse, and cantered down the drive. Arnold was sure that it was Miss Audrey. He was dismayed to have spied upon her, even unwittingly, yet he was concerned to know why she should be leaving the house alone at the hour of dinner. He saw the groom run round to the front entrance, which puzzled him still more, and the meaning of the manœuvre had not yet dawned upon him when Mrs. Abbott and her daughters entered the drawing-room, and he turned back to meet them, bringing with him a breath of frosty air.

"Eskimo!" cried Mrs. Abbott with dignity.

"Laplander!" cried the younger Miss Abbott, whose idea of wit was ever a modification of the parental badinage.

"Dreamer!" cried the elder Miss Abbott, whose specialty was sympathy, and who never neglected an opportunity to reprove and outshine her younger and prettier sister.

Then the others came in, Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. Carbury, the lieutenant, Mr. Calverly, and Lawrence Brixton, the latter with an anxious eye for the one missing guest. In the same moment the butler was heard to open the front door, there was a swish of skirts in the hall, and Sara Audrey entered, her sallow face radiant, and rosy as if from a long ride. She paused for a moment in the door-way, her riding habit caught up, a trim little boot across the threshold, and she put back from her flushed face a glorious tangle of hair that might have been blown by a rough wind as she galloped home.

"Ah, I've been lost, really lost this time!" she cried, and went straight to Mrs. Abbott, a fascinating mist of tears in her voice. "Dear Mrs. Abbott," she said, "please, please—to-night, send me to my dinner in the nursery, like any bad child."

"My dear girl," cried Mrs. Abbott, "I've never seen anything more charming. Do, pray, come down as you are, and look quite yourself. Doesn't everyone say so?"

And everyone but Arnold did say so.

"May Beagle go for a walk with you and me?" asked Arnold, after dinner. Mrs. Crothers looked up quickly, her heart beating unreasonably at the little lift and drop—the something very tender in his voice. He brought her cloak and found Beagle, and they walked on the terrace in the clear night. Beagle snapped unhappily in Arnold's arms.

"No, Beaglechen," said Mrs. Crothers, "I'm punishing you by making Arnold carry you. You're bad."

"Thanks," said Arnold, "thanks. And what did he do—this Pomeranian Beagle?"

Mrs. Crothers laughed indulgently.

"I discovered before dinner that he must have gone off with one of my shoes," she confessed. "Little wretch. Which would you part with least willingly—a custom-made shoe or a registered dog?"

Arnold stood still and wondered, and then laughed out suddenly and happily.

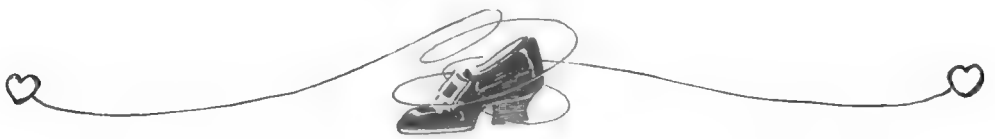
"Really?" he said, looking down at her.

"Really what?" she returned. "That's no answer."

"But you don't like to play golf!" cried Arnold, incredulously, with complete incoherence. "I thought my Cinderella of the links must play golf!"

"I haven't an idea what you are talking about," said Mrs. Crothers rather helplessly, "but I certainly don't like to play golf, and what's more, I won't pretend to."

"Don't," begged Arnold with unexpected heartiness. "Don't, Cinderella."



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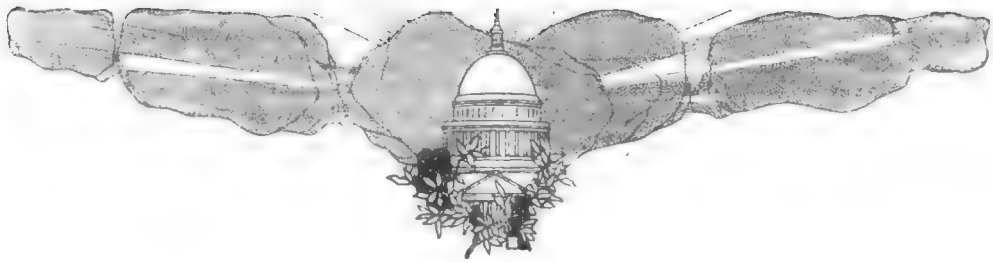

The Fourth of March

The Drama of Our Presidential Inaugurations

By THERON LOWELL BRANT

N March 4th the solemn oath of office will be administered to a newly elected President of the United States for the thirtieth time. The spectacle promises to be an imposing and dignified ceremony, as befits the character of the man, the importance of the occasion, and the position which the United States now occupies among the nations.

Though the oath itself has practically remained unchanged since its formulation, the ceremonies accompanying its administration have varied even as the characters of the central figures have differed. The personality of the President has always been reflected in his inauguration rites, and those ceremonies which have proved colorless have usually foreshadowed an equally colorless administration. The stress of the time, the character of the campaign, the issues involved in the canvass, have all had their bearing in moulding the outward semblance of the inauguration, and consequently, if we glance backward we may view a series of scenes almost kaleidoscopic in variety. They unfold almost as the scenes of a play, some intensely dramatic, some comic, bordering upon the farcical, others with their touch of pathos, while in some instances there has been in evidence the overhanging pall of approaching tragedy.

Both of Washington's inaugurations were dignified and simple. On the first occasion Washington's own desire was for as little display as possible, but a grateful and loving people set his wishes aside, and turned what he had meant to be a quiet journey from Mount Vernon to New York into a triumphal march, during which he was compelled to receive the popular adoration he had won. At Elizabeth Point, in New Jersey, he was met by a delegation of New York's citizens and conducted across the harbor on a barge of honor, which was surrounded by an escorting flotilla, and on his arrival at the Battery, the voices of the greater part of the 30,000 people then composing the city of New York went up in one great shout of acclaim.

Even then General Washington expressed his desire that the oath be administered to him in private, but he was overruled by his counsellors. At noon, accordingly, on April 30, 1789, Washington stepped out upon the balcony of the Federal Building at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. We are told that he was dressed in a suit of dark brown broadcloth, white silk stockings, silver buckles to his shoes, a steel-hilted dress-sword at his side, his hair powdered and gathered in a bag. It is further of interest that his clothing was woven and made on the looms at Mount Vernon under the watchful eye of his wife.

An eye-witness reports that Washington's face was grave almost to sadness, and that his voice was scarcely audible when, after the oath had been administered, he bowed, kissed the Bible, and said in a deeply solemn tone: "I swear, so help me God!"

Chancellor Livingston, turning to the crowd, waved his hand and cried: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The cry was taken up and went rolling across the harbor and out into the country. The artillery roared out its

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salute and the bells of the city gave tongue to the words.

Livingston's method of announcing to the people the fact that the oath had been taken was severely criticised as being too much after the manner of the monarchical shout of "Long live the King!" and has never since been repeated, but in the main features the present forms of inauguration are not found to differ widely from those set by Washington.

On this occasion the Inaugural Ball must have been a thing of splendor and devoid of that too democratic flavor which has made it of late years a theme for mirth. It is remembered that Washington performed a minuet with Miss Van Zandt and danced cotillons with Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Maxwell, and others, names in themselves sufficient to conjure to the mind something of the scene.

Circumstances made it possible for Washington more nearly to obtain his desire for simplicity on the occasion of his second inauguration. He again requested that the oath be administered in private, and in this wish he was seconded by Thomas Jefferson. The Senate, however, felt otherwise, and, as a compromise, the oath was administered in the Senate Chamber in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, where the seat of government then was.

There also was John Adams inaugurated, and the circumstances surrounding his taking of the oath were lugubrious to the last degree. Enough tears were shed to give to the ceremony the aspect of a funeral. The beloved hero was about to retire, and the inauguration of his successor became more of a lament for the passing of a Chief Executive than a welcome to a new. Washington himself is described by Adams as sitting with a face serene and unclouded, while all eyes turned upon him in the background rather than upon the newly elected President. His passage to the Hall had been a triumphal march, and when he left it the people followed with streaming eyes to catch the last glimpse of him. Adams' feelings at being called upon to play "second fiddle" on the occasion that should have been the crowning moment of his life could be imagined, even if they were not indicated in a letter to his wife, who was prevented from being present because of the death of the mother of the President-elect. There was more weeping, he wrote, than there ever had been at the representation of a tragedy; whether from the loss of their beloved President or the accession of an unloved one, he could not say.

Jefferson's inauguration was the first to take place at Washington, and during the ceremony there was so much ill-suppressed acrimony that the scene was dramatic in the extreme. Adams had made, in the last few weeks of his official career, many appointments that were unnecessarily distasteful to Jefferson, forcing upon him in important positions men who were a part of the strenuous opposition that had made the preceding election the most stirring up to that time. A case in point was the appointment of Chief Justice Marshall, whose duty it was to administer the oath. Jefferson is on record as having declared that Marshall "had a mind of that gloomy malignity which would never let him forego the opportunity of satiating it on a victim." Marshall had said of Jefferson that by weakening the office of President he would increase his own personal power, and that from his letters it could be seen that his morals were not pure. Both men, however, were united in looking upon Aaron Burr—who had been defeated by a single vote for the Presidency when the election was thrown into the House of Representatives—as a political adventurer, and had not spared themselves in the use of invective properly to characterize him.

These three men, hating each other with all the bitterness engendered by partisan strife, were, by the irony of fate, called upon to form the central group at the inauguration. President Adams absented himself from the ceremonies, so that the notable trio were left to stand alone—Jefferson, Marshall, and Burr. Jefferson had been met at the door of his humble boarding-place by a militia company of artillery and escorted to the Capitol, he walking at the head of his escort. This was as near an approach to simplicity as was made, despite the fact that it was Jefferson who had urged that Washington be inaugurated in a private room.

The matter of clothing came to play an important part in the administration of Jefferson, and it is recorded that he adopted the custom of appearing at his receptions dressed entirely in homespun in order to encourage American industries. This led to what has been noted as the chief point of interest in Madison's inauguration, for, on the occasion of his taking the oath, he was dressed entirely in garments of American manufacture, thus setting a precedent that has usually been fol-

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lowed by his successors. It was declared that as he entered the House of Representatives to take the oath he was "a walking argument in favor of native wool." It was on this occasion that the Inaugural Ball, which had not been held since Washington's first inauguration, was again instituted, and since then it has been a regular feature of the occasion.

Monroe's inauguration likewise revived a feature of the first administration of the oath. Save in that first instance the ceremonies had all been held within doors. Now the House and the Senate fell into a wrangle over the distribution of seats, until some bright mind suggested the cutting of the Gordian knot by the simple expedient of holding the exercises out-of-doors. Accordingly, a platform was erected beneath the unfinished portico of the Capitol, and there Monroe took the oath in the presence of 2,000 people, the largest crowd that had assembled since Washington's time. This custom has since been followed, with two exceptions, regardless of weather conditions, which have usually been bad. It was the weather that drove Monroe indoors for his second inauguration, and John Quincy Adams, four years later, took the oath under cover.

On this latter occasion the ceremonies are reported to have been more imposing and dignified than ever before. This condition was exactly reversed when Adams' successor, Andrew Jackson, took the oath. On this occasion Washington saw such a sight as it had never before beheld, and which has, fortunately, never been repeated. The campaign between Adams and this wild lawyer from the backwoods, as Tennessee was then called, had been one of very great bitterness. Personalities had been freely indulged in, and Jackson held Adams directly responsible for the circulation of a pamphlet which purported to be an account of "The Youthful Indiscretions of Andrew Jackson Between the Ages of Sixteen and Sixty." In this an old scandal, seriously affecting the good name of Jackson's wife, had been raked up. After the victory of Jackson, and before his inauguration, Mrs. Jackson died, and the belief was general that the shame of these attacks was the principal cause of her death.

Between Jackson and his wife there had existed a devotion as deep as that which made William McKinley's life beautiful. Therefore, over his inauguration there hung the gloom of tragedy. He was not a forgiving man, and when he went to Washington to take the oath, it is probable that he carried with him the determination to punish his enemies. He refused to call upon President Adams at the White House, and Adams, having no desire to meet his victorious rival, moved out on the 3d of March, taking up his residence at the house of a friend. The two Adamses, it may be noted, are the only Presidents who have not been present to escort their successors. In this case John Quincy Adams was enjoying a horseback ride in the suburbs when the booming of the guns told him that his official career was over.

Along with Jackson there had come to Washington as motley a crowd of followers as the Capitol had ever seen. Frontiersmen, backwoodsmen, and Indian fighters swept down upon the city and took possession of it. Webster wrote in a letter that "persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." They filled the streets with rioting, and swarmed about the tavern where Jackson stopped in such numbers that access to him was almost impossible.

On the day Jackson was to take the oath the Government officials and friends of Adams refused to take part in the ceremonial. A hasty escort, consisting of Revolutionary veterans, was therefore improvised for Jackson, and, in an open carriage, he was escorted to the Capitol, where a throng of 10,000 of his wild followers made necessary the stretching of a hawser across the steps as a protection for him from his own friends. After the oath had been taken, it was only with the greatest difficulty that Jackson could be safely got back to the White House through the mob which followed with shouts and hurrahs. At the White House they broke in the doors. They seized upon the punch that had been prepared by the barrel and rolled it out upon the lawns, where high carnival was held. Within the Executive Mansion they ran riot, breaking the furniture and glassware, trampling with their muddy boots over the damask of the upholstery, and making it necessary for a body-guard to form with linked arms about Jackson to keep him from harm.

Jackson remained a popular idol throughout his two terms of office, and when it came his turn to escort his successor there was, to some extent, a repetition of the scene at the inauguration of the first Adams. For Jack-

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son, like Washington, was the central figure, and Van Buren, like Adams, was compelled to play a secondary part in what should have been the most important event of his life. Jackson had arisen from a sick-bed to attend, and with Van Buren rode in an open carriage to the Capitol. The carriage had been made for the occasion, and was a phaeton built from oak timbers taken from the frigate Constitution. It had one seat large enough for two, and a high box for the driver. It was left unpainted but was highly polished, and on either panel was a picture of Old Ironsides under full sail. The carriage was drawn by Jackson's four famous iron-gray horses, and the aged President must have made a striking figure, as, leaning on his cane, his white hair flying in the wind, he answered the salutes of the multitude by waving a furry white beaver bound with a band of black crêpe. It is hardly to be wondered that Van Buren was nervous, and it is related that, in response to a speech by the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, he addressed them as "Gentlemen of the Democratic Corps," much to the amusement of all present.

General William Henry Harrison was the first President to be elected after a campaign of marching and of song. This was the famous "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," or "Log Cabin" campaign, the character of which naturally extended to the inauguration ceremony, its successful climax. Harrison himself went to Washington in the most unostentatious manner, arriving alone on a rainy and dismal afternoon. A tall, thin, gray old man was recognized as he walked in the rain along the street from the station and was compelled informally to acknowledge the salutes with which the people greeted him on his solitary walk. It is noted by John Quincy Adams in his diary that the inauguration of Harrison was attended by demonstrations of popular feeling unequalled since that of Washington. This was the beginning of pilgrimages to Washington for the sole purpose of seeing a President take the oath of office, for the marching clubs that had taken part in the campaign descended upon the city, and, though lacking in the dignity of the present military parade, made up an escort that was sufficiently novel and interesting to cause it to be marched and countermarched for hours that the people might have their fill of watching it.

General Harrison headed this parade on a prancing white horse, he having refused the tender of a carriage built for his use. Behind him came the campaign clubs with their regalia and their songs. On a wheeled platform was a power-loom at work, and through the line were log-cabins of all sizes and descriptions, and barrels of hard cider, mostly of huge size. While reading his inaugural address General Harrison stood for an hour and a half bareheaded, without overcoat or gloves, in the teeth of a northeast wind that made the closely muffled spectators shiver. It was then he sowed the seeds of the illness from which he died a month later.

Polk's inauguration drew an even larger crowd than Harrison's, a good-natured crowd withal, that seemed to find keen enjoyment and wit in shouting through the streets, "Who *is* James K. Polk?" to which the answer was always a peal of laughter. An incident of this inauguration was the first public view of the telegraph at work. Professor Morse installed an instrument on the platform, which sent a report of the proceedings to the incredible distance of Baltimore. Another feature was the holding of two inaugural balls, one for the elect at $10 a ticket, the other for the masses at $2. At the former a sensation was created by the appearance of Mme. de Bodisco, wife of the Russian Minister, in a court costume the splendor of which put Mrs. Polk, who should have been the centre of attraction, into a deep and umbrageous retirement. The other, held at the National Theatre, developed into a disgraceful free fight for supper, after which it was discovered that a wholesale loot of hats, wraps, and overcoats had taken place.

From now on the number of visitors and the pageantry attending an inauguration steadily increased. Zachary Taylor had a body-guard of one hundred young men from Washington and the immediate vicinity. He too, like Jackson, showed a partiality for gray horses and was drawn by four of them. Behind him came the "Rough and Ready" clubs and twelve volunteer companies.

There is little of interesting incident connected with the succeeding inaugurations of Presidents, who were largely expediency candidates. Franklin Pierce, it is true, created a ripple of interest by the gallant appearance he presented, standing erect in his carriage bowing right and left, and also from the fact that he was the first President to deliver his inaugural address without notes.

Lincoln's first inauguration, however, was dramatic to the last degree, and still not with-

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out its humorous aspect. War-clouds were gathering, and it was firmly believed that on the day of the inauguration the Secessionists would make an attempt to seize the reins of government through the assassination of the President-elect. Therefore Lincoln's trip to Washington was almost a stealthy one. At Harrisburg, Pa., he lightened the inevitable seriousness of the atmosphere by losing his inaugural address. This had been written at Springfield and there put into type. Lincoln carried three copies of it in his gripsack, which at Harrisburg became mislaid or exchanged, and the spectacle was presented of the tall, gaunt figure of the President-elect searching frantically through drummers' samples and other impedimenta in the baggage-room for the speech that was to decide the destinies of a nation. That address was the most eagerly awaited of any that has ever fallen from the lips of a new President. Seven States had already seceded. Whether the issue was to be dismemberment of the Union or civil war rested with one man, comparatively unknown, and the speech in which the momentous issue was to be defined was kicking around in a common baggage-room.

On the day of Lincoln's inauguration unusual precautions were taken to insure his personal safety as he rode to and from the Capitol through crowds that undoubtedly contained many of hostile mind. The arrangements were supervised by Colonel Stone of the regular army, who provided a really practical escort in the shape of a troop of United States soldiers in place of the usual body-guard of honor, and these soldiers marched directly behind Lincoln's carriage. In addition to this a company of German sharpshooters had been stationed along the line of march, in windows and on roofs, with instructions to watch Lincoln every moment and to fire at once upon anyone who was seen to raise a hand with inimical intent.

The small incident that seems to be best remembered occurred as Lincoln arose to make the portentous speech. It afforded that touch of the ridiculous which is so seldom absent at the gravest of moments. What George Ade has used as the emblem of American political dignity and power—the silk hat—was a thing to which Lincoln was unaccustomed, and he found, as he began the address that meant war or peace, that he did not possess a sufficient number of hands with which to hold his manuscript and his hat and at the same time to gesticulate. He could not wave the hat in the air to punctuate his periods, and as the consciousness of his predicament dawned upon him, he became visibly embarrassed. Stephen A. Douglas, his great rival in debate, came to the rescue quickly and relieved Lincoln simultaneously of his embarrassment and his hat, holding the latter for him throughout the address. After the oath Lincoln received the public for an hour at the White House and then entered at once upon the duties of his office.

At Lincoln's second inauguration a feature of the parade was a working model of the Monitor with its turrets revolving and its guns firing at intervals. The motley character of the parade is indicated by the fact that it contained the fire departments from Philadelphia and Washington, as well as the colored Odd Fellows and a colored typographical society with a printing-press on a wheeled platform, from which the official programmes were printed and distributed along the line of march.

The later inaugurations have become less and less distinctive in feature. Each has had its special incident, however, as in the case of Grant, when his daughter Nellie, then a child, becoming dazed and confused in the midst of the spectacle, ran confidingly to her father's side and remained there clinging to his hand while he delivered his inaugural address. It is also remembered that at Garfield's inauguration the central figure of interest was his aged mother, her eyes glistening with tears of pride, to whom he turned with a kiss immediately after taking the oath. That little touch of filial devotion probably endeared him to the American people as much, almost, as his martyrdom.

In the last generation the general aspect of the ceremonies accompanying the taking of the oath of office has changed but little. The number of people making the pilgrimage to Washington has steadily increased as the population has grown, but the more *outré* features of the parade have gradually disappeared, until we now have a dignified and really imposing spectacle. Naturally, a greater amount of enthusiasm than usual was manifested on the occasion of Cleveland's first inaugural because of the return of a party to power after long absence, and there was a similar excitement at Harrison's inauguration due to the victory of the Republican party after a period of defeat.

At the last inauguration, President Mc-

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Kinley's, the usual rainy weather prevailed, and, as on this occasion there was a long delay in the proceedings at the Capitol, the spectators were kept waiting until nearly noon. When the long-looked-for procession finally did appear it passed in review at the White House throughout the entire day.

There was very little of Washingtonian or Jeffersonian simplicity in the mile after mile of glittering troops and hour after hour of martial music, but there was quite as much personal admiration and honest enthusiasm for the central figure of the event as there could have been in the days of our ancestral patriots.

A feature that seems to be so much a part of the inauguration that it has passed into tradition is the weather. Ever since inaugurations have been held out-of-doors the elements have seemed to conspire to rob the ceremonies of a part of their impressiveness. The early part of March is inevitably a rainy season in Washington, and the majority of the Presidents have looked out over a waving sea of umbrellas as they delivered their inaugural addresses. There have been many movements to change the date of this ceremony to a more clement season, as an appalling list of deaths is invariably consequent upon the enforced or voluntary exposure, but it is doubtful if the time-honored arrangement will ever be altered.

The Victim of Acquittal

By FRANK W. MACK

SOCIETY to-day holds the right to arrest any one of its units on suspicion of murder, to try him on circumstantial evidence, and, should the evidence fail, to acquit and then turn him forth without redress.

The State to-day practically holds itself immune of reprisal by innocent men who, through official blunder or police greed for a prisoner, have been degraded and wrecked by false charges of capital crime.

If the statute-books reflect the public mind, it is fair to say that toward the man found "not guilty" the public is less enlightened and humane than it is toward the convicted criminal.

Sinners properly labelled and judicially marked have excited sympathy and remedial action. Witness the homes for ex-convicts, the Door of Hope, and kindred institutions, which do credit to humanity's head and heart. But for him who has been wrongfully pulled down from a high place among his fellows, and for him who has been dug forth from a lowly place of harmless existence, by vagrant suspicion or worse—for these, if acquitted, no compensatory measures have ever been adopted or set afoot.

Helpful interest in "graduates from the hard school of penal servitude," as Mrs. Booth puts it, is laudable as to its impulse and its acts; but all such work should be made secondary in its doing, as it is in its importance, to some correction of the State's frightful blundering against innocent men and women.

Have you heard cheers ringing in a courtroom where a human being has just been acquitted of murder charges?

I have stood beside acquitted men when the foreman said, "Not guilty," have seen them reel back in the moment of reaction from anguish to relief, have heard the eager crowd in its joy raging over all bounds of court ethics and ignoring even the trial judge, hastily quitting the bench with blurred eyes and voice too shaky to utter rebuke. Watching such a scene as a newspaper reporter, and with an observing eye to which it is all newspaper material, I have felt that the joyful racket leaped rather from relief that a human life had been saved than from the fact that a fellow-creature had been found innocent of sin.

And later I have seen the acquitted man gathering himself from the hideous nightmare into life again, have studied the desperate and hopeless face, have felt with him the palpable smother of suspicion—suspicion that there must have been some "fire" where so much "smoke" had prevailed; I have known of his financial destitution as a result of trial, have observed his fruitless efforts

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to retrieve his former position among those who may have cheered loudest at his acquittal.

These incidents are pointers to the broad fact that public opinion seems to regard an acquitted man as sufficiently lucky if he escapes with his life from a mesh of circumstantial evidence, which may have conspired with libellous cruelty against him.

And just here is disclosed a ghastly cranny in our jurisprudence.

If an individual should attempt to take human life, we may in self-defence kill him on the spot. Should an innocent man be thankful, then, because at vital sacrifice he has contrived to escape with his life from an attempt made upon it by his fellow-men as a body?

Must he be thankful because, having collectively ruined him in the name of the State, they fail in the last and less painful detail of killing him?

Must thankful submission be the attitude of an accused and acquitted man, while, by process of State law, he may have redress in criminal proceedings against an individual who has only slandered him?

May the State with impunity cut away everything above a man's life-line, while at the same time it gives him the right of reprisal against a fellow-man for even an act of disrespect?

The plight of an acquitted "murder prisoner" is without duplicate or parallel in human affairs. The acquitting verdict of a murder jury is a confession by the State that the jury itself had no valid ground for existence, that the judicial machinery had slipped a cog, that officials too careless or too eager had clutched a victim instead of a culprit.

And the freed "suspect"—the acquitted man?

Stripped and broken, bruised by foul handling, scarred by suspicion, pallid from Death's shadow and seared as by hell-fire, the acquitted man stands dumbly impotent of moral redress or physical indemnity. And the public, having scourged him as a vicarious sacrifice, expects him to be thankful because it did not kill him.

The State bears alone only one result of the false charge and of the bootless trial. It takes over to itself all the chagrin of its prosecuting officials at their vain effort to convict. The victim of acquittal is, however, compelled to *share* with the State in the money cost of his own trial. Indeed, he is, by grotesque anomaly, a party financially to both sides of the action.

A man accused of murder confronts persecutors who bring to their paid efforts an implacable purpose to build or preserve a personal reputation. So horrid is the charge and so keen is the hunt, that the prisoner is driven to his utmost resource. He may no longer rely upon presumptive innocence, for innocence has been and may again be strangled by circumstantial evidence. He enters upon a defence which becomes practically a deadly trial by the accused to prove himself innocent. Along with his name, his pride and his life, he tosses in his own fortune or pittance, and possibly the possessions of his friends.

At the end a jury foreman declares him "not guilty," and, financially, he stands stripped. He has exhausted his resources to keep himself from being killed, and he stands alone with his rescued life. Through taxation he has borne part of the expense incurred by the State in assaulting it, and the entire cost of its defence against confessedly wrongful attack.

Were not these conditions existent it would be difficult for the public, which is fair and just at heart—it would be difficult, I say, for the public to believe them possible. In business affairs a citizen may recover when overcharge is proven. Action for restitution may succeed when false pretence is shown. Cash damages are possible to him who is slandered or libelled. He who takes human life shall, when convicted, in turn be killed. Equity and justice are the aim of our jurisprudence.

Shall there not then be made a statute, under which an acquitted man may recover from the State, on proper voucher and audit, at least the amount of money spent to defend him against charges of murder that failed to convict?

Men acquitted of murder, bereft of money, health, and position, have with grim sarcasm become public charges, having no better standing than the drunken wreck who at their side eats almshouse food from the same style of tin plate.

During possible years of imprisonment pending trial for murder, the accused man is as one dead to civic life. No verdict of acquittal can ever renew or restore the rights of franchise or citizenship which have meanwhile fled past him.

While advocating a statute of indemnity

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to men acquitted of murder, I am quite conscious that guilty men, by sympathy, money, or influence, have been acquitted, and that others may be; but the State abides by the success or the failure of its prosecuting machinery, and the indemnity principle must hold steadily for all men whose lives have been perilled by error of the State.

Objections to an indemnifying statute may be raised by someone to whom occurs the possibility of unduly great fees for legal help to the accused, but acquitted, man. The ground for such objection might undoubtedly exist, for the great treasury of the State is a tempting creditor. Yes, high fees might be charged by the prisoner's counsel, and even collusion between the two might occur. And more: An indemnity statute might induce conspiracy by shady lawyers with persons who could be proven innocent and would be willing to endure a murder trial for a share in the acquittal indemnity. Aye, these abuses might arise, and others which only the operation of the statute could disclose. But they are relatively trivial and could be corrected. Better far that the State should be mulcted thus, than that one innocent man be not only disgraced, but beggared by an expense thrust upon him by the State.

The chagrin of a police official with a "blind murder" in his territory cannot be known to the civilian. Personal ambition and the prestige of the Force are powerful factors in detective work. They might in some great case blur the proper view of acts and evidence. Deterrents to precipitate action are never amiss. The police chase for a prisoner in notable murder cases might be wisely modified by an acquittal indemnity statute which should charge back some part of every indemnity payment upon officials responsible for murder charges against "not guilty" men.

The number of acquittal victims is relatively small. They come forth from the trial-fire so penniless and so broken that they have no means nor power for agitation. Were their numbers such that, for a year or for a day even, they might hold a voting balance, the masters of legislation would be on tiptoe of solicitation in their behalf.

"The Mystery List," besides its fascination, has about it a collateral point. Somewhere, possibly walking among us daily, are persons who have done murder and escaped all suspicion. Who killed Rose Ambler and Mary Stannard—both in Connecticut? A clergyman was turned out an acquittal wreck in the Stannard case. Who saw Phoebe Paulin die on Orange Mountain? Who killed Officer Smith of Jersey City? Who killed the Rahway girl, and who knows *who* she was?

Here are cases in which blind justice found no prisoner, others in which she acquitted —none wherein conviction occurred. But it were better that unsuspected murderers should brush by us in the streets, than that, by precipitate or pernicious effort to satisfy justice, one innocent man should suffer the indignity of arrest and trial.

Shall we then charge with murder only those seen in the act?

No. Society must be protected from such increase of crime as might follow the prohibition of circumstantial evidence. Faulty as our system may be on the lines indicated, we cannot abjure it. Though it is beset by possibility of ghastly error, we must pursue our path of criminal procedure, lighting it as well as possible against blundering haste or selfish activity of police or prosecuting officials. If experience is worth anything, the acquittal precedents should sharpen the outlook against their recurrence. Anticipation of blunder should minimize it by arousing keener caution. But, when the State has been committed to the tragedy of an untenable murder charge, let it hasten to its amend. Common decency demands *so* much.

The number of men acquitted is so small, and this people so rich and so strong, that as a body it should not fail to do what the individual would do to correct a mistake—apologize. And apologize by the only means possible to a State—with cash, to the amount of expense for defence, surely and promptly paid to the man it has wrecked by its error. It is the least it can do. For anguish makes scars in the heart and brain which no human power can efface.

There have been men charged with murder to whom capital punishment figured as the end of a degradation which was complete when a jailer first shot the bolts of their cell-doors. The State cannot pay nor indemnify an innocent man for such exquisite agony of shame. It can, however, reimburse him for the cost of his defence. It is the least it can do. The people want no victims of Acquittal.

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THE PLAYERS

AFTER years of travail and hardship, the triumph for which Robert Mantell struggled with steadfast faith and indomitable courage came with a bewildering, dazzling rush. From a "road star," wandering from town to town, with disaster pursuing him like his own shadow, he has suddenly leaped into a commanding place as one of the foremost players of classical rôles. And this despite the handicap of an intolerable support and pitifully poor accessories.

A failure made it possible for him to secure a Broadway theatre which can be rented for much less than any of the others, and he stole into the city without acclaim. Bored, *blasé* critics nerved themselves to attend his performance of "Richard III.," prepared to make it a text to tell the public what a long-suffering, patient folk they are. Scarce had they settled in their seats before Mr. Mantell's acting gripped them. They were stirred, as they have not been in years, by the brilliant intelligence, the profound subtlety, the absolute sincerity, the technical finish, and the magnetism of the star, as their articles the next day showed plainly. Mr. Mantell's *Othello* came in for even more extravagant praise, because of its power, its dignity, and the superb reading of the lines. Then came *Richelieu*, and most of those who saw Mr. Mantell play that part agreed that they had never seen a finer performance. Physically and mentally Mantell is endowed with the attributes that go to make a great actor. His voice is under the most perfect control, and so exquisite are its modulations, so sure is it in expressing the most delicate shadings, that one is carried away by its beauty.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York.

VIOLA ALLEN AS *PERDITA* IN "THE WINTER'S TALE."

Before Mr. Mantell had concluded his engagement of three weeks in New York, rich and powerful managers were besieging him to make contracts, because they foresaw profit in the sending of him forth with a strong supporting company and sumptuous scenery. If he had not made this Broadway success, he might have continued to go on as he had gone on for years, seldom free from the pinch of poverty; compelled to employ

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the support of amateurs who seek experience more than salary; cutting down wigs, making over costumes, resorting to the hundred and one theatrical tricks compelled by economy.

The pathos of his struggle during the past ten years adds to the splendor of his success, for he has worked and suffered with an eye single to reaching the highest place an actor can attain. He endured without complaint the indifference of a public which in the blindness of its hebetude could not, or would not, understand.

It is a question whether much of the suffering he has endured, and which has whitened his hair, was necessary. At the time when the future began to open before him most radiantly, his first wife secured a judgment against him and Mr. Mantell refused to pay the alimony awarded by the court. This closed the whole State of New York to him, and for a dozen years or so he never placed foot within its boundaries save on Sundays, when he was immune from legal service. This was his undoing financially. No man-

Photograph by Pach, New York.

MARGARET ILLINGTON AS *MRS. LEFFINGWELL* IN "MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS."

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ager cared to run the risk of looking after a star who had the richest part of the country closed to him, and who was bound to suffer whenever he appeared because he lacked the prestige of a New York engagement.

The start of his career was rich in promise. An Englishman by birth, he came to this country in his early manhood and swiftly gained fame as Fanny Davenport's leading man. His *Loris Ipanoff* in "Fedora" was a performance of real power. In those days he was hailed as the handsomest actor on the stage. He was of the robust, intellectual type. Had he been content to be a matinée idol, with a large salary easily earned, the position was at his command, for nothing so swiftly opens the stage-door to the primrose path as petticoat popularity. But he had higher ambitions. He went forth as a star in "Monbars," an excellent drama, and prospered. Even then he gave occasional performances of "Hamlet" and other Shakespearian plays, and his goal seemed almost within his reach when his own act wrecked his career for the time being.

Something more than a year ago legal complications were settled and Mr. Mantell came into New York, appearing in "The Light of Other Days," to find that he was forgotten and that he could not attract even the critics to a theatre which receives little serious consideration. He went back "on the road" to resume the bitter

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MAUDE ADAMS, NOW PLAYING *ROSALIND* IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York.

MRS. FISKE AS *LEAH KLESCHNA* IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

RICHARD GOLDEN IN "COMMONSENSE BRACKETT."

Photograph by Fundy Company.

BESSIE BARRISCALE, PLAYING *LOVEY MARY* IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

fight, studying harder than ever that he might be fully prepared when his opportunity came. Now the days of hardship are over. The New York success has made prosperity for him, and next year will see him at the head of a big company, secure in the place, which is his by right, of a tragedian who has no living superior.

There have been few Shakespearian pres-

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS."

entations as fine, from an artistic as well as a spectacular viewpoint, as that of the Viola Allen production of "The Winter's Tale." Even in these days of sumptuous stage-setting, the scenery is notably beautiful, and in it, as well as in the rich costuming, there is a nice regard for historical accuracy, while the cast is very strong and well balanced. Miss Allen, following the precedent of Mary Anderson and other celebrated actresses, plays both *Hermione* and *Perdita;* most convincingly does she differentiate the

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

LEW FIELDS, HARRY FISHER, HARRY DAVENPORT, AND JOSEPH HERBERT, *THE NAVAL BOARD OF STRATEGY* IN "IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND."

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NANCE O'NEIL AS *CAMILLE.*

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

WILTON LACKAYE IN "THE PIT."

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Photograph by Lallie Charles, London.

ELLIS JEFFREYS, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS, NOW STARRING IN THIS COUNTRY IN "THE PRINCE CONSORT."

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ROBERT T. HAINES AS *DON JUAN DE ALVA* IN "ONCE UPON A TIME."

characters of the matron and the maid. There is strength and dignity in her deep-toned portrayal of the queen; it stands out in brilliant contrast with her dainty, exquisite *Perdita*, bubbling over with the joy of living. Never has the actress appeared to so excellent advantage, and the supporting company is conspicuously good.

Mrs. Fiske has scored the greatest success she has known since "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," in "Leah Kleschna," a play by C. M. S. McLellan, who, under the pen-name of Hugh Morton, was responsible for the books of "The Belle of New York," "Glittering Gloria," and other successful trifles. In the days when Mr. McLellan was the editor of a weekly society journal he used to assail newspaper writers with vitriolic vigor and he took a pen-name to escape reprisals. "Leah Kleschna" is a powerful, beautifully written play. Its story is that of the young daughter of a thief brought up in her father's evil trade. She is saved by her love for an altruistic Frenchman in public life, who discovers her in the act of trying to rob his safe of the family jewels which he is to give to his *fiancée* the following day. Almost every prominent manager in New York and London waited for the first-night verdict, confident that the drama would fail; for nearly all of them had refused it, and great was their chagrin over its triumph. Mrs. Fiske seems to live in the rôle of *Leah;* her very mannerisms fit into it. With intense repression and exquisite skill she makes plain the

Photograph by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

ROBERT MANTELL AS *KING RICHARD III.*

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workings of *Leah's* mind and gives one of the finest performances of her distinguished career. John Mason stands out as the reformer. William B. Mack, whose *Tesman* divided honors with Mrs. Fiske in "Hedda Gabler," thereby lifting him out of obscurity, as *Schram*, the lesser thief, strong only in his love for *Leah*, again proved himself a good character actor. George Arliss, who played the villain in "The Darling of the Gods" with such sinister power, and who was subtly impressive as the *Marquis of Steyne* in "Becky Sharp," scored again this time as a degenerate French dandy.

Edward Terry, one of the leading London character-players and the richest actor in England, brought to New York his own company from his own theatre to present plays which have, in England, added to his fame and wealth. He was seen in America for the first time in "The House of Burnside"; it is an adaption of a French play, but nevertheless it is saturated with Dickensonian sentiment. It is rather tiresome, and New York cared little for it. There was much difference of opinion about Mr. Terry. He is a youthful, vigorous man of sixty, a sincere, intelligent player, with the sureness and finish that come of long experience, but he lacks that personal magnetism which one looks for in a star.

New York has seen no performance this season more charming than that of "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," a scintillating triviality by Hubert Henry Davies, who wrote "Cousin Kate" and "Cynthia." In "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" Sir Charles Wyndham again demonstrated his great superiority as a drawing-room comedian. His grace, his ease, the delicacy and certainty with which he makes his points, are delightful. And it is scarce believable that an actress who was so atrocious as was Mary Moore in "David Garrick," should be so deliciously amusing as the silly, vain, self-centred *Mrs. Gorringe*.

Ever so many people believe that N. C. Goodwin is the best actor on the American stage; within his range, which is not restricted, this is probably true. I know of no player who can fill in a picture so completely, so admirably. Were he not such a consummate actor he could scarcely succeed so well as he does in "The Usurper," for the play is almost straight melodrama, and Mr. Goodwin is certainly not a melodramatic actor. Nevertheless, it is a good melodrama, with exciting situations skilfully handled.

James K. Hackett has a lovely play, "The Fortunes of the King"—just the dearest, sweetest play; in it for as much as five minutes he takes the part of *Charles Stuart*, who became Charles II. of England. After that he is merely Mr. Hackett in perfect-fitting tights and a sword, with his own captivating smile, his four expressions of countenance, in the usual Hackett disguise, of course. He makes love with the true Hackett fervor, despite the fact that a lot of horrid old Ironsides and things want to kill him. And when his lady-love is in danger of being kissed, he gallantly comes forth from the conveniently hollow tree in which he is hiding, and risks his precious, princely neck. When he is cornered by his enemies, he outwits them in the cutest way, exuding noble, gooey sentiments as he rolls his eyes. He is simply dear in "The Fortunes of the King." With a self-denial as remarkable as it is praiseworthy, Mr. Hackett's stage homicidal mania is restricted to one victim, although there is plentiful supply of food for steel about him.

"The Fortunes of the King" is by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus and Leonidas Westervelt, and the manner in which they butcher history to make a Hackett holiday is amazing for to see. But it is a love of a play, in the language of Mr. Hackett's most enthusiastic and profitable admirers.

Annie Russell has the most evil fortunes with plays of late. Her "Brother Jacques" is dull and stupid in its English form, whatever it may have been in the original French. There is no actress who approaches Miss Russell in certain rôles, but she is not distinguished for versatility, and it is no easy matter to fit plays to her. Joseph Wheelock, Jr., made the most of a poor part. He has a faculty for making little bits stand out. Ever since he played the jockey in "Lord and Lady Algy" theatre-goers have felt that he has had too little opportunity. His chance is coming, for George Ade is writing a comedy for him to star in.

Genevieve Greville Haines, who wrote "Hearts Aflame," has made a Spanish comedy for her husband to star in, which she calls "Once Upon a Time." The first half of the play is delightfully humorous, and it is all excellently written, but the latter part has devices too theatric to be convincing. Robert T. Haines is one of the best leading men on the stage. After he was graduated from the University of Missouri he studied law, but

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this he soon abandoned for the footlights. His early training was under Thomas W. Keene, James O'Neil, Daniel Bandmann, and other stars who played Shakespeare. He first appeared in New York in "Borderside," a play which failed utterly, then he became the leading man of "In the Palace of the King," in which Viola Allen starred. Afterward he was Mrs. Fiske's leading man, scoring especially in "A Bit of Old Chelsea." Subsequently he had the same position with Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods" during its long New York run.

If the comedy, "Commonsense Brackett," were, as a whole, as good as Richard Golden in the title-part, it would be a remarkable play, for that versatile fun-maker has done nothing better in the long career in which he has played more than two hundred important rôles. He is a Maine Irishman, and he left his native State during the Civil War to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis. After his first examination he left the academy to join a circus, where he was a drummer, a side-show barker, and a clown. From the sawdust ring he drifted on to the minstrel stage. He became a variety actor in 1869, and then a legitimate one. In 1875 Golden and Henry C. Dixey formed a partnership, and a year later they did the celebrated heifer dance in "Evangeline," Golden creating, as well, the part of the Irish policeman in the show. Later he succeeded N. C. Goodwin as *Le Blanc*. He created *Usuf* in "The Corsair," W. H. Crane being the *Brabanto*, and Eliza Wethersby, who was Mr. Goodwin's first wife, being the *Conrad*. After this Mr. Golden joined Rice's Surprise Party, famous for its fun-makers, and there followed years in opera bouffe and in the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, for in those days a comic success or two did not make a star. "Old Jed Prouty," in which Mr. Golden starred for years, was first played as a half-hour sketch in 1870. He produced it as a play in 1889, and it made him comfortably rich.

In the Casino, the scene of her greatest triumphs, Lillian Russell returned to comic opera with a musical version of "The School for Scandal," called "Lady Teazle." She never looked more beautiful, and her friends declared that she never sang better in her life, again emphasizing that constantly reiterated observation that she has the secret of eternal youth. "Lady Teazle" is a charming entertainment, lavishly staged and costumed. It follows the original comedy so closely that there is no lack of humor, the lyrics are the best that have been heard in years, and there is no comedian to cavort frantically and flood the stage with slang. The company is amazingly good. W. T. Carleton, who was a great Casino favorite himself in the old days, and who played "Nanon" so many times that he lost count, is *Sir Peter*. After an illness of months, Van Rensselaer Wheeler returned to the stage to give a delightful performance of *Sir Charles Surface* and to sing splendidly. Stanley Hawkins as *Joseph Surface* surprised even his greatest admirers by the improvement in his acting and his singing. He is a Brown University man who was in business in Boston, and was the star singer in the Boston Cadets, when he was forced on the professional stage by the offer of a salary which he felt he could not afford to refuse.

That Fritzi Scheff would shine brilliantly in "Fatinitza" was a foregone conclusion the moment her name was associated with the opera, and indeed she never looked more captivating nor sang better. It was the opera itself, however, that chiefly scored. Many years have passed since it has been seen in this country, and, in comparison, its modern successors are pitifully cheap and tawdry. Franz von Suppé wrote real music, whose rich beauty and swinging melody flow along in chorus, solo, and concerted numbers. Apart from Miss Scheff, the company was scarcely equal to the music, although the members of the cast struggled with sincere energy. Many years ago that greatest of comic-opera organizations, the Boston Ideal Opera Company, were wont to present "Fatinitza," with the great Mathilde Phillips in the title-rôle, Myron W. Whitney as *General Kantchukoff*, Marie Stone as *Lydia*, W. H. Barnabee as *Izet Pasha*, Tom Karl as *Julian Sinclair*, and George Frothingham as *Sergeant Steipann*.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys comes from England to star in a round of plays, beginning with "The Prince Consort." Miss Jeffreys occupies a prominent place on the English stage. She began in comedy, with Charles Wyndham, in the Criterion Theatre, thence she went to the Adelphi to appear in melodrama, where her admirable acting gained her the place of leading lady with Edward Terry. Two years under John Hare at the Garrick, and as long a term with George Alexander followed, and then she became the leading woman of the Haymarket.

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The Fame of Don Esteban

A Story of the Pampas

By WILLIAM BULFIN

Illustrations by Dan Smith

I WAS on the race-course when it happened, my friend, and can tell you all about it. I am fifty years of age and I swear to you that I have never seen anything like it. You who can read may have knowledge of stranger things set down in books; but a poor gaucho like me can only speak of the things he has seen; and this thing of which I am going to give you the true history left an impression on my mind, *señor*, that was barbarous—just barbarous!

Yes, indeed, *señor*. When a cousin of mine came to me one day and told me that it had been arranged to run a race for a thousand dollars, in Moreno, between Don Esteban Pardo's Gray and the Chestnut from Ramallo, I said at once that the stakes would go to the Gray.

"*Quién sabe?*" remarked my cousin, who was very jeering in his manner, "perhaps you are over-sure of that, eh?"

"I am as sure of it as that the sun has risen this morning," I said firmly.

"Well, I am not," he went on; "this Chestnut has shown his tail to many a good horse in his time and he is of a famous breed. Do you know him?"

"I do not know him," I said, "and I do not want to know him, for I know that if he were quicker than the wind he would have no chance of the race, so long as it is run in Moreno."

"But why?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders in his obstinate way, being a man who is very fond of his own opinion.

"Because," I said—speaking for his good, as he was my relation—"the race is decided already. You have asked me if I know the Chestnut; I ask you if you know Don Esteban Pardo?" For my cousin was from the Ramallo district, you understand.

"No," he sneered, "I have not the pleasure of the individual's acquaintance. Who is he, anyhow?"

"Who, indeed!" I said. "This Don Esteban is not an individual, see? He is a personage. He has all Moreno under his thumb and can do as he pleases. The Intendant is his brother-in-law; the Judge is his cousin; the Commissary of Police is his nephew; most of the policemen are his godchildren. It was he who appointed them all, and he could turn them inside out to-morrow. Figure it to yourself, then, the cinch he has, and if a stranger has any chance of getting the pull on him!"

"Oh, the cinch is all right so far as it goes," laughed this obstinate cousin of mine, "but," says he, "perhaps your Don Esteban will overwork it some day. Let me tell you, this man who owns the Chestnut is tough and slick. He has nothing to learn from your great Don Esteban Pardo about the making of a race; and he is well able to take care of himself in every way."

"*Perfectamente!*" I said, "have it so; your friend may own the best horse in the country and he may be a very smart man. But, for my part, I am going to bet on the Gray."

And I did, too—bet to my very shirt, as we say, when the race came off, and would have bet more if I had had it. I will confess to you, all the same, that from the moment I set my eyes on the Chestnut I knew he was a better horse than the Gray. But you see it was not on the Gray that the gauchos of Moreno were betting. We were betting on Don Esteban. We were sure he would pocket the stakes, even if he had nothing to run against the Ramallo horse but a lame mule. We knew that there was no man in the district who would dare to give the race against him, and that he would appoint men to be judges of the course who would decide in his favor, no matter what took place. Oh, it was tremendous, the blind faith we had in him!

And no wonder. He was a very famous man in Moreno, was Don Esteban. He had been famous for years. You can judge of the

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"IF HE WERE QUICKER THAN THE WIND HE WOULD HAVE NO CHANCE OF THE RACE."

fame that was his when I tell you that there was no one there to question his word or will. We would as soon have thought of treading on the tail of the wickedest tiger in the Chaco as of bearding Don Esteban. The tales which were told of the feats he had done with the knife were awful. We used to listen to them with pride, for, mind you, it is no small thing to belong to the same place as a famous man like Don Esteban. We used to have great discussions, too, about his most bloody single-handed fight. Some of us held that it had taken place in Navarro, others said that it had been fought in Chacabuco, and there were a few who used to say that it had come off in Chivilcoy. Nor could we agree about the number of men that had fallen to Don Esteban's fatal knife in that terrible fray. Some said it was four, others five, others that four had been killed and two left for dead, and so on. It always remained a mystery, for Don Esteban himself would never speak of it. Once, I remember, we were discussing it at a wake which was held over an aunt of mine; and, as usual, we could not agree about it, so behold if one of the boys who had been making a little too free with the gin does not slap his knee and say: "*Caraju!* Don Esteban is here to-night and I'll ask him."

Before we could prevent him he went over to where Don Esteban was sitting, and says he: "With your permission, Don Esteban, I would ask you to do us the favor of settling a certain question that is always rising up amongst us."

Don Esteban said nothing for a while. That was a way he had, eh? He was a very formal, solemn, silent man, and slow of speech. He would put his head on one side, *señor*, and look at the ground and think over a thing until you would listen to hear the wheels of wisdom whizzing and buzzing inside his head under the strain he was putting on the machinery. It was only an impression, of course, and it came over you like I know not what, and you felt—*pucha!*—my friend, you felt such a confidence in that man, and a respect for him, and a fear of him, that it was a thing perfectly tremendous how he dominated you.

Well, *señor*, after he had studied the floor for a minute or so, while a silence that you could cut with a knife came on the house, he asked what question they wanted him to settle, and when he heard what it was he raised up his face, which generally reminded you of a tombstone, so long was it, and so gloomy, and so cold! and he looked darkly at the venturesome youth who stood before him, and said in that deep voice of his which at times sounded as if it were climbing slowly out of a well:

"There are things forced upon people sometimes in this life, young man, which they do not willingly recall. Tell me, if thou hast ever heard me speak of having fought and slain?"

"Truly, never, Don Esteban," said the other, and he told us afterward how he felt, the gin dying within him as he stood there before all the people, in the waiting silence that followed, with Don Esteban's terrible gaze upon him.

"For the deeds I have done," said Don Esteban at length, "I shall have to give an account one day, but not to thee, youth," and he waved his hand carelessly, as if to say: "You may go now, if you think you have had enough."

But the races, no? Ah, it was a great concourse of people, that. They were there in thousands, *señor*, from Moreno and the neighboring districts; and it called the attention, the number of Ramalleros that rode down

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to see their Chestnut run. My cousin was there, too, and when the two horses were led out on the course he reined in alongside me and asked quietly:

"Well, what do you think of our Chestnut now?"

"What I thought the other day," I said shortly, for I was disgusted to note by the way he spoke that he was still full of the notion that the Chestnut would win.

"But do you not see," he went on in his playful tone, "that the Chestnut is the horse of the day, and that, point for point, he outclasses your Gray?"

I had already seen it, but I would not own it to him. All I said was this: "Does the best horse always win?"

"He will win to-day or there will be blood-clots on the sun," was the answer, and it came rolling out of him on an oath hot enough to roast a side of mutton.

I saw then that there was trouble in the wind, but I said nothing. There is no use in giving advice to a man who has made up his mind to stick to his own opinion.

"Don't look so sour over it," he said with a laugh; "I want to see you in good humor, for I have a favor to ask of you—and a big one."

"It is granted," said I cheerily enough, glad that there was something in which I might be of use to him. "What is it?"

"Well," he said, and the reckless swagger faded out of his eyes as he spoke, "I may get knocked over to-day if there is a flare-up; and I don't want to be buried here. If I go under, I want you to take all that is left of me home to Ramallo."

"But, *caramba!*" I said, as soon as I could get hold of my thoughts again after the scattering he had given them by his request, "what need have you to get into any dust that may be kicked up? Why not keep out of it?"

"Can't help it," he said; "if it is raised at all, it will be kicked up by me. You see, I am riding the Chestnut. It is a secret as yet, but it will be all over the course in a few minutes."

"You, the rider of the Chestnut!" I cried in sorrow and surprise.

"Oh, and then?" he asked lightly, "why not? It will not be the first time for one of our name to ride a race, will it? But say, won't you do what I ask? Promise me."

My word of honor, but I was sorry for him, and I promised him with a heavy heart, because I looked upon him as one for whom a red grave was open. I tried to say a few words of caution to him about Don Esteban's rider, a wicked devil who went under the nickname of "the Scorpion," but with a careless toss of the head he cut me short.

"Oh, I know all about 'the Scorpion,' as you call him," he said. "A dangerous animal, I am told—jostles, trips, strikes, and tries to fasten a quarrel on every man who rides against him. That is exactly why I was asked to run the Chestnut."

"Well, God send you safe out of it," I said, trying to speak to him hopefully.

"Amen," he answered, laughing gayly as he left me. My heart was sore for him, and I was angered at the obstinate way in which he had discarded all my warnings. But still I rode into the crowd and put all the money I had left on the Gray. I was betting against my cousin, of course, but what would you?

DON ESTEBAN

When you put money on a horse it is not a question of friendship or enmity, love or hate: you bet to win.

There was a flutter in the crowd, I can tell

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you, at the top of the course, when my cousin, bareheaded and stripped to his socks, drawers, and singlet, with a whip hanging by the finger-loop on each wrist, walked up to the Chestnut, took the reins, vaulted on horseback and wheeled round at the starting-line.* Don Esteban said nothing, being a man of very few words at any time; and as for his face, you never saw much more expression upon it than upon the end wall of a house.

HE AIMED A SMASHING BLOW AT "THE SCORPION'S" KNEE-CAP.

But "the Scorpion" showed clearly enough that he was taken by surprise; and you could see that he was displeased. He had been expecting another man—and a man whom he knew to be afraid of him.

"Haven't you made a mistake, youngster?" he said with a cross-eyed leer to my cousin. "This is not going to be a gallop after ewes and lambs, you know. It is going to be a race."

"It all depends," said my cousin, who was a bit of a flatterer himself, "on whether you have not made a mistake yourself. Are you sure that it is not a brood mare you are riding? I ask you this, *señor*, because my orders are to ride against a horse."

They refreshed each other with little compliments like that for a few minutes, and then my cousin said: "You are real pleasant company, and it would delight me to stay with you for another while if I had not to keep an appointment. But perhaps I can prevail on you to escort me part of the way home." And he walked the Chestnut down the course.

"I'll go and tell them that you are coming, which will be better," said "the Scorpion," laying the Gray close alongside.

They made dozens of false starts during the next hour, for "the Scorpion's" game was to tire out the Ramallero horse or madden him before the race began. Not a hair was turned on the Chestnut, however, although the Gray was in a lather. My cousin's face was broad with a smile, and the face of "the Scorpion" was long with anger. You know the gaucho saying—"going out to steal wool and coming home shorn"—that was the case with "the Scorpion" so far; and only he was sure of the race he would have given voice to the rage that was in him.

"Send them off! Send them off!" shouted the crowd impatiently, "it is a race we want for our money and not a useless canter. Let them go!"

"You must try to get them away, *caballeros;* time is flying," said the starter in polite remonstrance. He was in despair, after an hour's patient watchfulness, of being able to favor Don Esteban's horse in the start. The rider from Ramallo was taking care of everything.

* A gaucho horse-race is a flat race, run in the open camp. The jockeys ride without saddles, and stripped of most of their clothing. The course varies in length from three to twenty *cuadras*. A *cuadra* is 150 yards.—W. B.

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"Let us go," said my cousin to "the Scorpion." "I fear you have caught cold with all this fooling and a little gallop will warm you up."

"Come on, then!" shouted "the Scorpion," tightening the reins and striking the Gray sharply under the jaw, making him rear straight up. The Chestnut was a good deal rattled by this ruse and plunged wildly, but my cousin sat him like a veteran and steadied him again very quickly. Still, when the two horses ranged up side by side once more, they were quivering from counter to fetlock, and they waltzed over the ground toward the line, nose to nose, facing each other, looking each other in the eye like fighting men, pointing their ears at each other, and straining on the bits.

"Go!" shouted the starter at last, as he dropped the flag. The whips came down in the one stroke and the two horses plunged over the line on the one lightning stride. "The Scorpion" was barefooted, and as soon as the race began he reached over, caught the upper joint of the Chestnut's foreleg between his toes, just below the shoulder, and jammed home his foot with all his strength. It is a trick that can only be played by a splendid rider, and when it is a success it will lame a horse or trip him. My cousin knew all about it, so he slipped his right-hand whip from his wrist, catching it by the lash. He aimed a smashing blow at "the Scorpion's" knee-cap, but the speed was too great for accurate hitting, and instead of catching the knee, the heavy, hide-covered handle of twisted wire fell on the thigh. It was enough to make "the Scorpion" take his foot from the Chestnut's foreleg, but not enough to dispose of him. He had secured a slight advantage by his tripping and was leading by half a neck. He now threw his Gray in with a powerful jerk against the Chestnut's shoulder and locked him in a running jostle. We Moreneros cheered, for well we knew that unless the other rider could free the Chestnut from the weight and grip of the Gray's shoulder, the race was ours. They were more than half over the course by this time, as it was only five *cuadras* in length; and we of Moreno were that sure of the victory, as you might say, that we could feel the money in our pockets. And we cheered more and more for the Gray and for Don Esteban. I do not say it was fair. I can only say that it was the way to win against a better horse. It was good enough for Don Esteban, and what was good enough for him was good enough for us. Suddenly, however—like the flash of a knife in the sun—when they were about a hundred yards from the finish, my cousin stooped, caught "the Scorpion" by the heel, and jerked him out of his seat. It would have been death to nine riders out of ten, but "the Scorpion" was the tenth man and he saved his life by his horsemanship. Holding on by his knee to the Gray's withers and clinging to the mane by his right hand, he slashed my cousin on the arm and head with his left and freed his foot. He wriggled into his seat again in a wink of your eye, screeching like a demon in a fit, and whipping madly to recover the advantage he had lost in saving himself from being unhorsed. But it was too late. The Chestnut had got clear at last from the Gray's shoulder and was already leading. He threw himself forward like a spear in the final rush, and, amidst the wild cheers of the Ramalleros, he streaked over the winning line, half a length ahead.

Still, of course, the race was given to Don Esteban's horse, as every sensible person in Moreno knew would be the case. While the Ramalleros were yet waving their hats and cheering for the Chestnut and his rider, it was announced that the judges had decided in favor of Don Esteban's Gray. Then you may be certain there was Troy! Such shouting, and protesting, and swearing, and general fandango you never witnessed! The policemen drew their revolvers and formed a ring around the judges. The Ramalleros grouped themselves around the Chestnut, demanding justice and vowing vengeance. I saw the owner of the Chestnut and my cousin exchange a few words, and then my cousin dismounted and, opening a way for himself through the crowd, walked straight to where Don Esteban was standing near the winning line, in the middle of a mob of cheering Moreneros, solemnly caressing the Gray. My cousin stood before him, whip in hand, waiting until there was a lull in the cheering, and then he asked:

"You who have the name of Don Esteban and are the Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones of the Moreno district, what have you to say to this scandal?"

My heart went down to my very spurs. I told myself he was mad, and that he was rushing on his fate. As for Don Esteban, he gave him such a look!—a long, heavy look, and I hoped my cousin would take warning by it. But he was past hoping for.

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HE THREW HIS GRAY WITH A POWERFUL JERK AGAINST THE CHESTNUT'S SHOULDER.

"I want an answer," he insisted. "I want to hear what you have to say about the decision of those swindling judges!"

I blessed the forbearance of Don Esteban, who remained calm, although his eyebrows began to go up and down slowly, which was a way he had when his feelings were hurt. He put his head on one side and thought for a moment, and then he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, which meant, of course, that he had nothing to say. But my cousin was not half satisfied yet.

"That is no answer," he cried, stamping his foot; "I will take none of your shrugs or your shuffles. Use your tongue, if you are a man."

"*Dios mio!*" I thought. "He has done for himself now! He is a corpse. He will be all broken up, and the pieces will be blue-moulding for burial before I can collect half of them for removal to Ramallo, as I promised."

But Don Esteban did not kill him. He merely looked him over from head to heel, and then he turned to the crowd and asked: "Has this man no friends to tell him that he is acting foolishly?"

The Ramalleros cheered, and cried out that he had plenty of friends who would stand by him; and the Moreneros gave counter-cheers, and a few dozen of them crowded in, yelling threats and insults at the man who had dared to question Don Esteban. There would have been bloody work in another moment, for the Ramalleros were already on the rush; but my cousin put up his hand and asked leave to speak a word.

"I consider myself wronged," he said, "because, although I beat the rider who used foul play to me and crossed the winning-line first, the race has been given against me; and you all know it is only a coward who will lie down under a wrong. Therefore, I have one

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favor to ask of you, Ramalleros and Moreneros, and it is that you look at this affair as one in which I have first claim—not for the sake of the dollars I may lose or win, but for the sake of a gaucho's honor. I ask nothing from this man," pointing to Don Esteban, "but that to which every neighbor's son has a right—fair play and a fair answer to a fair question. He is everything here in Moreno—he has law and lawyers and the police and all authority at his back—and I am only a poor devil and a stranger. But, man to man, I have asked him a question, and I want an answer."

Por Dios, my friend, it was sturdy speaking, yes! Even if he died for it the next minute, no one could deny that, in certain degree, he had reason; and although I felt that the misguided lad had not many moments to live, I was glad, for the sake of our kinship, that he was falling as a gaucho should. The cheering and the yelling had ceased and everybody turned to Don Esteban, who was studying the ground, and drawing crosses in the dust with his boot-toe.

"*Vamos*, Don Esteban," said my cousin, "you have the word now. Speak!"

Don Esteban looked up, and his eyebrows moved twice before he asked: "What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say which horse won the race," said my cousin.

"Mine," answered Don Esteban.

"Then you lie!" cried my cousin.

"What is that you said?" asked Don Esteban, while a deep hush fell upon the crowd and a shiver ran down many a back.

"I said you lied," answered my cousin in a still louder voice, looking him straight in the face, "and I say it again. Why?"

"I only wanted to be sure of your words—that was all," said Don Esteban very quietly.

"And now that you are sure I called you a liar," said my cousin, going a step nearer to him, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing at all, my friend," said Don Esteban, edging away with a look which was full of mystery.

"Then maybe you will do something about this, you wooden fraud!" cried my cousin, bringing down his whip-handle, which rattled on Don Esteban's skull as if it had struck the horn of a cart-bullock. Every man there laid his hand on his knife-haft and leaped back out of the way of the explosion which was expected. But there was no earthquake; none at all. For, see: What do you think our terrible Don Esteban did? By heaven, *señor*, he merely took up his hat which the blow had knocked off! Nothing more than that!

La Gran Siete! You may well be surprised—so were we. Never raised even a finger to punish the man who had insulted and struck him! Just took up his hat and began brushing the dust off it with his sleeve as he slunk away like a kicked dog! And when that ferocious

"YOU WOODEN FRAUD!"

cousin of mine saw him take it that way, he followed him, *señor*, and flogged him as you would flog a bucking colt. If we had not seen it, we could never have believed it; but the shame of his defeat was there before our eyes, naked to all the world, in the blaze of the pampa sunshine. The truth burst upon us like a thunder-clap. Don Esteban was only an old coward after all. He had been imposing upon us for years and years by his solemnity, and his heavy face, and his silent ways, and his fighting fame. A fraud, *señor*—like unto the puff mushroom which looks so creamy and luscious and fresh, yet which crumbles into rotten powder when you pull it. He was a nobody in Moreno after that day. The very dogs despised him. And to think of the fame he once had!

Oh, the race, is it? Yes, the judges were corralled; the fall of Don Esteban terrified them; and they were obliged to have it run over again. The Chestnut won by thirty yards.

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The Opening of the Road

By KATHRYN JARBOE

Illustrations by Mary W. Bonsall

EVERYBODY knew that Miss Melton's hands were as hard as a man's hands, and everybody knew, too, that her heart was as hard as a man's heart. Miss Melton's own hands had bridged the gully that separated her land from the county road; Miss Melton's own hands had felled the giant redwoods that, half burned away, threatened her barns and outbuildings. It was Miss Melton, too, who for ten years had defended her right to block up a thoroughfare that cut off a steep hill on the county road; it was Miss Melton who had answered an appeal for charity for Steve Duboce's widow with the words that the money she paid for taxes helped to run the poorhouse; that she didn't see why she should contribute any more to the support of people who ought to go to the poorhouse if they couldn't look out for themselves.

All this is to show what the world knew about Miss Melton. The rest of the story is about something that the world did not know. Perhaps, though, it would have been well to begin by saying that Miss Melton was a woman who had seen forty winters follow forty summers; a woman who had taken up a government grant on the lower foot-hills of the coast range; a woman who had slaved and toiled for the barest pittance that a niggard nature ever vouchsafed to one of its votaries; a woman who lived all alone on her quarter section, seeing as little as possible of her fellow-creatures, giving nothing to them, receiving nothing from them.

II

FOR forty-eight hours the rain had been coming down in torrents. The bare hill-sides were cut into deep-running gullies, the low lands were lakes, the meadows oozy swamps. Even the sturdy branches of the redwoods drooped dolorously, heavy with

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moisture. Miss Melton had been working hard all through the morning, opening waterways here to safeguard a patch of orchard, damming gullies there to protect her chicken-yards, cutting off broken limbs of trees, tying up hanging wisps of vine, doing the work of three men. At noon, if she had known how to express the idea—possibly if there had been anyone to whom she could express it—she would have said that she was tired. Instead, she told herself that she did not see anything more that needed to be done, or, at least, that there was nothing more that could be done until the rain stopped. As she ate her dinner—a dried herring, a piece of hardtack, and a cup of strong coffee unsweetened, undiluted with cream—she remembered that there was some business that ought to be attended to over at Mrs. Platt's ranch. The roads would be impassable for old Barney, her white horse, but there was a trail over the hills and down through the forest, a trail some four miles long. The distance did not enter into Miss Melton's thoughts. The storm had given her a free afternoon. The business was important. Therefore she would attend to it.

She was admirably costumed for the expedition, although she had given no thought to that question, either. She wore high boots, their tops out of sight under a skirt the hem of which was nearer to her knees than to her ankles. A man's reefer coat was fastened across her broad, flat chest, while over her eyes was pulled the brim of a wide felt hat. All of her garments had long ago resigned their original colors to the elements and were dull and gray in tone. Her hard, brown hands were gloveless, and under one arm she carried a rifle with careless familiarity. There were deep gullies to be jumped, fallen trees to be clambered over, a bog to be crossed, a stream to be forded, but none of these difficulties deterred Miss Melton from carrying out her plan.

III

Mrs. Platt's foreman was away and Mrs. Platt had to be interviewed in his place. The business was simple and quickly arranged with satisfaction to both parties. Not until Miss Melton rose to take her leave did she seem to notice the incongruity of her appearance in the midst of Mrs. Platt's dainty surroundings.

"You'll have to excuse my coming in here in this shape." Miss Melton's voice was low and gentle, but rough from lack of use. "I expected to see Timothy, and—well, I guess my clothes suit the weather, anyway. I must be going along or I'll not be home before dark. It's a rough walk through the woods after a storm like this."

"Couldn't you stay here to-night? I wish you would. I'd be so very glad to have you." The words held more than their conventional meaning, for into Mrs. Platt's mind had come a sudden realization that this uncouth figure before her was a woman, a woman fighting her way through a hard world. The picture of the solitary figure struggling through the darkening forest appalled her.

"Oh, no. No, by no means," began Miss Melton, with a sturdy refusal of the offered hospitality, of the offered sympathy; but before she could finish her sentence Harold Platt, who had entered the room unnoticed, spoke:

"My cart's right here at the door, Mater, and I'm going to drive Miss Melton home—if she'll let me."

Harold Platt had just returned from a two years' sojourn in the vinelands of France, whither he had gone immediately upon the conclusion of a six years' course in a New England University. To him, Miss Melton was little more than a memory of a name; but now, when the name appeared before him garbed in feminine attire, an unfeminine pathos in every awkward line, he greeted it with the chivalrous deference that had won for him the love of every woman—six years old or sixty—whom he had ever met.

There had been the faintest pause before his concluding words, "if she'll let me."

Miss Melton looked at him in frank surprise.

"Of course I'll not let you," she answered bruskly. "What sense would there be in that?"

"I passed your place not an hour ago and the road is in fine shape," he urged. "We could be there in half an hour."

"And the forest trail must be very dark already, and it's so long," Mrs. Platt added.

The warmth from the drowsy log-fire had penetrated Miss Melton's rugged frame. Perhaps she, too, saw a solitary figure splashing through the bog and the creek. She hesitated for an instant.

"It's so good of you to let me!" For so Harold construed her silence. "It's such a waste of time to walk when it's possible to

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drive. Don't you think so? And time is the only thing that has any real value."

"I guess when you've lived *here* a little longer you'll find that time ain't worth much," answered Miss Melton ungraciously. "We'd all be millionaires if the time we had was worth anything."

"If the people here would learn the value of their time they might all be millionaires," Harold answered. He had taken possession of Miss Melton's game-bag and rifle and was already standing at the open door. "We'll have a fine drive," he exclaimed. "The rain has quite stopped."

Miss Melton had followed him, resisting neither mentally nor physically the friendly compulsion of his manner.

"If it's really stopped, I'd better be getting home's quick as I can," she said.

"Now, you see," laughed Harold, "your time *is* valuable. It's a pity that there are not more people like you in the county."

"YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY COMING IN HERE IN THIS SHAPE."

"It's so sweet of you, dear," Mrs. Platt whispered in his ear. "But don't try to treat her like a woman. Talk to her as if she were another man, and you won't find it so hard."

"Don't worry about me," he answered as he bent his head to kiss his mother's soft white hair. "We'll get on famously, I assure you."

IV

Miss Melton sat in the high cart, awkwardly erect, as though her body resented the unwonted submission of her brain. Down the road through the orchard they drove, but to no one of Miss Melton's senses did the fragrant, white blossoms appeal. Harold was telling her his plans for the place, the ideas he had gleaned in foreign lands, the suggestions that he had been considering, but Miss Melton was absolutely unresponsive. She was stubbornly resenting his manner, and at the same time endeavoring to analyze it, to understand it. It was different from anything that she had ever known. Patronage she would have recognized at once; but Harold's manner held no hint of patronage. Mockery and covert insolence she knew, too, but they were also absent. Deference to an ideal divinity she had never heard of, courtesy to each and every elemental part of such a divinity she could not comprehend.

When they had passed the lower gate of the Platt ranch, a faint, suggestive thought flashed through her mind. It was hardly a suggestion, either. It was only the breath, the perfume of a suggestion. Harold had handed her the reins when he jumped from the cart to open the gate, and she had noticed, not actively but passively, that his dark, dogskin gloves matched her own bare hands in hue, almost in texture. When he took the reins from her again, his own hands were bare, and it was then that Miss Melton dimly realized the truth, recognized, if ever so faintly, that Harold Platt was offering to her the courtesy that he would have shown to a woman of his own world. And perhaps for the first time in all of Miss Melton's forty summers and forty winters there was aroused in her breast a glimmering, dawning realization that she was a woman, fashioned, after all, not so differently from other women who received love and courtesy and deference. She shrank from the dawning light, drawing over it the curtain of her own hard life; not in time, though, to check a wave of red blood that rushed from her heart to her cheeks, flushing her throat and ears and brow. For she even blushed like a man, not like a woman.

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DOWN THE WINDING ROAD THROUGH THE ORCHARD.

After that she listened more closely to the words that were flowing smoothly on by her side, less critically analytical of the manner that might lie under or over them. Harold had just been elected president of the Good Roads Committee in the county, and he was telling her his own ideas, asking her suggestions. She had lived there so long and undoubtedly had considered the matter deeply. Did she not think thus and so? Would she not suggest such a plan? Might he not come to her sometimes for help and advice? A man's ideas were apt to be so crude, so useless, unless they were guided by a woman's intuition, a woman's tact.

He was attentive to her comfort, asking her if she were quite sure that the robe covered her, quite sure that it would protect her from the mud that splashed over the wheels. He apologized for a jolt over a stone that he had not seen, a jolt that she had not felt. He discovered a suggestion of Corot in a group of bronze oaks, an Inness value in a cloud-shadowed field, and of Corot and of Inness he talked to her, not as though he were instructing her in some subject of which she was ignorant, but as though he were exchanging ideas with a woman of the world in which he had always lived.

To Miss Melton it was all new, all incomprehensible, but she was no longer making any effort to understand it, to explain it to herself.

When they had crossed the bridge and were driving up to her house, Harold's enthusiasm roused a faint inquiry in her mind. Was it all mockery, after all? Or were her redwoods, in reality, so majestic? Was her vineyard so fine, her orchard so well placed? Only an artist could have chosen such a site for a house, he said; and, perhaps for the first time, Miss Melton saw the wonderful rise and fall of purple hills and green valleys outstretched before her. Over her doorway, climbing up to the shingled roof, concealing the rough, unpainted boards of the cabin, was a cloth-of-gold rose, its yellow blossoms heavy with moisture. Miss Melton had planted the rose carelessly enough in the early days when the cabin was new, and now, perhaps for the first time, she hurriedly picked a handful of the flowers.

"Will you give them to your mother?" she asked.

It was awkwardly done, no doubt, and the incongruity between the rich, golden blossoms and the ungainly, uncouth figure might have forced a smile from lips less courteous than Harold's. In another moment he was gone, and Miss Melton was left alone with her majestic redwoods, her vineyard, her orchard, her wonderful view, and her golden, per-

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"WILL YOU GIVE THEM TO YOUR MOTHER?"

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fumed roses. She saw these, and nothing else. She ignored the dingy, squalid cabin, as Harold had done, she was oblivious to the unkempt, desolate foreground, as he had been. Mechanically she attended to her evening duties, but her mind was not on them; that was still receiving the homage that had been offered to it, still intent on the pleasant, well-modulated voice, on the courteous, smiling lips and eyes that had spoken to it.

V

THE sun had left the cleft depths of her canyon, but the summits of her redwoods were bathed in a golden light, while across the lower valley the wind was trailing ragged wet clouds, black above the earth, golden under the sky. It was only one of a thousand sunsets, only one of Nature's color schemes, but Miss Melton saw it all with new eyes, eyes that had suddenly been opened, eyes that had suddenly been taught to see. She stood in the rose-framed door-way until every faint suggestion of color had faded away, until the black, star-pierced sky was swept by the weird light of a ragged, waning moon. Later, from her own window, she watched the black receive the purple warning of the dawn, the purple fade to violet, through shades of lavender to gray, and the gray grow vivid with the ruddy streaks that heralded the sun. She watched it all, noting each change for the first time in all of the forty winters that had followed forty summers.

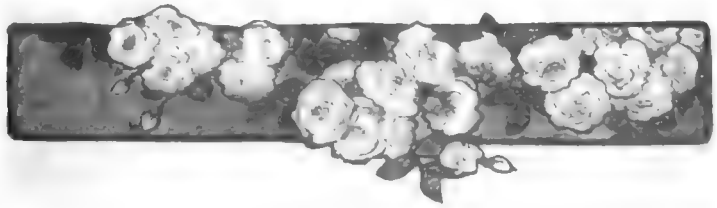
And the hand that had drawn the veil from her eyes had torn away the curtain behind which her whole life had been hid. As she watched through the night she realized for the first time what it would have been to have lived as other women lived. She saw herself young and fresh and fair. She saw friends and a home and a lover—at first, only a lover—an indefinite, impersonal creation, but one that slowly assumed the shape, that slowly acquired the courtesy, the upcurving lips, the liquid brown eyes of the one man who had ever offered her courtesy or deference. The hours passed, and the creatures of her imagination, her own young self and the lover of that self, grew more and more human. She followed their young love. She made their lives run in smooth grooves. She created their home, their family ties. She led them on to a middle age—the woman forty, the man a little older—of quiet, assured devotion, of secure rest and peace.

VI

THE sun's light crept slowly down the tall redwoods, bathing their green branches, their bronze trunks. It caressed each rosy blossom in the orchard and renewed the perfume in the golden roses on Miss Melton's cabin, and then it rested on Miss Melton's bowed head. Her hard hands covered her face, and through her knotted fingers were forced tears as bitter as a man's tears. Her sobs hurt as a man's sobs hurt. But it was not love that shook her with its passion. It was regret, passionate, poignant regret for young days, young joys, and young sorrows that she had never had; and renunciation, bitter, passionate renunciation, of young days, young joys, and young sorrows that she had never known. Following slowly upon these came an acknowledgment of life's possibilities, of her own claim on the world, of the world's claim on her.

VII

MISS MELTON walked down the road that for ten years had been closed to the county. At the boundary of her land she stopped, and with her own hands—that were as hard as a man's hand—she tore down the barricades that she herself had built. A young bay-tree that had grown in the road she chopped down, breathing in its aromatic perfume as though it were frankincense, while the yerba buena that she crushed under her feet wafted its incense to the green dome above her. She paused for a moment when her work was done, her eyes following the long, sun-shot aisles of the forest. Then she tramped on down the road that led into the valley.



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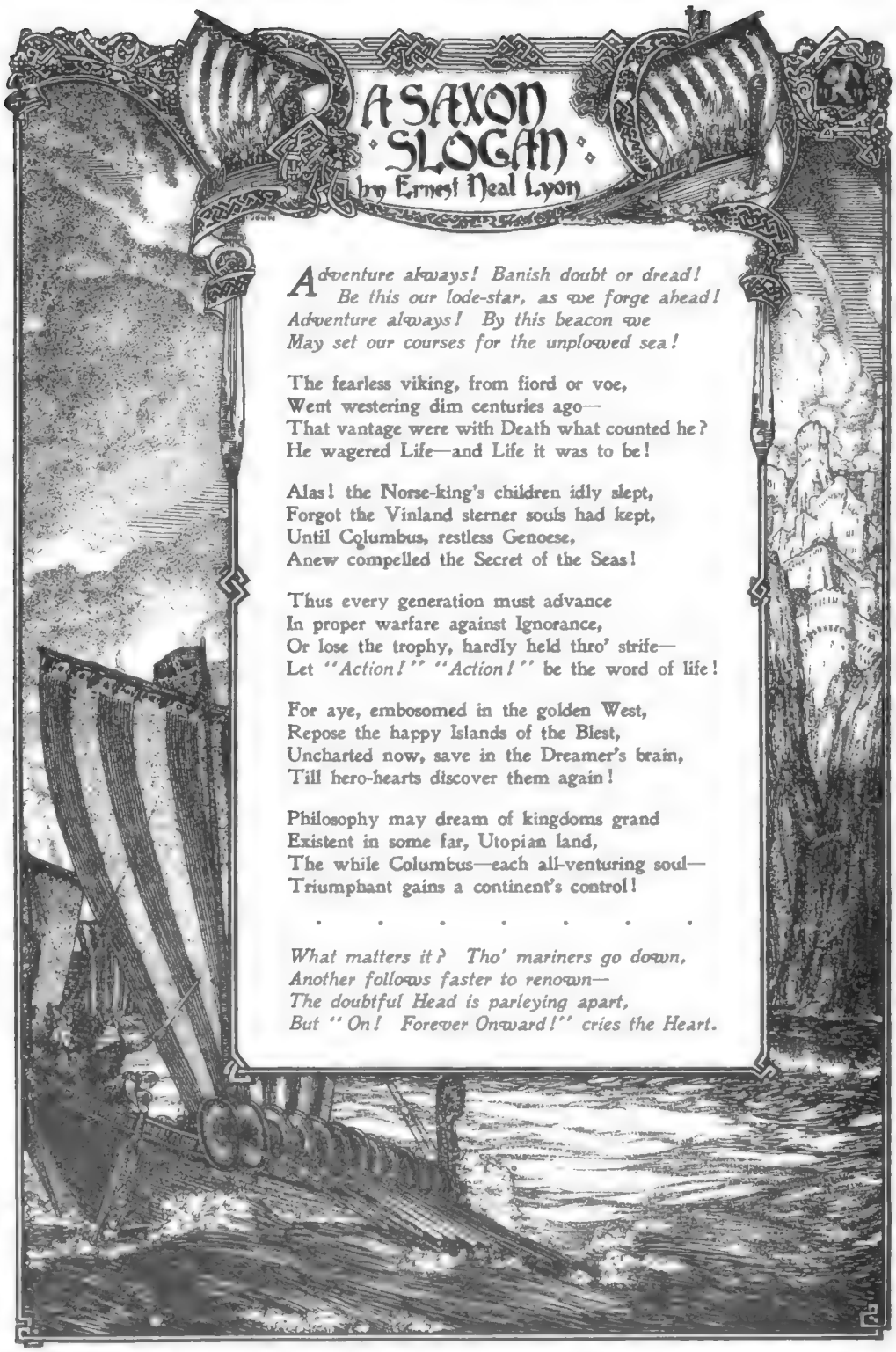

A SAXON SLOGAN

by Ernest Neal Lyon

Adventure always! Banish doubt or dread!
Be this our lode-star, as we forge ahead!
Adventure always! By this beacon we
May set our courses for the unplowed sea!

The fearless viking, from fiord or voe,
Went westering dim centuries ago—
That vantage were with Death what counted he?
He wagered Life—and Life it was to be!

Alas! the Norse-king's children idly slept,
Forgot the Vinland sterner souls had kept,
Until Columbus, restless Genoese,
Anew compelled the Secret of the Seas!

Thus every generation must advance
In proper warfare against Ignorance,
Or lose the trophy, hardly held thro' strife—
Let *"Action!" "Action!"* be the word of life!

For aye, embosomed in the golden West,
Repose the happy Islands of the Blest,
Uncharted now, save in the Dreamer's brain,
Till hero-hearts discover them again!

Philosophy may dream of kingdoms grand
Existent in some far, Utopian land,
The while Columbus—each all-venturing soul—
Triumphant gains a continent's control!

. . . . . .

What matters it? Tho' mariners go down,
Another follows faster to renown—
The doubtful Head is parleying apart,
But "On! Forever Onward!" cries the Heart.

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The Autobiography of a Sea-Captain

Illustration by I. W. Taber

I AM English, and my seafaring began when I was but fifteen years of age, and at a time when steam was still by many seamen regarded as an experiment. I myself so regarded it, until on a phenomenally long passage, during which, as "only mate," I did three men's work and was nearly insane from want of sleep, and watched steamer after steamer charge by on the same course, while our "wind-jammer" rolled in the trough and the crew whistled for wind. It did not require shipwreck within sight of port, and loss of clothes (and pay, for the owners were uninsured and insolvent), to make me resolve to quit sailing-craft for good and all; which I did—as soon as was possible.

It took seven years; for, though third and fourth mates of all but the big liners need not have masters' certificates, second and first mates must show them; and the record of a few voyages in command of deep-water craft is not only a desirable recommendation but insisted on by some lines. In any event such new-comers have the best chance of promotion, and this I learned early in the game. So, with a steamship second officer's berth as my goal, I first made my chief mate's certificate a master's, secured a chief mate's berth in a deep-water ship, and buckled down to my task and tutelage. Luck favored me on my first voyage—good luck for me, bad for others. The skipper sickened and died on the outward passage, and I took charge. The agent at Bombay had no skipper at hand to replace him, and I took the ship home, making—again good luck—an exceptionally fast passage; and the owners responded—I always fancied at the request of the underwriters—by sending me out in command. So here I was, master of a crack clipper, one year after I had given up my first and only mate's berth.

At the end of my fifth long voyage as master I was installed as second officer aboard a Cunarder. I shall never forget the emotions of my first night-watch on the first passage. I was in charge of one thousand lives and one million dollars' worth of property. I had a fourth mate with me on the bridge—a young fellow of about my own age, who had painfully worked his way up through the grades of seaman, quartermaster, and boatswain, and who had stood watch on that bridge for four years, hoping for promotion. And here was I, an outsider, shoved in over his head. I wanted to ask questions of that trained and experienced steamship man, but knew that I must not. Had I done so, I should have lost prestige, lost my power of command. I should have been discussed and criticised in the watch below, by the third mate, the purser, and the assistant engineers, and the result would have been constant annoyance. So I held my peace until eight bells, and then remained on the bridge a full hour of my watch below, discussing steamboat seamanship with the first mate, who, being a passed master himself, and a graduate from my class, gave me sympathy, advice, and encouragement.

This was twenty-seven years ago; but in every night of that twenty-seven years I have experienced to some extent the same emotions that afflicted me on that first night; and in the passing of these twenty-seven years I have made a record shared with but few men in command of ships—I have never lost a man nor a passenger through fault of my own, nor a dollar's worth of property not covered by the General Average risk of the underwriters. And I base my immunity from criticism mainly on the continued emotions of that first night on the bridge of a steamship—on the conviction that no incapacity of my subordinates would relieve me of responsibility, and that if disaster must come, I *must* be the man to mistakenly plan it. This, I know, is contrary to the growing modern conception that the master of a passenger steamship may successfully command her through storm, fog, and snow after the manner of the manager of a trust—by sitting at his desk in slippers, receiving the reports of his mates and quartermasters, and by issuing orders—pen and ink, or telephone; but my method has proved successful in my own case, and I am too old a man to learn new tricks.

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Though the sense of responsibility has never left me, the distrust of myself did gradually wear away, and soon I could mount the bridge and take the course, happenings of the past watch, and the captain's orders with an equanimity born of the belief in my ability to perform my part—to know instinctively the proximity and location of an iceberg hidden in the fog, the direction from which comes the faint sound of a fisherman's horn or bell, the exact moment when, with due regard to the interests of owners, consignees, underwriters, and passengers, it is advisable to slow down, or when, with miles of sea-room around and unknown fathoms beneath, with fishermen far away, and nothing but the infinitesimal chance of a stray sailing-craft being in the way, it is best to charge along at full speed through the fog or snow that hides the forestay from view of the bridge. These are the things that a watch-officer must decide from his inner consciousness, and the repeated problems make him old. My hair was a nice iron-gray shade in three years after that first watch on the bridge.

At the end of these three years I was promoted to first mate's berth. Four years more brought me a command—of the oldest and slowest boat in the line. But I expected no more, and was content that in fourteen years of effort I had achieved my purpose. I was master of an Atlantic liner, one that had been a crack boat in her time, so that I wore as broad a band of gold on my cap as the senior commander of the line.

As captain of a steamship I was face to face with duties and problems that had never come to me before, either as officer or as master of a wind-jammer. Before, I contended with wind and sea, and with trained humanity. Now, with four mates to assist me, I had less of the weather on my mind but much more of humanity, and the most untrained, undisciplined humanity in the world—wealthy people with a large self-respect and a comprehensive knowledge of their rights, who, if they hailed from the Continent, might not balk at tipping the captain, and if from the States, at an effort at buying him.

I remember that late in my career, when I was in command of a big record-breaker, I was offered a tip by a young Frenchman, evidently with more money than he could spend in one lifetime, who brought me a long and voluble tale of trouble with the stewards. As he had a genuine grievance, I sent for the purser and head steward, and between us we straightened it out. My subordinates left my office, but the Frenchman remained long enough to reach over my shoulder as I wheeled around to my desk and laid a pound note under my nose. I caught him before he got to the door, rubbed the bank-note around his countenance, dropped it and pushed him out. Then I sent for a countryman of his—a ragged and greasy "spud-peeler" in the cook's department, an ex-gamin of Paris, I think—and gave him instructions to deliver the bank-note to the Frenchman with my compliments. I do not know where—whether in the saloon, on the promenade, or in his own apartments—that gentleman received the message and money. I did not care.

Next day, however, I received, by letter, a beautiful apology. It stated that he was a stranger among strangers, unused to the customs of alien people, and that in eight months of continental travelling he had not had a tip refused. Cooler after a night's sleep, I forgave him, and accepted a cigar from him at the gangway in New York.

But in thus losing my temper I was guilty of a slight dereliction of duty to the company. The first business of the captain is, of course, to take his ship and passengers safely from port to port—or rather, from pilot to pilot. The ship's safety assured, however, he is expected to act as a sort of host to the company's guests, and do all in his power to induce them to travel again in the same vessel. He must, as tactfully as he can, adjust their disputes, pacify angry women, comfort frightened ones, and judge correctly just when to send one whose conduct is questionable to her room for the rest of the passage. He must know when to forbid the bartender to serve more liquor to a passenger who is drinking too much, and just when to post the notice in the smoking-room that gamblers are on board. Passengers must not be antagonized, unless they antagonize others more valuable to the company than themselves; for the company exists to carry the public over the ferry, not to better their morals.

A master, under English maritime law, is a magistrate at sea. He may, if he wishes, perform marriages on board, and such ceremonies are as binding as though performed on shore. He may require a woman of suspicious appearance to sequester herself.

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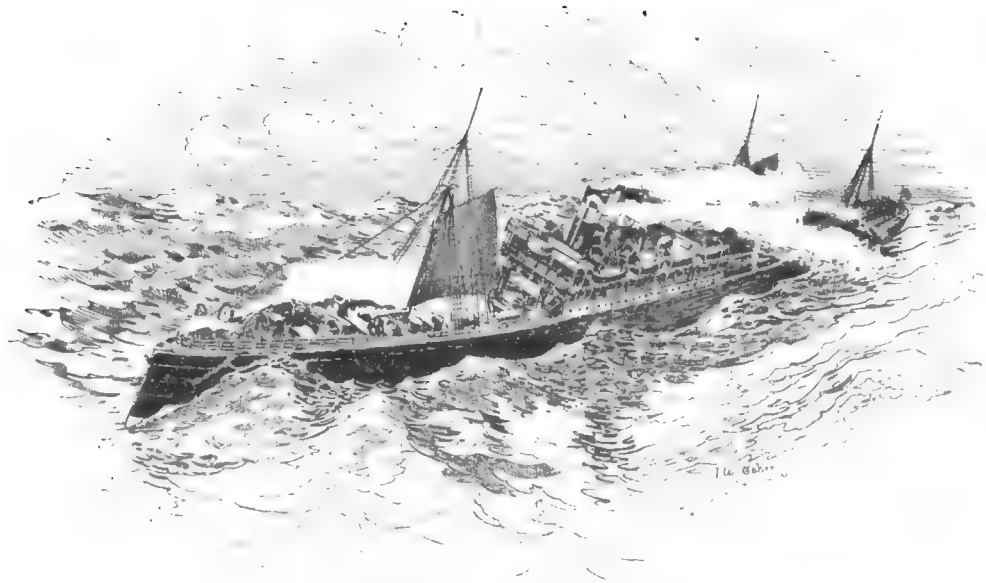

IN THE TEETH OF HALF A GALE.

and if she refuse, order force to be used in removing her. He may put the president and board of directors in irons if they interfere with his navigation of the ship; and though it is probable that he will soon be out of a berth if he pursue such courses, he will suffer no legal punishment.

With all this power and prestige behind me, I have seldom taken advantage of it. I have had a few conflicts with gamblers, but never invoked forces outside my own personality in dealing with them; for I have found that men—not women, but men—like me, respect me, and will do what I tell them. Once I put a drinking tough in irons, and once confined a half-dozen noisy Yale graduates in the baggage-room until they admitted the truth of my assertion that a college man was still a boy, and that though individually he might be a gentleman, collectively he was a rowdy. We heard no more of their infernal college yell on that passage, though on the dock at Liverpool they gave it to me with three cheers.

There was one conflict, between a chief engineer and myself, which I may speak of, because it concerns a matter near to the heart of every steamship officer who goes to sea, be he on the bridge or in the engine-room. I mean the antagonism which engineers feel toward bridge-officers.

Now there is no denying the value of the engineer; he takes long to learn his trade—a "chief" longer, perhaps, than does the first officer, with whom he ranks in position and whom he outranks in pay. But, as is natural, the importance of his work has produced a corresponding self-importance in the man. He jealously guards his knowledge of engines from the inquisitive and amateurish curiosity of the mere mate or captain. He does not like to explain. The engines cannot run, says the engineer, and a tactful captain accepts the situation without question. Navigation and seamanship, judgment of wind and sea, coming of years of conscious study and unconscious perception, the ability to handle frightened passengers and quell panics, the sixth sense which is neither hearing nor seeing, but which can determine the location in thick fog of a horn or whistle over the confusing hum of machinery and rushing of wind—all these attributes count for little in the engineer's inner mind compared with knowledge of steam and steel. And so, buried away from enlightening and broadening friction with other conditions, the engineer is apt to develop an arrogance that is peculiarly trying to his brother officer of the bridge.

I had such a chief engineer in the last ship I commanded. She was one of the best afloat at the time, but, as compared with modern ships, a little weak in the matter of water-tight compartments and steam-fittings. Briefly, what led me into conflict with my engineer was this: We were well out at sea, charging along at twenty knots,

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almost in the teeth of a half-gale, the rushing of which drowned all but the loudest of other sounds, and through a damp darkness that could be felt more than seen. Somehow, without really knowing why, I decided that ice was ahead, and ordered the wheel starboarded, following this with the order, "Hard over." The ship turned just in time; for a whitening of the fog on the starboard bow resolved itself into an iceberg. Its ends were out of sight in the smudge, but its upper edge was visible, leaning far out over our trucks, and as we scraped and plunged along the icy wall in a turmoil of cross-sea, the foretopgallant-stay, acting saw-like for a moment, brought down a huge out-reaching spur of ice, which, big as a small house and weighing many tons, crashed on to number one hatch and went through. No one was hurt; we cleared the iceberg, resumed our course, and then attempted to get that ice out of the cargo.

A square steel shaft, the size of the hatch opening, led down from the main deck through the 'tween-deck, on which were the galleys, store-rooms, and living quarters of the crew, opening into a cargo compartment on the next deck below. This compartment, which was not water-tight, was nearly filled with barrels of lime, above which, and filling the steel shaft up to the main deck, was a miscellaneous assortment of woodenware, farm implements mostly, as well as bags of ham and bacon, and butter and tallow in kids; a highly inflammable cargo, were there danger from fire. And this was just the danger that confronted us. Fire caused by a lump of ice, so big and unwieldy that we could not get it out.

It had crashed its way down into the assorted woodenware without breaking, and to get a strap around it was impossible, though we had steam and derrick power to lift it if this were only once done. As it was, we were compelled to let the ice remain and melt away from the internal heat of the ship. It was twelve hours before the dwindled lump could be taken out, and by this time smoke was arising from below. We knew what had happened; the lime, slaked by the dripping water, had set fire to the wooden staves, and all near-by wood.

I immediately had a jury-hatch constructed, as air-tight as possible, hoping to smother the fire; but this did not answer. Lime needs no oxygen to go on slaking and boiling at a temperature hot as flame, and so long as the dribbling of water continued the lime would remain hot. Moreover, the scuppers would not only supply all the air needed by the burning wood, but would carry away most of the water that we might send down. It was impractical to attempt flooding the compartment. The heat and smoke increased, driving the crew and cooks from the quarters below, and a thousand frightened passengers troubled me with their outcries; for the fire could not be concealed from them. At this juncture I ordered the 'tween-deck pump rigged, and it was here that I ran foul of my chief engineer. He sought me on the bridge.

"Captain," he said earnestly, "are you intending to pour more water on that lime?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"I protest, captain," he said. "It is insanity. You will slake every barrel of lime and make matters worse. There is human life at stake."

I spoke quietly, informing him that I not only knew what I was about, but was master of the ship and responsible as such.

"And I am chief engineer," he answered hotly, "and responsible to the company that employs me. I will not sanction suicidal lunacy. The steam pumps are in my department, and I refuse to allow you to use them."

"Sir," I said, "unless you immediately leave this bridge and ratify my orders in regard to the rigging of that pump, I will put you in irons as a mutineer." Then I looked him in the eyes.

He resisted my stare for a moment, then muttering that he would file his report at the office, went down, and soon the hose was stretched and spouting water on the 'tween-deck below, ready to lead into the superheated galley, which abutted on to the square steel shaft, too hot now to touch. I personally superintended the use of the water. Through the wooden deck of the galley I had a small hole cut just large enough to permit the hose to enter, and another in the temporary hatch above, a little larger, but not too large to stuff with a bunch of oakum. It was a trick I had learned in my sailing-ship days, and not a new one at all; but it was new to that engineer. Steam is a gas of the same chemical components as water, but occupying 1,700 times the room of the water that goes to form it. My purpose was not to drown that fire with a deluge of water, that would only slake more lime, and set fire to

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more wood as fast as the heat dried it, but to form steam by introducing small quantities of water where the heat was greatest, and thus drive out the air and smother the fire.

My plan succeeded; hardly more than a bucket of water, thrown in from the galley, sent a belching cloud of smoke and steam up through the hole in the hatch—which was immediately plugged with oakum. When the hose was withdrawn in the galley the hole made for it was similarly plugged. Then, after an interval of a minute, the experiment was repeated. In twelve hours more the fire was out. The engineer filed no report at the office; instead, he resigned, having learned something about steam. I have never met him since, but have heard from him at times, and believe him the only enemy I have ever made.

This marks my extreme use of the power given me over men. With women it is different; for I have invariably—though not willingly—yielded to the power vested in them. Perhaps the attributes that give me command of men are the ones that weaken me before women; at any rate I cannot get along with them. I am not a bewildering success as a host for the company's guests. The "woman who wants to know" is considered by most captains as the greatest affliction of the Western Ocean; but to me she is a blessing compared to the woman who holds me up on the deck to show me her baby.

After several trying experiences, I rigidly excluded women and children from my immediate vicinity, but from this extreme I was brought back by a bitter lesson. We had a very light passenger-list on one voyage, most of them women. There were two consignments of English beauties for the New York vaudeville stage, and an assorted lot of women delegates from all over Europe, on their way to a mothers' congress in Philadelphia. Besides, there were about fifteen fools of the other sex, and a few intelligent fellows who appreciated a joke well enough to let it grow. The joke was on me.

We had come out of the channel with an easterly gale and had gone along with it. Three days out the wind died away completely, but our speed made it an apparent head-wind of twenty knots, and a twenty-knot wind is quite a gale to many women. My passengers came on deck in their shawls and rugs, looking nervous and unhappy; but in spite of their common state of mind I noticed that the chorus-girls and the delegates would not mix—at least, not yet. However, that was not my business, and I rigidly stuck to my rule of exclusiveness.

In the afternoon we came up with a dismasted ship rolling in the trough. She was a four-master, with nothing standing but a stump of the jigger-mast, and a pair of sheers forward, where her crew was working on a jury-foremast. The passengers were immensely excited, and crowded to the rail to look—some coming forward to call up questions to me. The English ensign, union down, was flying from the stump of the jigger-mast, and everyone knew that this was a signal of distress. The vessel certainly looked distressed; deep-laden, she plunged, and wallowed, and rolled in that heavy sea till it seemed even the stump must go. She took the water in on one side and spilled it over the other; and in this Niagara men were working at the sheers. They lowered the ensign, hoisted their number in the International Signal Code, and asked to be reported. I asked if they intended to abandon, and their answer was in the negative; so, signalling that I could not tow them, I went on, possessed by two powerful and conflicting emotions—admiration for the pluck and seamanship of that skipper, and regret that the law, which forbids a mail-boat to stop except to save life, prevented me from earning salvage money.

In this frame of mind I was badly prepared to discuss matters with about fifty indignant women who flocked up on the bridge a couple of hours later. Down on the main deck were the fifteen fools I have spoken of, too cowardly to come to the front, but quite as indignant as the women, and behind them, grinning up at me, were the half-dozen jokers, who, I knew even in that moment of surprise and confusion, were at the bottom of the whole thing. My passengers had held a meeting, as I learned afterward, and denounced me for my inhumanity in leaving a wrecked vessel to her fate. They had even adopted resolutions, and they shoved a typewritten copy—each clause beginning with the customary "Resolved that"—under my nose, declaring that two other carbon copies were to be given to the New York and London papers.

A tactful man could have settled this tempest in a teapot with a few well-chosen words; but, uniting their forces—delegates and actresses of one mind in the face of such

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heartlessness—they had come to me in my moment of weakness. I could only order them to leave the bridge, and on their decisive refusal to leave until ready, left it myself; I wakened the first officer and sent for the chief steward, secluding myself safely in my own room. These two diplomats got the delegation down on deck, and when they were quiet enough the former explained to them the mysteries of the International Code, and showed them the signalled questions and answers entered in the log-book by the quartermaster. The women had not known of the silent conversation by means of little flags, and had never heard of the restrictions imposed by law upon mail-boats. But, though forced by cold logic to yield their position in the matter, even to the extent of destroying their heart-felt resolutions, they made no explanation nor apology to me, and every mother's daughter of them snubbed me at the gangway when she left the ship.

I will say here that though I yield to no man in my admiration and respect for women, and am in no sense a woman-hater, I do regard them as little girls grown up, illogical, capricious, and curious—a heavy handicap to any ambitious man, and an actual menace to him if he has charge of human life and other men's property. It is for this reason that steamship companies forbid their captains to carry their wives with them as passengers, and it is for this reason that I have never married. The existence in a man's life of a woman, even though she be 3,000 miles away, is a menace to his judgment.

True, I am a lonely old man, and, if I last a few years longer, shall retire to a homeless old age; but I can look back upon a life of success. I have commanded some of the largest and fastest of Atlantic steamers—the best in the world. I have lowered the record five times in three different ships, and am one of the few men in the world who have passed the 500-mark in crossing the pond. Small compensation, some may say, for a life without the love and companionship of women. But with love and companionship, my life might have gone out in disgrace early in the game. So I am satisfied.

The Man Who Died

By ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

THIS man, my friend, was great;
Therefore greater he than any verse,
Greater than all expression.
Silence, ye singers! Let faint voices die.
Out, lights! let here no puny flame arise.
Silence and darkness brood upon this one
Who hath departed us and hath gone back
Into the elemental, boundless dark.

Alas! the ones whose eyes beheld it not,
They looked upon a torrent in its course,
And from far distance of their littleness
Deemed some brook flowed. Those listened in the storm,
And with their deafness heard a zephyr pass.
Insight—oh, gossamer from soul to soul—
Shall bear alone the void's eternal speech.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

CANON WADE QUESTIONS HENRY VAN DYKE

THE excellent article, "Is the World Growing Better?" in the December number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is full of suggestions and contains much material for thought. May I ask the able writer through your "Straight Talk" columns the following questions?

(1) If the world is growing better, how is it that crime appears to be increasing in the land which many believe to be the most civilized and Christianized on earth—the United States? At the dinner given by the Author's Club in London, Eng., on the 5th inst. (December 5, 1904), the president, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, referring to the laxity of law and its administration in the United States, said that 'that great nation had outgrown its legal strength with appalling results. Whilst Great Britain in the Boer War lost 22,000 lives, the United States lost in the same three years 32,000 lives through murder or homicide. This would be a piteous end to the high hopes of those who looked to America as the Utopia of the future; but,' he added, 'America would crush this foul growth by strengthening the machinery of law and putting judges on a higher basis.'

(2) If the world is growing better, how is it that this same progressive nation can receive with equanimity such a report as that of the United States Inter-State Commerce Commission, which says that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, on railroads alone 3,554 persons were killed and 45,477 injured; especially when we remember that most accidents of this kind are the result of the avarice which cares little or nothing for human life so long as stocks are inflated and fat dividends paid?

(3) If the world is growing better, how is it that insanity is increasing everywhere with frightful and alarming velocity? Under the heading, "The World Going Mad," a Chicago correspondent of the *Daily Mail* writes:

"Experts declare that one person in every 150 in this city is insane, and one in every five predisposed to insanity. The increase in lunacy has been very rapid in the last ten years, and more so in Chicago than in any other city.

"Dr. James P. Lynch declares that one-half of the civilized world will be insane 500 years hence under the present conditions of living, and that in 200 years more most of the Caucasian race will be mentally deranged.

"'Civilization will be wiped off the face of the earth,' he says, 'by barbarians from Asia.'"

I am an optimist. All is going to end in the triumph of right. Christ, the only capable King, will be regnant soon, and the glorious sovereignty of the highest good will be established then. But oh, the combination against Him now!

Let Tennyson's words cheer us as we listen to the New Year's bells of 1905:

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Hamilton, Ont. CANON WADE.

ARE SIN AND SUFFERING INEVITABLE?

I HAVE read your note in the December number on page 868, headed "You Do Care," introducing the article by Henry van Dyke entitled "Is the World Growing Better?" Have read your note twice; also the article twice. In the note you ask me, as a reader, how I should answer the question. After reading the article and comparing the drift of the argument with my own studies during a period of forty years touching the philosophical principles underlying the progress of the race, I know that I am one of the very few who cannot be called presumptuous in answering the question, not merely as a matter of guesswork, but by a series of affirmations solidly based upon the constitution of humanity as that constitution relates to his present condition, and prospectively to his future destiny. These affirmations will show from a scientific and philosophic viewpoint why, paradoxical as it may seem, sin and evil and suffering and death are inevitable and absolutely necessary as primary elements in the divine education of the race as the offspring of God.

The question is indeed pertinent, and of vital interest to every human being; and in the very nature of the case there can be but one answer, in the affirmative; but, to carry irresistible conviction of certainty, and the uplifting inspiration of a hope whose anchor chain reaches beyond the seemingly final dissolution of death, the answer must be based upon

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those testimonies that can only come as revelations from the lips of Him who alone is conducting the whole educational process involved in the gradual uplifting of the race to that point where it shall pass from the temporary and transitory conflicts of good and evil into the graduating class, where its higher developments will be unhampered by the destructive forces now striving to pull down humanity from its predestined throne of everlasting righteousness and universal dominion. Dr. van Dyke's theology as a Presbyterian unfortunately shuts him out from the viewpoint of the divine conductor of humanity's education, and it is no wonder that in his third point his "guessing" becomes confused and uncertain, with, indeed, one struggling ray of hope in the "life that was born in Bethlehem nineteen centuries ago," but even that ray is so shrouded by the unnecessary mazes of his theology as to be itself an inscrutable mystery where no mystery was intended by the divine teacher. But noticing the superficial inadequacy of his argument—good as far as it goes—I was greatly surprised at the price you paid, when another magazine would pay not more than two cents a word. But that concerns me not; what does concern me is the fact that my time is out, and I do not see where I can spare the dollar for another year's subscription, and I hate to give up the reading of the best magazine that I know of. C. S. T.

Cobden, Ill.

HENRY VAN DYKE'S WORLD

EDIFYING and instructive were Henry van Dyke's "track rule" tests, in the December number of EVERYBODY'S, to show which way the world is moving. But he modestly withheld his conclusion further than as it might be inferred from suggestion and optimistic bias, and virtually turned over the venerable conundrum "Is the world growing better?" to a jury of a million or more of EVERYBODY'S readers.

It is safe to predict that the jury will disagree, leaving the case open to forensic arguments perhaps decades hence. But as one of the numerous panel, I wish to call attention to a vital point which the learned court well-nigh overlooked, viz., that the world cannot grow better unless its ideals grow better, and those ideals must have their chief sources in the popular heart.

Intellectual development and material increment require a greatly accelerated activity at the seat of mundane affections and conscience, else the world would soon become mentally top-heavy, as was Greece, on the one hand, or overballasted and brutalized by substantial acquisition, as was Rome, on the other.

It may be feared that the correlation of forces is tending to lose its poise, and that the heart-beats, though stronger and more rapid than ever before, are relatively too slow to counterbalance intellectual energy directed to sordid ends, and the degenerating adoration of dollars which seems to dominate Christendom. Even patriotism is compelled by commercialism to assume chameleon hues as ordered by the flag-following mandates of trade. The social disintegrations caused by the divorce evil and the ubiquitous liquor traffic, to which Dr. van Dyke refers, threaten to leave the world's piston-rod motionless over the "dead centre," if they do not cause actual retrogression.

The more baleful conditions and tendencies are kept before the public eye, the less reason there will be to become pessimistic, for they will then command attention. With best and growing ideals ever in the fore, we may safely enjoy convivialities with "John Friendly" and Henry van Dyke.

Cleveland, O. H. E. F.

FOOT-PATH TO PEACE

IT may be opportune to give to others my little scheme of right-doing—with regard to our attitude toward our fellow beings—more especially to those who have read and written for and against the "Inhumanity" of this workaday world.

Over my desk I have hung van Dyke's "Foot-path to Peace," which is at everyone's command. At one side of it are these lines:

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the one for me is the one who'll smile
When everything goes wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And that always comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth
All the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

These are not new, nor is the toast which hangs on the other side, but there are worlds of possibilities in them for the woman who will read them and apply them.

There's so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
It hardly behooves any of us
To speak ill of the rest of us.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the eminently successful manner in which you are bringing EVERYBODY'S to the front. To be sure, great stress is laid upon the advantage to you of Mr. Lawson's articles, but 'tis plainly evident that there is great advancement in the other departments of the magazine.

"With the Procession" is full of good things in small space, for the busy reader. L. B.

Wenham, Mass.

ON THE MAP

MANY Brownsville readers of EVERYBODY'S "With the Procession" for December were somewhat astonished to learn that this town had switched across the Rio Grande and become a part of Mexico. This reiterates a tale told by envious contemporaries, that because of the shifting of the river current Brownsville is now landed high and dry on to the adjoining republic.

Not to spoil a good story, but to set things right, let me say that Brownsville is in the same place that General Taylor found it, in the Mexican War, and the Rio Bravo yet flows unvexed to the Gulf as aforetime, when New York's noted financier, James Stillman, first saw the light of day in this little city.

With the World's Fair premium for the best sugar-cane, as well as prizes for the first shipments of rice and cotton, with a climate outvying "the glorious climate of California," and a soil of unexampled richness, thanks to the fructifying silt of the Rio Grande del Norte, the Brownsville country may well afford to smile at the vagaries born of envy of those in sections that cannot emulate the untold riches the wonderland of the Southwest possesses.

The title name of the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railway, now in operation, is a prophecy of

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the triune cities that must wax greater and greater on the completion of the Isthmian Canal.

Brownsville is all right and on the right side of the river, and, as Emerson says:

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Brownsville, Tex. J. G. B.

IDEALISTS STILL LIVE

BOTH myself and family have greatly enjoyed the poems by Ernest Neal Lyon which have appeared in your magazine. We are glad to note that in this excessively materialistic and commercial age there are some idealists left, and that the expression of their thoughts may still have a place in America's foremost publication. J. B. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A STYLISH BEGGAR

I AM going to give a few thoughts on beggars, suggested by Mr. Waters's articles in your magazine. But first let me say how much I value EVERYBODY'S. I have purchased only two copies of the magazine (the December and the January numbers), but if the price were twenty-five cents a copy I would not be without it. I think *everybody* is more than willing to pay the increased price of fifteen cents, and doubt if the edition of 700,000 copies will last very long. It is a high-grade magazine in every sense of the word.

There is, and has been for the last three or four years, an old man begging in this neighborhood. He comes on a certain day every week, and has become so well acquainted with the people of the block that he has "regular customers," whom he's sure of. He knows the houses where he will be turned away, and shuns them. When a new family moves on the block, he tries it, and if he is treated well, that family becomes one of his customers. Some of his "regulars" give him food, and others money.

He is about seventy years of age, not bad-looking, and dresses as well as most of his "customers." He wears a good suit, whole, well-shined shoes, laundered shirt and collar, necktie, and a good felt hat. In winter he has an overcoat.

I have never heard his story, and can't imagine how he works constantly on the sympathies of the same people. C. W. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PICTURE WITHOUT BACKGROUND

EVERYBODY'S is so wholly *unique*, that, though "With the Procession" is interesting, I should like to see an experiment tried there.

I have long thought that a department to counteract the horrible things with which the newspapers are filled, would be a boon.

Instead of telling how bad humanity is, and what frightful things it is doing, let us hear of the kind and unselfish acts.

If one observes, almost every day he learns of some touchingly generous incident.

An open department, devoted to the record of these things, would—it seems to me—be most inspiring, and would make largely for optimism.

Many persons would be kind, if they knew just how to go about it. I have held in thankful remembrance a woman who, being possessed of some fine pictures and German transparencies, had the habit of loaning these treasures to friends or neighbors who were ill, or convalescent. Everyone knows how weary one gets of looking at the same pictures, or at the wall-paper, as one lies in bed.

A bit of statuary, a music-box, a piece of bric-a-brac, any beautiful object, would relieve the tedium of sickness; and would be more highly prized at home, after a short absence.

EVERYBODY'S, which is doing so much real good, seems to me just the centre for the dissemination of such ideas. M. E. M.

Las Vegas, N. M.

SELF-SATISFIED SERVANTS

WHEN Miss Bensley in her "Experiences of a Nursery Governess," in your magazine for January, touches on the proneness of women stenographers, bookkeepers, and clerks to look down on the girl who is earning her living as a nursery governess, she but illustrates the tendency of the average self-supporting woman to consider her own line of work vastly superior to all others. It all depends upon the point of view, and the axiom that a true lady is one not because of her position, but often in spite of it, is in danger of being lost sight of. But whatever their sisters of the shops and offices may think of the standing of nursery governesses and maids, both of these last-named classes are well satisfied as to their own dignity and worth. I once overheard a Fräulein and an Irish nurse-maid discussing trained nurses, three of whom were in the house at the time, taking care of a very ill child. The mistress of the household treated the nurses as her equals, but the servants did not accord them the same consideration. The nursery governess and the maid referred to them in contemptuous tones. They felt aggrieved that they were paid but $25 a month, while the hospital graduates commanded $25 a week, and they refused to admit that there was any justice in this, for to their way of thinking, trained nurses were lower than they in the social scale. E. S.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

BATHING IN LUXURY

MR. WOOD, in his article "Is Bathing Good for Us?" in the November issue, wonders why, just when any hygienic reform is firmly established, someone is certain to cry out a positive warning against it. It is probably because about that time some of its advocates will begin to carry it to an extreme. The cold bath in which Mr. Wood delights seems to me a case in point. I have no intention of disputing the old adage that cleanliness is next to godliness, nor his more modern theory that it is the former virtue which has given the English-speaking races their present superior standing. It is not the bath of cleanliness to which I object, but that of momentary fashion—two things that differ as greatly as does the clothing required for comfort from that demanded from the viewpoint of fashion, and which call for as much thought as to their respective suitability under different circumstances.

To a vigorous person in a luxurious bath-room, surrounded by a general household temperature of summer heat, a plunge into water, which, even if

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unwarmed, can scarcely be of icy coldness, may be as harmless and refreshing as the small boy's river dip. But let another person, not of superior vitality, arise in an unwarmed bedroom and perform the same ablution, thereafter descending to a sitting-room in which the coal is still burning blue after its morning "shake-down" or the wood heater has not yet "got in its work," to eat a hasty breakfast in another chilly room and ride a long distance in a draughty car, and he may find something more than a little towel-exercise necessary to prevent his cold bath proving a very unpleasant, not to say dangerous, experiment. That Mr. Wood's veteran was able to endure the exposure mentioned simply proves him an old man of extraordinarily strong constitution. To many people in certain states of health the cold bath even within-doors might well prove fatal, and it seems to me that warnings against the reckless adoption of vigorous "health" ideas should be as frequently uttered as those against the indiscriminate use of powerful drugs. H. M. M.

Poysippi, Wis.

DYSPEPSIA—THE OCTOPUS

A WHILE back you requested criticism, and I have been hoping that some more gifted critic than I would call attention to what I have noticed, but as it has apparently been left to "yours truly" I will attempt to explain.

For the able manner in which Eugene Wood dealt with "The Great White Plague" he is entitled to, and no doubt received, the thanks of thousands of lung-sufferers; but did anyone particularly notice that portion of his paper where he in effect says that *tuberculosis germs are practically harmless, except when they catch you below par?*

This seems to me the most significant statement of his article, for if the question, "What is the most prevalent cause of a condition 'below par'?" were put to the inhabitants of these United States, a vast majority would reply, *Dyspepsia.*

Therefore, if EVERYBODY'S can persuade Mr. Wood to tackle this octopus, the number of not only those who suffer from lung diseases, but from nearly all others, would soon be reduced. S. H.

New York City.

POOR MEN EXCLUDED

UNDER "Straight Talk," in the November number of your magazine, papers on climate are asked for, with a view to stemming the tide of fruitless travel of those in search for health.

In Los Angeles we meet many woe-begone, hopeless faces, and in our charity hospitals are many who have been misled in coming here and who will never see their loved ones again.

This has often been called the "land of perpetual sunshine," but it is not quite perpetual. We have a long, delightful summer, with only an occasional day when there is no breeze blowing. But preceding our rainy season we have many mornings and evenings of heavy fogs; the fogs lasting in the mornings till ten and eleven, often later. This is a season of colds and coughs even among the healthy. In other climates colds usually follow imprudence or disregard of the laws of health, but here one contracts a cold in ways that are mysterious.

We have summer weather in the middle of a sunshiny day, which lowers from eighty degrees at 3 P.M. to fifty-two at 12 P.M. To be comfortable, one must change his clothing three times a day. This is no poor man's climate. Many able-bodied people fail to find employment, and there is less chance for the unhealthy. Persons without robust constitutions, on applying for work on ranches, have actually been met with a sign like this: "This is no health resort." MRS. S. E. B.

Los Angeles, Cal.

ENDLESS CHAIN OF HELPFULNESS

I WAS much interested in your "Straight Talk" on "Consumption" in the December EVERYBODY'S. In the latter part you suggest the forming of a club consisting of one million members who will contribute $1 yearly toward the expense of employing physicians who will experiment and try to find out the cause of this dread disease. You will do a good work for your country if you will start such a club; and if you will do so, I will guarantee to begin in our community with at least ten members, each of whom in turn will try to interest ten more members. This, of course, will be a small proportion of a million members, but if a few endless chains of this kind be started in the various sections of the country, you ought to be able to get members very rapidly. I, of course, am a very busy man, but will be glad to do what I can for the movement. Would suggest that persons contributing to this fund be entitled to medical advice on this dread disease gratis from the physicians employed by this club, provided they enclose postage for reply. C. P.

Madeira, O.

A ZERO CURE

YOUR agitation of the out-door treatment of consumption will attract wide attention and in the end do much good. We wish there were more with the ability and disposition to be as liberal as Dr. John E. Ennis, in his attempt to bring the balmy climate of Florida within the reach of some of the unfortunate victims of the "White Plague."

Possibly a few lines from another extreme of the country will be opportune. We believe that, all things considered, no section of the United States can offer more favorable conditions to the consumptive than the Northwest. We have what the South has not, a cold, bracing atmosphere, and what the South cannot easily get, good beef, fresh eggs, and cream, plentiful and cheap. These food items are very important in the treatment of consumption. It is well known that cold air is more tonic, bracing, and invigorating than warm air. Warm air relaxes the system and does not stimulate the appetite to the same degree. Cold air, too, is drier and will hold less moisture than warm air, another important item in the treatment. The State of Minnesota has set apart a tract of land in Cass County in the pineries around Leech Lake to be used as a sanatorium for consumptives, where we look to see better results than in the South. The following case will illustrate what can be done in this vigorous climate, noted for its large percentage of days of sunshine.

In August, 1900, a young man came to the writer with the following history: Family history showed he had lost a father and one brother from consumption, and another brother was in the last stages of the disease. Personal history: Age thirty, German, occupation mail-carrier, had lost about thirty pounds

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in weight in six months, troublesome cough, pulse 120 to 130 per minute, P.M. temperature 103.5°, severe night-sweats every night, microscope showed sputum full of tubercle bacilli.

He was advised that his only salvation was in an outdoor or tent life. A wall-tent, ten by twelve feet, was procured and set up in a field near his home in the outskirts of the city. This tent was equipped with a floor raised six inches from the ground, an air-tight wood stove, cot bed, bedding, light, etc. The tent had a small opening in each corner for ventilation. It was further surrounded with a tight board fence six feet high, placed two feet from the wall of the tent. On each side, three feet from the ground, one board was hung on hinges to facilitate ventilation. The entrance was so arranged that no direct wind could blow in.

The patient slept in this tent from August, 1900, until it rotted down in February, 1902. He was given prescriptions of guaiacol and creosote, which he took for a short time. He soon acquired a ravenous appetite and consumed large quantities of beef, eggs, and cream, sometimes eating a dozen fresh eggs a day. In six months he had regained the lost weight, his pulse, respiration, and temperature had become normal, and the bacilli had disappeared from his sputum. Meeting him one day late in December, we asked him for a sample of sputum. He replied that he had no cough and could not easily provide the sample. During the intensely cold weather this patient removed only his outer garments at night, putting on a woollen gown, a stocking cap, and heavy woollen socks, and sleeping under heavy woollen blankets. His stove would not always keep a fire all night unless he replenished the fuel. This he often failed to do. He informed me that he sometimes dressed in the tent upon arising with the mercury ten degrees below zero. He did not lose a single day's time from his work. When he left the tent he moved into a room built with special arrangement for ventilation, where he still sleeps in perfect health. This patient recovered in less than six months. Experience has proven that most cases not too far advanced to take up life in a tent will recover during the spring, summer, and autumn months, and not be obliged to occupy the tent through the more rigorous winter months. No locality is perfect, however. Each has its advantages and disadvantages. It has already been demonstrated that consumptives can be cured by the outdoor method in almost any part of the United States. Until the States lend a hand a large proportion of these distressing cases must find help at or near home.

Sioux Falls, S. D. A. F. T.

TAXING "FICTION"

REFERRING to EVERYBODY'S for November, page 681, "Taxing 'Made' Dollars": Would B pay $300 per year to A on $5,000 "fiction" or wind? Most assuredly not. Let us see about this fiction "biz." B pays A $1,000 cash, and gives a mortgage for $5,000 as security for the part he does not pay for, and pays A $300 per year for the privilege of expecting to pay for the balance at some future date. Now, if anything happens that B cannot pay the mortgage (which is too often the case), this $5,000 "fiction" will take the farm, and the $1,000 also. Last year B paid A $360 rent, and A paid the taxes; now B still pays A $300 rent or its equivalent, on five-sixths of the value of the farm, for B only owns one-sixth interest in it, and he should be taxed one-sixth of its value ONLY; and A should be taxed five-sixths of its value, *where the farm is*, for he still receives interest (= rent) on five-sixths of the value of the farm. The fiction lies in B paying six-sixths of the taxes when he owns only one-sixth of the farm. Here's the "rub": If A is perfectly willing to have B pay five-sixths of the taxes on *unmade dollars*, A should be equally willing to pay taxes on his five-sixths-interest-"made" dollars. F. S. H.

Sulphur Springs, Ore.

NOT IT

I GREATLY enjoy those short articles in "Straight Talk." I never see much of man's inhumanity to woman, but I do see a great deal of woman's inhumanity to man. Of course, when a woman is abused, we always feel sorry for her, because she is weak and can't defend herself; when we see a man abused we laugh, and say, "Serves him right." To some sensitive women it is embarrassing to ask a man for money to pay the butcher, baker, groceryman, and coal-man; but unless the man is a brute and liable to eat a woman, it should not worry her any more than it does when she asks him to put the cat out, and inquires if he is sure all the doors are locked.

I think most men are kind and considerate to women, only they are a little selfish, and have to be reminded once in a while that they are not *It*.

Guthrie Centre, Io. J. A.

MOST HUMILIATING

I KNOW a case where a man receiving in the neighborhood of $150 a month gives his wife $7. He is willing to pay for her clothes, and wishes her to dress well; but the $7 is expected to pay car-fares, buy gloves, ribbons, and toilet knick-knacks, and provide a trifle to drop in the contribution box, for the month.

The woman is economical and truthful naturally. A skilful and intelligent buyer, she makes the paltry sum furnished her go farther than most women could, but, as she dresses so well, the acquaintances she meets down-town do not in the least suspect that she cannot afford to go in with them to a "Dutch treat" of ice-cream or soda, which might aggregate twenty-five cents. She is forced to subterfuges or falsehoods to escape exposure of her husband's niggardliness.

What right has the man to take from her her natural uprightness and fearlessness, and force in its place sham and deceit? Is this the "honor and protect her" business that is so popularly blatant?

Another case. A woman thirty-five or forty years old once came to me entreating that I should aid her in seeking employment. Said she, "I live with my brother, who is worth a million and whose establishment is worthy of his fortune. I can order the carriage and drive down to a certain store and select anything I like and have it charged to him, but if I want to send home the carriage and take a car, or if a friend invites me to go in and have an ice-cream, I can't do it, because I haven't a cent in my pocket to pay a car-fare or return the hospitality of my acquaintance. It is so humiliating I cannot bear it, and I want to earn something for myself."

Now, I claim no one has any right to force such humiliation on another human being.

Roxbury, Mass. F. H. H.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

The Weddin'

By Jennie Betts Hartswick

WELL, it's over, it's *all* over—bein' the last to leave I know *that*—and I declare, I'm that full of all the things we had to eat that John and me won't want any supper for a good hour yet, so I just ran in to tell you about it while it's on top of my mind.

It's an everlastin' shame you had to miss it! One thing, though, you'll get a trayful of the good things sent in to you, I shouldn't wonder. I know there's loads left, for I happened to slip out to the kitchen for a drink of water—I was that *dry* after all those salty nuts, and I did'nt want to trouble 'em—and I saw just *heaps* of things standin' round.

Most likely you'll get a good, large plate of cake, not just a pinchin' little mite of a piece in a box. The boxes is real pretty, though, and they did look real palatial all stacked up on a table by the front door with a strange colored man, in white gloves like a pall-bearer, to hand 'em to you.

How did I get two of 'em? Why, it just happened that way. You see, when I was leavin' I missed my sun-shade and I laid my box down on the hatrack stand while I went upstairs to look for it. I went through all the rooms, and just when I'd about given it up, why, there it was, right in my hand all the time! Wasn't it foolish? And when I came downstairs I found I'd clean forgot where I'd laid that box of cake. I hunted *everywhere*, and then I just had to tell the man how 'twas, so he handed me another one, and I was just walkin' out the front door when, would you believe it! if there wasn't the *other* one, just as innocent, on the hatrack-stand where I had laid it. So now I have three of 'em, countin' John's.

I just can't seem to realize that Eleanor Jamison is married at last, can you? She took her time if ever anybody did. They do say she was real taken with that young college professor with the full beard and spectacles that visited there last summer, and then to think that, after all, she went and married a man with a smooth face. He wears glasses, though; that's one point in common.

Eleanor's gone off a good deal lately, don't you think so? You hadn't noticed it? But then you never was any great hand at noticin', I've noticed you weren't. Why, the other day when I was there offerin' to help 'em get ready for the weddin' I noticed that she looked real *worn*, and there was two or three little fine lines in her eye-corners—not real *wrinkles*, of course—but we all know that lines is a forerunner. Her hair's beginnin' to turn, too; I noticed that comin' out of church last Sunday. I dare say her knowing this made her less particular than she'd once have been; and after all, marryin' any husband is a good deal like buyin' a new black silk dress pattern—an awful risk.

You may look at it on both sides and hold it up to the light, and pull it to see if it'll fray and try if it'll spot, but you can't be sure what it'll do till after you've worn it a spell.

There's one advantage to the dress pattern, though—you can make 'em take it back if you mistrust it won't wear—if you haven't cut into it, that is—but when you've got a husband, why, you've *got* him, to have and

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to hold, for better and worse and good and all.

Yes, I'm comin' to the weddin'—I declare, when I think how careless Eleanor is about little things I can't help mistrusting what kind of a housekeeper she'll turn out. Why, when John's and my invitation came it was only printed to the church—there wasn't any reception card among it.

Now I've supplied Eleanor's folks with butter and eggs and spring chickens for thirty years, and I'd just have gone anyway, for I knew it was a mistake, but John held out that 'twasn't—that they didn't mean to have us to the house part; so to settle it I went right over and told 'em. I told Eleanor she mustn't feel put out about it—we was all mortal—and if it hadn't been for satisfyin' John I'd never have let her know how careless she'd been—of course I'd made allowance, a weddin' *is* upsettin' to the intellect—and so 'twas all right.

I had a real good view of the ceremony; but 'twasn't *their* fault that I had; it just happened that way.

When John and me got there I asked the young man at the door—he was a yusher and a stranger to me—to give us a front seat, but he said that all the front places was reserved for the relations of the bride and groom, and then I noticed that they'd tied off the middle aisle about seven pews back with white satin ribbons and a big bunch of pink roses. It seemed real impolite to invite folks to a weddin' and then take the best seats themselves.

Well, just then I happened to feel my shoelacin' gettin' loose and I stepped to one side to fix it; and when I got up from stoopin' and my gloves on and buttoned—I had to take em off to tie my shoe—and straightened John's cravat for him, why, there was the families on both sides just goin' in.

Of course we had to follow right along behind 'em, and when we came up to the ribbons—would you believe it?—the big bow just untied itself—or seemed to—I heard afterward it was done by somebody pullin' a invisible wire—and we all walked through and took seats. I made John go into the pew ahead of me so's I could get out without disturbin' anybody if I should have a headache or feel faint.

When John found we was settin' with the family—he was right close up against Eleanor's mother—he was for gettin' up and movin' back. But I just whispered to him, "John Appleby, do sit still! I hear the bridal party comin'!"

Of course I didn't just *hear 'em*, but I was sure they'd be along in a minute, and I knew it wouldn't do to move our seats anyway, as if we weren't satisfied with 'em.

The church was decorated beautiful. Eleanor's folks must have cleaned out their green-house to put into it, besides *tons* of greens from the city.

Pretty near the whole of Wrenville was there, and I must say the church was a credit to the Wrenville dressmakers.

I could pick out all their different fits without any trouble.

There was Arabella Satterlee's—she shapes her backs like the top of a coffin, or sometimes they remind me more of a kite; and Sallie Ann Hodd's—she makes 'em square; and old Mrs. Tucker's—you can always tell hers by the way the armholes draw; she makes the minister's wife's. But they'd every

one of 'em done their level best and I was proud of 'em.

Well, when the organ—it had been playin' low and soft all the time—changed off into the weddin' march and the bridesmaids, eight of 'em, marched up the aisle behind the eight

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yushers I tell you, Miss Halliday, it was a *sight!*

They was all in pink gauzy stuff—I happened to feel one of 'em as she went by but I couldn't tell what 'twas made of; it seemed dreadful *flimsy*—and big flat hats all made of roses on their heads, and carryin' bunches of long-stemmed roses so big that they had to hold 'em in their arms like young babes.

Eleanor came behind 'em all, walkin' with her father. He always was a small-built man, and with her long trail and her veil spreadin' out so, why, I declare, you couldn't hardly see him.

I whispered to John that they looked more as if Eleanor was goin' to give her pa away than him her.

Eleanor's dress was elegant, only awful *plain*. It was made in New York at Greenleaf's. I know, because when I was upstairs lookin for my sunshade—I told you about that didn't I?—I happened to get into Eleanor's room by mistake, and there was the box it came in right on the bed before my eyes.

Well, when they was all past, I kept lookin' round me for the groom and wonderin' how I had come to miss him, when all at once John nudged me, and there he was right in front of me and the minister beginnin' to marry 'em, and where he had sprung from I can't tell you this livin' minute!

Came in from the vestry, did he? Well, now, I never would have thought of that!

Well, when they was most married the most ridiculous thing happened.

You see, Eleanor's father in steppin' back after givin' her away had put his foot right down on her trail and never noticed, and when it came time for the prayer Eleanor pulled and pulled—they was to kneel down on two big white satin cushions in front of 'em—but her pa never budged—just stood there with his eyes shut and his head bowed as devout as anything—and before Eleanor could stop him, her husband—he was most her husband, anyway—had kneeled right down on to the cushion, with his eyes shut, too, I suppose, and the minister had to pray over 'em that way. I could see Eleanor's shoulders shakin' under her veil, and of course it *was* ridiculous if it hadn't been so solemn.

And then they all marched down the aisle, with the bride and groom leadin' the procession. Eleanor's veil was put back, and I noticed that she was half-laughin' yet, and her cheeks were real pink, and her eyes sort of bright and moist—she looked real handsome. Good gracious, Miss Halliday, don't ever tell me that's six o'clock! And I haven't told a thing about the presents, and who was there, and Eleanor's clothes, and what they had to eat—why, they didn't even use their own chinaware! They had a colored caterer from New York, and he brought everything—all the dishes and table-cloths and spoons and forks, besides the refreshments. I know, because just after he came I happened to carry over my eleven best forks—John broke the dozenth tryin' to pry the cork out of a bottle of raspberry vinegar the year we was married—I never take a fork to pry with—and offered to loan 'em for the weddin', but they didn't need 'em, so I just stayed a minute or two in the butler's pantry and then went home—but I saw the caterer unpackin'.

There! I knew I'd stay too long! There's John comin' in the gate after me. I must go this blessed minute.

The Joke on Winnie

By Ralph Henry Barbour

MR. WINIFRED LEONARD GREGG, '03, better known as "Winnie," sat, scowling fiercely, on the curbstone in front of the Porcellian Gate and whetted a Malay creese on the granite. He wore voluminous red trousers, a blue Zouave jacket embroidered with tarnished gilt braid, yellow stockings, crimson slippers turning up rakishly at the toes, a monstrous turban fashioned of a green curtain, a wide sash of purple, and a heavy, blue-black mustache. In the sash were thrust a Japanese sword, a Moorish pistol, and an Arab dagger. To passers he was an object of much interest; there was something wonderfully natural in the way in which he whetted the knife, ran his thumb along the edge, emitted a shrill whistle, and peered speculatively about him. But personally he was not happy.

He had been here since four o'clock; it was now almost six. There had been unseasonable ardor in the October sunshine, and his head ached. And he was getting very hungry without being at all certain whether dinner was to follow. In short, the baleful gleam in his usually calm brown eyes was not altogether assumed; he was beginning to feel his part—although he wasn't sure whether

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his part was that of a Greek bandit, a Malay pirate, or a Turkish bashaw.

There were moments—brief, to be sure—when he doubted whether the honor of being one of the "first ten" taken out for the—but I mustn't divulge the name of the society. Suffice it to state that it was designated by three Greek letters, and was one the selection for which raises a chap, metaphorically, from earth to Olympus.

As I was about to say, there were moments when Winnie doubted whether Olympus was worth the price of admission, whether the present and subsequent honor and benefit made up for the days of dumb servitude. The society had the reputation of conducting the hardest initiations of any in college; and after two days of it Winnie was not in a mood to question the society's right to the reputation. He had secured only about nine hours of sleep in that period, had been forced to neglect studies, and now, watching the fellows pass grinning on their way to dinner, he was in a condition of mind closely bordering on mutiny. And, had not authority put in an appearance at that moment, there is no knowing to what lengths hunger and disgust would have led him. Authority appeared in the persons of Dick Wells and Halford Givens.

"Salute your superior officer!" commanded Dick.

Winnie scrambled to his benumbed feet and flourished his weapon. As he was all of six feet tall, he was rather more terrifying standing than sitting, and the near-by group of small boys melted instantly.

"Who put you here, Gregg?"

"Mr. Brown, sir."

Being addressed as "Gregg" and calling Dick "sir" would have struck him as being distinctly funny at any other time. He had known Dick for years, had pummelled him often, had visited him, and played host to him, and, if that did not establish intimate relations, he was frantically, hopelessly in love with Dick's sister Mildred. And here he was saying "sir" to him! Perhaps the incongruity of it struck Dick, too, for he grinned broadly. Then,

"What are your orders?" he asked.

"I was told to stay here looking fierce and sharpening this da—this knife until I got further orders."

Dick turned to his companion:

"What do you say? Shall we take him along?"

"Better let him have his dinner first," said Halford.

"Would you? Well, all right. Say, Gregg, you get your dinner; put your dress-suit and whatever you want for a day's visit in a bag; and meet us at Leavitt's at seven-thirty. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." Winnie saluted with alacrity.

"All right. Hurry up."

A gayly hued form flashed across the avenue, badly frightening an elderly lady in the act of boarding a Waverly car, and disappeared down Holyoke Street. The others watched the meteoric flight amusedly and then continued their way dinnerward.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Halford.

"Oh, I don't know; we can have some fun out of him somehow. There's Mildred, too. I fancy Winnie's a bit sweet on her, and it will fuss him horribly to have to cut up before her."

"Kind of tough on him, isn't it?" asked Halford doubtfully. "Couldn't we cut out that part of it?"

"Cut it out? Nonsense! Mildred will think it's great fun; she's always making sport of him as it is; he's so darned bashful, you know. And—" He stopped and viewed Halford ecstatically. "I've got the very thing! Say, we'll have more sport than a barrel of monkeys!"

"How?" asked Halford.

But Dick had gone into a spasm of laughter.

. . . . . .

The big, broad-shouldered youth who accompanied Dick and Halford down to Beverly that evening didn't look much like the fellow who had adorned the curb of Massachusetts Avenue in the afternoon. He had temporarily at least regained his self-respect; he was no longer a bashaw or pirate, but Winifred Leonard Gregg, junior at Harvard, tackle on the football eleven, cover-point on the hockey team, and member of The Society. He was rehabilitated and in his right mind. And to add to his content, he was going to stay for a day with Dick's people and see Dick's sister Mildred, who, despite the very evident fact that she was not for him, was still the Only Girl in the World. And it was good, oh, mighty good! of Dick to take pity on him and give him a day away from initiation. It wasn't a bit like Dick, to be sure, but that didn't make it any less welcome. For a

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long while he had honestly tried to like Dick for the sake of his sister; to-night he began to think that perhaps he might in time learn to like him for himself.

Mildred met them at the station with the cart. She was a beauty; all the North Shore agreed on that. She was wholesome-looking, too, with a good supply of animal spirits and a well-developed sense of humor. Winnie sometimes regretted the latter; he was too often the subject of her jokes and banter to appreciate that attribute. To-night she greeted him as usual, with a firm hand-clasp, an even look from her blue eyes, and a half-mocking, half-kindly smile on her red lips. That evening he entirely forgot that he was in the toils. And Mildred was positively kind; had he been less modest he would have translated the flattering manner in which she listened to his very occasional remarks into encouragement. But being Winnie he merely grew red with pleasure and stammered in his excitement. Afterward he dreamed wonderful, exquisite dreams in which he actually made love to Dick's sister and won her.

He rose in the morning with his sense of gratitude to Dick enhanced. The world was bright, the sea glittered, and the air was heavy with the sparkle of October. Then came the awakening.

"Hal and I are going over to the links," announced Dick after breakfast, "and Mildred's going to take you out to drive. Before you get back you are to propose to her, Gregg. Understand? Formally and as though you meant it. Don't try to cut any of the agony, now, because she'll tell me when you get back."

"I'm—I'm damned if I do!" exploded Winnie, his eyes large with horror.

"You'll have to," answered Dick calmly. "How are you going to get out of it?"

"I'll—I'll throw up the Society!"

"You couldn't!"

"You've no right to ask me to do such a thing!" stammered Winnie.

"I don't ask it; I tell you to. And you'll do it. You're under—well, remember what you undertook when you were called out. You can't go back on that. No one but a cad would squeal. Besides, it's never been done."

Perhaps the last argument bore more weight than the others. Winnie had all the dislike of his set for the thing that wasn't done. He swallowed hard a few times, glared at Dick, and finally found his tongue.

"All right," he said, in a voice like the tender purring of a tiger about to begin a meal. "All right; I'll do it. But afterward, when this thing's over with, I'll give you the biggest licking you ever had, Dick."

Dick laughed derisively.

"When you propose," he said, "you're to take her hand."

Winnie bolted for the veranda and fresh air.

At ten o'clock the trap was brought around, Mildred took her seat, and Winnie followed with the blithe countenance of a French aristocrat entering the tumbril for a short jaunt to the guillotine. He was very silent, very pale, very unhappy. Mildred, on the other hand, seemed in the highest spirits. She rattled away on a dozen subjects and Winnie said "Yes" and "No" and "Really!" in one key while the brown cob covered four miles of macadam. Now and then Mildred glanced at him from the corners of her eyes in a way that might have told Winnie a good deal had he seen it. And there was a disk of red in each of her cheeks which might have told him still more. But his gaze was on the horse's ears.

"I think we had better turn now," said Mildred.

He gasped.

"No, no, please, not yet! The—the scenery, you know, is so——"

"I didn't think you cared for scenery," she said.

"I don't—that is, I'm very fond of scenery like this, Miss Wells."

"Oh!" she said. They drove another mile. Winnie struggled with his fear. At last the girl turned homeward, and he made no protest; he was too desperate, too miserable. On the way back he counted the miles. At the beginning of the fifth he would do it! Never were four miles laid behind as those were. Beyond was the brown house that marked the commencement of the last mile. He would wait until—he closed his eyes, gripped his hands fiercely, choked twice, and then turned and faced her in the calmness of utter desperation.

"Miss Wells!"

She started and then laughed a trifle nervously.

"Mr. Gregg?"

He cast a despairing look about him as though meditating flight, gulped, and——

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"I love you," he said in even, emotionless tones like one talking in his sleep, and he reached over and seized her hand as though it were a foot-ball which the opponents had fumbled. The girl's face was suddenly averted and her shoulders trembled.

"Will you marry me?" continued Winnie, pale, determined. Then he dropped her hand, emitted a monstrous sigh of relief and awaited the storm. Mildred turned. Her cheeks were crimson and her lips were trembling, but her eyes never faltered.

"Yes," she said calmly.

If a bomb had exploded in the bottom of the cart, his countenance could not have expressed more amazement. His mouth dropped open and he stared at her for a moment with round eyes.

"I—I beg your pardon?" he ejaculated finally.

"I said yes," was the answer.

"But—but you mustn't!" he exclaimed in dismay. "You don't understand——!"

"Mustn't?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"Why—why—you see—it was a sort of joke that Dick——"

"Yes, he told me."

"Then you—you were only in fun?"

"Were you?" she asked.

He gasped, wondered, saw the color coming and going in her cheek, and suddenly had an illumination of mind. He took a deep breath.

"*Good Lord, no!*" he shouted. The cob, frightened, plunged wildly.

"You'll—you'll have to let me have my hands, I guess," she murmured.

. . . . . .

"Thought you two were lost," said Dick, who was awaiting them on the veranda when they drove up an hour later. He viewed Winnie's radiant expression suspiciously and turned to his sister.

"Did he do it?" he asked, with a grin at Winnie.

"Yes," said Mildred demurely.

"Oh! I thought—what are you giggling about?"

"Was I giggling?" she asked sweetly. Winnie came over and held out his hand.

"I'll take back what I said, Dick. That licking is called off." He shook the hand, which Dick wonderingly yielded, enthusiastically. "It's all right, old man. We—she—that is, she consented!"

"Consented! Do you mean—?" He turned to his sister. She nodded demurely.

"But—but—didn't you understand it was just a joke on Winnie?" cried her brother.

"I knew it was a joke, Dick," she answered sweetly, "but—are you sure it was on Winnie?"

A Kitchen Comedy

By Mary Louise Milmow

"I WEARS eights mos' ginnerly, but I *kin* wear seben 'n a half."

The touch of modest pride in the latter part of Lucy's statement proved too much for my gravity. I "ducked" my head to hide the laugh that would not stay in, and when I looked up again she was calmly wiping the frying-pan with her squeezed-out dish-rag.

"Yes, but I only wanted to know what size you wear every day. I'm going to buy you a pair of rubbers."

The bad weather had set in, and Lucy's wet and muddy shoes had been weighing heavily upon my conscience for some time. She came every morning through rain, and mud and water, with a faithfulness uncommon in her kind, to cook our meals, scrub our floors, and make herself generally useful. After having been with us three years, a feeling of mutual possession and responsibility had grown up between the good old darky and me, so that the state of her feet was a mute reproach to me, and I felt it incumbent on me to provide her with some protection.

The dark face beamed.

"Thankye, ma'm; I sho' will be glad of um!" she said, and her pleasure was so patent that I decided to drive into town and get the rubbers for her to wear on her way home that very night.

Lucy was a widow—a real one, too, for all of her husbands had died. She had one ewe lamb, Lily by name (though the appellation of Ginger would have been more appropriate, by far), a girl who had endeared herself to her mother by giving her every possible trouble ever since her pickaninny days. Lily was the very loadstar of Lucy's existence. Her weekly wages invariably were spent in satisfying some whim of the girl's, while she herself toiled on with scarcely enough clothes to keep off the cold.

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One morning she came late—fearfully late, for the breakfast-dishes had been washed, as slowly as possible, by my reluctant hands, when her troubled dark face appeared in the doorway.

"Well, Lucy! What on earth makes you so late? Did you get stuck in the mud?" I asked in half derision. But her face was solemn.

"No'm, hit wus Lily; I sot up with her all night. She went to a ice-cream festibul at de chu'ch, en come home sick."

I fear my expression was not very sympathetic. Lily and her ways never had inspired me with admiration.

It was shortly after this episode that I began to notice that Lucy was troubled about something. Finally she confided her woes to me—I had often eased my own by telling them to her.

"Dey's a man er co'tin' Lily, Miss Lau'el, en he's jes' de no-countes', onries' nigger dey ever wus. He kuss, en he shoot craps, en he ain' wu'k a li'k in fo' years. Lily, she lak him, too, but she kain't hab 'im. No, ma'm, Miss Lau'el, she kain't ma'y no such a no-'count nigger as him."

"But, Lucy, you have always spoiled her so, and given her everything she wants. How are you going to refuse her this?"

"I'll fin' some way to tu'n her min'. Dis here Freeman, he's too ol' fer Lily anyway. He ain't ax me fur her yet, but jes' let 'im wait tell he do!"

This last was delivered with a nod of the maternal head which boded no good to the anxious lover.

Christmas was upon us, and in the many distractions of the holiday season, I forgot Lucy's troubles, nor did she again obtrude them upon me, although, as it proved, she was making the most momentous decision of her life. Early in the new year she let me know her intentions.

"What you gwine gib me nex' week, Miss Lau'el? I'm gwine git married."

Instantly my mind flew to Cæsar, the stable-boy, with whom she quarrelled enough to indicate a great amount of affection. I may say I had always considered Cæsar far too young for Lucy.

"Surely not, you must be joking!" I exclaimed. "What in the world do you want to get married for?"

"Well'um, I don't to say *want* to. It's this away: Freeman, he ax me fer Lily, en I say no, he kain't have her. Then he tu'n roun' en say: 'It's got to be you er Lily, one; which one shall it be?' En I say: 'How come it's got to be me er her?' He say: 'Ef you takes me, I don't want you to gib me Lily, but ef you won't, I'll steal her.'

"So you see, Miss Lau'el, ef I takes him, den Lily, she stan' a chance of doin' better, en ef he steal Lily, she kain't ma'y no one else lessen he die, er dey separate. It's all on account ob her dat I dun gib my consent to Freeman: dey ain't no girl gwine git stuck on her daddy."

Then it was not Cæsar, but Freeman! To think this old negro woman would take unto herself a worthless and despised husband, to save her child from him! I did not know whether to laugh or weep over the grotesque heroism of it. A certain cynicism, one of the perquisites of experience, made me doubt for a moment the purity of her motive.

"Are you sure you are not just a little bit smitten with this Freeman yourself?"

The look she gave me made me regret the question.

"No, *ma'm*, Miss Lau'el. Ef it wa'n't fer him threatenin' Lily, I'd neber consent in dis worl'. You think a ol' 'ooman like me'd git stuck on sich a wu'thless gam'ler es him? No, *ma'm!* Why, ef he'd wu'k, I wouldn't so much min' him ma'ying Lily, but I knows I kin wu'k mo' dan she kin fer us all."

Mixed with my sincere regret at the mistaken altruism of the old woman was an equally sincere if selfish regret that I was to lose my cook. It was the latter feeling that prompted my next speech:

"Then you will need to work for me all

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the more after this marriage? You won't think of giving up your place?"

"Yessum, I 'spect I will. Freeman, he got chillun of his own, en he say whoever ma'y him got ter stay home en min' his chillun."

"But then who will earn the living?"

"I'm gwine take in washin'."

This was indeed bad. Poor Lucy! Poor me!

"Oh, Lucy, don't marry him!" I pleaded. "There must be some other way to get rid of him, isn't there?"

"No'm, dey ain't. I dun thought it all out. You see Lily, she lak him, en dey could pick up en ma'y any time while I'm over here. But he say he'd ruther hab me, bein' older en better fitten to take keer of his chillun, en ef I say Yes, he won't ax Lily no mo'."

It was with very real sorrow that I presented Lucy with my last year's foulard for a wedding-dress. All the seams had to be let out, and this was her task in the afternoons when the work was done. It would be hard to say whose face was the more mournful those last days, mine bending over my Battenberg in the sitting-room, or hers over her wedding-dress in the kitchen.

She remained with us up to the very day of the wedding. Another woman was to take her place next morning. Lucy left early in the evening, so as to have plenty of time to dress before the wedding-guests should arrive.

She had invited me to witness the ceremony, but, though my curiosity was strong, I disapproved too deeply of the whole affair to give it my countenance, even in a literal sense.

I awoke the morning after Lucy's departure, with the unpleasant consciousness that I should have a new servant to break in—a task which is very difficult to me, since I am not one of those who are born to command, nor have I ever acquired the art of instructing. I wondered uneasily to which class the new cook would belong—to the swift, capable, and saucy class, or the slow, stupid, and respectful one, trying in vain to decide which I should prefer. At last the expected knock came. I hastened to open the door, and, to my amazement, there stood Lucy!

"I dun come back to you, Miss Lau'el," she said.

"How does this happen, Lucy?" I asked. "Is he going to let you work just the same?"

"No'm, hit ain't 'xactly that. What you reckon? When I got home las' night, dar sot de wedding-cake on de table, cut into, en my dress dun disappear. I kep' a lookin' roun', en pretty soon I foun' dis here note. You read it, Miss Lau'el."

She gave me a strip of paper, and this is what I read:

Deer Moma, Me an Mister freman is mared an gon, he is got a job at the brik-yard regeler he say he will treat me rite i Hope you wont be mad becaus i took Yur dres Cum an see me Moma you no wher Mister fremans hous is

you Luving dauter Lily
FREMAN.

I glanced at Lucy. She was looking into the fire, and her expression was more of placidity than despair.

"What are you going to do about it, Lucy?" I asked.

"Dat's what I sot up all night a-wondering. I dun come ter de 'clusion dey ain't no use ter do nothin' now. I'd a stopped it if I could, but dey was too sma't fer me. Long es he keeps his job, I reckon it's all right, en whenever he won't work, er don't treat Lily right—well, she's always got her mammy to come to. Me'n my fust ol' man run away an' got married."

And there was actually a smile on the good old dark face. The romance of the affair had come to her heart and touched it.

After a pause, she asked:

"Is I got my job back, Miss Lau'el?"

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE PANAMA CANAL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT recommends that the Isthmian Canal Commission be reduced from seven to five, or preferably three, members, whose duty, power, and pay shall be fixed by the President. The first annual report of the Commission shows that it has done much sanitary, preparatory, and organization work. It will take several months to bring order out of the confusion and neglect that have prevailed since the New French Canal Company quit work. More of the French machinery and plant than was at first expected can be used. Secretary of War Taft says that it will be hard to get all the Jamaican laborers required, but he hopes that laborers may be had from Porto Rico; and Chinamen and Japanese coolies have been offered. He has ordered the Commission to serve notice on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company that the railroad will withdraw in six months from the contract giving the former the exclusive right to issue bills of lading between San Francisco and New York. Mr. John F. Wallace, the Chief Engineer, thinks a sea-level canal better than a lock canal. According to the estimates of the previous Canal Commission, a canal ninety feet above sea-level could be built for $200,000,000 in from seven to ten years; a canal sixty feet above sea-level for $225,000,000 in ten years; a canal thirty feet above the sea-level, for $250,000,000 in twelve years; and for $300,000,000 a sea-level canal that could be ready for business in twelve years, and absolutely finished in twenty. These figures are somewhat in the nature of guesses.

"BIG TIM" OF TAMMANY

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN, a famous Tammany "leader" and politician, gave a free dinner to more than 5,000 persons Christmas Day, at his capital in the Bowery. Everybody, white or black, Jew or Gentile, Tammany or anti-Tammany, voter or non-voter, who needed a big "feed" was welcome. Every Tammany "leader" and "captain" is a philanthropist in his way. He distributes turkeys. He gives free "chowder parties" and excursions and balls. He buys tickets to all kinds of festivities in his district. He looks out for the poor. He gets work for those who are out of it. He buries their dead. He is a sort of human Providence, a father of the people. He knows them all. He is a "good fellow." He is absolutely democratic. If he isn't, he soon loses power. With all its bad qualities, Tammany has an intensely human, friendly, and fraternal character, the secret of its almost continuous power.

SUPPORTING AND SUPPORTED WIVES

IT is the old orthodox American theory and practice that the wife shall do no work but housework, and none of that if her husband can afford to hire "help." He earns, she spends; that is the American arrangement. But the country is fast becoming urban. Rents and living expenses are high. It is hard for young men of the salaried and wage-earning class to earn money enough to marry on. Many of them are disinclined to marry. The women workers are numerous. Many of them seem well satisfied to remain unmarried. Two people earning fifteen dollars a week apiece could be very comfortable. But if Mr. Clerk marries Miss Stenographer, she must give up her work and wage. The two must live on what was enough for one. She must leave work she liked and understood, and take up household drudgery, which she doesn't like nor understand. "My wife mustn't 'go to business.'" "If I can't support my wife, I won't get married." Is this common-sense? Why shouldn't a married woman work if she chooses and can? Professor Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, holds that, on account of changed economical conditions, we shall soon "find ourselves actively sustaining and cheering on the energetic

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working-woman who chooses to be a supporting, rather than a supported, wife." Thus does political economy poke its nose into romance.

THE LOST ISLAND, THE LOST SHIP, AND THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

For nearly eighty years navigators have looked in vain for an island supposed to be somewhere in the North Pacific, between Hawaii and Panama. It was first reported by an American whaler, and was known to the charts as late as 1899. Two or three years ago, a Honolulu sea-captain described a visit to the island, which he said he discovered in 1859 on a voyage from Hawaii to Callao. Reading the captain's story, subsequently shown to be romantic, Mr. J. D. Hague was stirred to a new interest in the fate of the U. S. sloop-of-war Levant, which left Hilo for Panama, September 18, 1860, and has not been heard of since. Might she not have followed substantially the same course as that of the Honolulu captain's vessel and been lost on his island? The cruiser Tacoma made a superficial search for the island in May, 1904, but saw no shoals, land, nor signs of land. Wreckage found on the south shore of Hawaii in 1861 was identified as from the Levant. The main-mast seemed to have been "torn out of the vessel when broken to pieces on a reef." Mr. Hague believes that that reef or island is somewhere between Panama and Hawaii. The lost island and the lost ship have still another claim on the mind, because Philip Nolan, of Dr. E. E. Hale's "Man Without a Country," must, "in the author's imagination, have been aboard the Levant" on her last voyage. What if some of that ship's company should still be watching on that island for a sail?

CHILD LABOR AND CHILD MORTALITY

Is Mr. S. Lindsay, secretary of the National Child Labor Commission, speaking by the book when he says that more than two million children under sixteen are working in one way or another in the United States, three hundred thousand of them in factories? One is sometimes inclined to mistrust these round numbers. The question is: How many children are deprived of schooling or injured by too long hours or unsanitary and dangerous occupations? Child mortality in the New York tenements is another serious problem. According to Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, President of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, the death-rate of the foundlings in the care of his society was only seven per cent. in the summer when in New York City the death-rate of children under two rose from 13.4 to 19.9 per cent. Yet we have seen statistics that seemed to prove that the New York "tenement-house district" is more healthful, or at least healthier, than more pretentious and less crowded districts. At any rate, it is unfair to compare the death-rate among children under the best of care, such as Mr. Cutting's society gives, doubtless, to its charges, with the death-rate of children in the tenements. Ignorance on the mother's part, want of cleanliness, improper food, bad plumbing, bad air, are to be taken into account.

SCHOOL FOR PRESENCE OF MIND

Perhaps in bitter remembrance of the panic of French chivalry at the burning of the Charity Bazaar, in Paris; perhaps from admiration of British "phlegm," M. Marcel Prévost, the novelist, proposes that a French School of Sang-froid be founded. Professors of the science or philosophy of self-possession should teach it to their pupils by practical exercises. M. Prévost doesn't say so, but the professors should be Americans. "Strong-arm" men from Chicago, masked and armed, should jump upon the class and demand its money or its life. "Porch-climbers" should descend upon the class-room. The apparatus should consist, in part, of automobiles, with French or American chauffeurs, electric cars, trucks. Safes should be dropped from the fourth story to the sidewalk. "Manholes" should be exploded. Excellent demonstrations could be made with gas, but the "third rail" and the "live wire" would be reserved for the last days of the course. Travelling scholarships, giving the holder a week's study in New York and Chicago, would be invaluable. But why did we propose that the professors be Americans? The most self-possessed person in the world, the head and front, the beginning, middle, and end of "sang-froid," is Madame Humbert. She shall be president of the Uni-

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versity of Sang-froid and School of "Nerve." Our own Mrs. Chadwick will be only a humble assistant professor.

THE DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SERVICE

THE United States should build or buy spacious and handsome houses as the official residences of its Ambassadors and Ministers. A mean house in a mean street, or a mere floor or apartment in a more pretentious building, does not become the dignity of a great country. It should own, not hire. The representatives of the United States in foreign parts should not be worse housed than the representatives of petty states. They should get ample salaries. They should not have to be rich men, or be out of pocket for their house-hire. The Consuls, too, should be well paid, familiar with the language of the country to which they are sent, well informed, and courteous to all. We have heard of American Consuls who were boors; of others who either would not reply to letters of inquiry on business subjects from Americans or in their replies showed themselves hopelessly without knowledge of trade and markets in the region where they were living. These incompetents, and all mere muddlers and cheap politicians, should be kicked out of the consular service, hard and early.

THE CONTRIBUTION BOX FOR 1904

GIFTS and bequests of Americans for charitable, educational and miscellaneous philanthropic objects, in 1904, amounted to a little more than forty-six millions, thirty millions less than in 1903, and seventy-seven millions less than in 1901, the great boom year. Hence much scratching and shaking of heads by the newspaper sages. What means this decline and fall-off of receipts? A diligent reading of the stock-market reports for a large part of 1904 seems to explain sufficiently. Not all years can be fat. We don't ourselves admire especially the large and noisy and much-advertised "philanthropy." It does good and is welcome, but there is a great army of small, unknown, forgotten givers, widow's-mite philanthropists, worthier of honor. As for the louder givers, $46,000,000 is a respectable sum enough. No doubt the plate would have had more in it had not a certain modesty been felt among rich men since Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., uttered the fateful words: "We are not here to get all we can, but to give all we can to make others happy." When Mr. Rockefeller gives all he can, there will be "somethin' givin'," and no others need apply.

FICKLE KING COTTON

THE Southern States furnish the greater part of the world's raw cotton. The variations in the price of that staple are startling enough to take the breath away from the boldest speculator; nor does any reasonable, calculable relation seem to exist between the size of the crop and prices. Thus the crops of 1898 and 1899 were about the same size, a little more than 11,000,000 bales apiece. The market was "glutted" or going to be. Cotton was five and six cents a pound. In 1903, the crop was ten million seven hundred thousand-odd bales, about five per cent. less than that of 1899. Yet there was a terrible "scare." Not cotton enough for the world's use. Scarcity in sight, fifteen, and even twenty-cent cotton predicted. The crop of 1904 is put at 12,162,000 bales, only eight per cent. larger than that of 1899. Down go prices to six and one-half and seven cents a pound, say half the price at the close of 1903, and less than the average price for the years 1890–1900. Where does our old friend, the law of supply and demand, come in here? Five-cent cotton in 1898, fifteen-cent in 1903, seven-cent in 1904–05. Is imagination, rather than business, the ruler of cotton prices?

DROPPED CHURCH MEMBERS

A NEW YORK clergyman said not long ago that in four city blocks there were 1,300 persons who used to be church-members and now do not ever go to church. Writing from the same city, a correspondent of a religious newspaper asserts that, in two boroughs, Protestant Christianity has not only not gained in the last year, but has actually lost. Its church-membership has decreased. The reports of the churches and church associations show how many members have been

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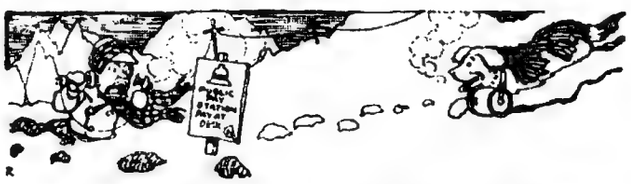
"dropped" or "excluded," but it is admitted that they still carry on their rolls large numbers of merely nominal members. These have ceased to take part in religious work, and presumably their faith has cooled or departed. "It is generally admitted," says a prominent denominational organ, "that the real working force of the church is only about one-half of the nominal membership, and sometimes it is not even that." In other words, the conditions reported from two boroughs of New York are true of the country in general. Can it be true that the Protestant churches are losing instead of gaining; that many of their members have deserted, and that half of those who remain have lost zeal and interest? Is the "saving remnant" so small?

CANCER

CANCER kills about thirty thousand Americans a year. In the whole United States only seven diseases have more victims; in the cities, only six. Perhaps no other malady of wide prevalence is so feared, and so mysterious. What are its causes, and is there a cure for it? For four years a commission of Harvard specialists have been studying these questions, under the terms of a bequest made by Mrs. Croft, of Boston. As to the cause or causes, absolutely nothing has been found. The only cure is the knife. "Get it [the cancer] out early and quickly," says the commission. Don't dally with drugs or patent medicines! The X-rays are only good for "certain superficial cancers." The one remedy for cancer is the knife in time.

THE HOFFMAN ROTARY ENGINE

WILLIAM M. HOFFMAN, of Buffalo, has invented a rotary engine which, if the printed accounts of it are not colored with too much enthusiasm, is a new wonder of the world. It is without vibration and capable of producing prodigious speed. It may make possible railroad travel at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, cut down by half or nearly half the time of passage between the United States and Europe, add new swiftness and terror to automobiles, and make freight-lines faster than any express service is now. Obviously, the Hoffman engine's absence of vibration means a great economy in the construction of steamships. It is asserted that generally the cost of power will be lessened by a third. It is even predicted that Mr. Hoffman's discovery will "solve the problem" of rapid transit in cities. We shall have to sup very free with marvels before we believe that.



ST. BERNARDS AND TELEPHONES

ONE of the first pictures that we remember was a print, in some school-book, of a St. Bernard dog, with a flask of brandy (probably) strapped to his neck, rescuing a traveller out of an Alpine snow-drift. Perhaps the modern St. Bernards refuse to take part in the liquor traffic, even for life-saving purposes. At any rate, their labors, and those of the ever-kindly monks, are now assisted by the telephone. Shelter-huts, furnished not only with food and lamps, but with telephones, are built in dangerous places on the mountains. The traveller who can bear himself through snow and ice to the hut with telephone device, can "ring up" a Brother and the St. Bernards, and soon be taken care of in a hospice.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF JUDGE SWAYNE

CHARLES SWAYNE, Judge of the United States District Court of Northern Florida, has been impeached by the House of Representatives. He is accused of oppression, in punishing certain persons for contempt of court; of favoritism, in appointing a certain lawyer commissioner of his court; of non-residence in his judicial district; of improper use of property in the control of an officer of his court; and of fraud against the Government in overcharging for expenses when holding court outside of his district. It is asserted in defence, that the persons punished for contempt of court had sought to obstruct the course of justice; that three of the punishments were affirmed on an appeal, one of the punished committed suicide, and one apologized; that the lawyer appointed commissioner by "favoritism" lost two-thirds of his cases before Judge Swayne; that while a certain railroad was in the hands of a receiver appointed by the judge, the latter used openly a private car belonging to the railroad and believed that, as the head of the corporation, he had a right to use it;

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that in charging $10 a day instead of the actual sum expended for his expenses while holding court outside of his district, he was following the custom of Federal judges.

CARS IN THE LAND OF CARAVANS

FOLKS used to laugh at the "Cape to Cairo" railroad as at a line to the moon. Yet forty-eight per cent. of the road is now in operation. Trains run from the Mediterranean to Assuan, 600 miles up the Nile; thence by water, 220 miles, to Wady Halfa, whence trains go 560 miles to Khartum. At the other end the line runs from Cape Town, by way of Kimberley, Mafeking, and Buluwayo, 1,600 miles to Victoria Falls. Between Victoria Falls and Khartum is a gap of 3,000 miles, 1,400 of it traversable by water. A line is creeping northward from Victoria Falls. The vision is almost fact. Ultimately there will be an all-rail route. The English are building a railroad from the confluence of the Atbara and the Nile, in the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, to Suakin, 250 miles away, on the Red Sea. The Congo State Railroad, which runs 260 miles between Matadi, at the Congo's mouth, and Stanley Pool, is one of the best-paying railroads in the world. It has no regulations and no tickets. You pay $100 to the station-agent for a first-class passage. Time, twenty-four hours.

GIANT LOVING-CUP

HAS the "limit been reached" in the construction of loving-cups? The Denver friends of a Western railroad president have given him a little souvenir in the form of a silver loving-cup that holds seventy-five pints. They do things in a great way in the generous West, and it breeds or imports robust races; but a seventy-five-pint loving-cup seems too large for human nature's daily drink.

PUSHING THE HOLE AHEAD

THE trolley tunnel under the Hudson River at New York City is not being dug. It is being driven or pushed. The material is soft, a "semi-fluid silt," which was the despair of engineers for nearly thirty years. Ordinary tunnelling methods could do nothing with it. One engineer wasted years and a pile of money and constructed only 2,000 feet of the (north) tunnel. The means now used so successfully in the south tube of the tunnel is the "hydraulic shield," driven right ahead into the mud, which is forced upward or to the sides. As the shield moves forward, the workmen place in position the rings of cast-iron lining. Unless the shield meets some obstruction and they have to go in front of it, the workmen are in no danger. The tunnel is bored as a board is bored by an auger.

IRRIGATION

IN 1902 Congress passed the so-called Reclamation Act, providing that all funds in excess of five per cent., put aside for educational and other purposes, received from the sale of public lands in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, should be set apart for the reclamation of arid lands in those States and Territories. Some twenty millions have been accumulated. Contracts have been made for the expenditure of somewhat more than $10,000,000 on six irrigation plans in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, and New Mexico. It has been estimated that, in the sixteen States and Territories mentioned in the Reclamation Act, are from fifty to sixty million acres of reclaimable lands. Enough, perhaps, to support a population of fifteen to twenty millions.

AMERICANS AT SCHOOL

SIXTEEN million American boys and girls went to the public schools last year, just about a fifth of the population. Add all the other pupils in all the other schools, private, State, business, Indian, in the colleges, and so on, and you have more than eighteen millions of school-boys' and school-girls' shining morning faces. The annual public-school bill is more than a quarter of a billion dollars. A good round sum, but much too small, since the pay of the average school-teacher is still disgracefully scanty. If the Americans value education so much, why don't they pay the school-teacher better? Is there any more useful, or really more important, official in the United States?

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LEONCAVALLO'S NEW OPERA

LEONCAVALLO'S widely heralded opera, "Roland von Berlin," written at the behest of the Kaiser, has had its *première* at the German capital, and, as was anticipated by impartial observers, has failed decisively. In the opinion of competent critics, the libretto is dull and the music commonplace. Such an impression was not, of course, encouraged on the occasion of the first-night performance; for His Majesty, together with the entire Court, the diplomatic corps, and various illustrious guests, insured the activity of a *claque* and heated demonstrations of approval from the unattached. The event was the most sensational of its kind in years. Festivity and plaudits abounded. Seats that ordinarily cost 8 marks were sold for 150, and for one box 3,000 marks were cheerfully paid.

As is generally known, the Emperor, having been deeply impressed by Leoncavallo's ardent and highly colored musical temperament, conceived the idea of commissioning the Italian to compose the music for a German subject, and chose for that purpose the text of Willibald Alexis's novel, "Der Roland von Berlin," in which the Emperor's royal progenitor, the Kurfürst Friederich, plays a dominant part. From the novel, Leoncavallo contrived an Italian text suitable for operatic treatment, which was forthwith retranslated into German—a proceeding curiously suggestive of the process to which Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" tale was subjected. The writing of the music occupied him for a space of ten years, and finally, on December 13th, the work was produced. The opera is said to consume nearly four hours in performance, and to be encumbered with numerous tedious interpolations. What the music is like one can imagine without much difficulty. Leoncavallo's talent is anything but distinguished and finely attuned. Given a subject swift and passionate in dramatic movement, of continuous and cumulative tension—such as he found in "Pagliacci" and in the earlier "Bajazzi"—and his undeniable gift of forceful and concentrated expression is stimulated to admirable artistic ends. "Roland von Berlin" affords him no such opportunity. The story, which is not worth recounting, is a dull mediæval legend, cumbrous in contrivance and sluggish in movement; and from all accounts, the music is of a parallel ineptitude and mediocrity. There is said to be a constant and barren searching after effects, little of the characteristic Latin lyricism, and much orchestral bombast and pretence. It would seem as though the New York manager who cabled for the American rights of the work the day of the performance must already have come to repent of his impetuosity.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" IN PARIS

On the day following the Berlin *première* of Leoncavallo's opera, an event of almost equal consequence occurred in Paris—the first performance there of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." That Wagner's masterpiece should have been known to Germany for forty years and to America for almost a quarter of a century, while the capital of France hears it for the first time on the eve of 1905—forty-seven years after its completion and twenty-two years after Wagner's death—seems, at first blush, wellnigh incredible, and a fact to be comprehended only when one recalls the persistent and curiously vindictive animosity of the French toward Wagner's genius since the days of the historic "Tannhäuser" cabal in 1861. It is singular, though, that "Tristan," for all its consummate loveliness and erotic appeal, should have been one of the last, instead of one of the first, of Wagner's music-dramas to make its way across the Gallic frontier and on to the stage of the Opéra, where so much that is commonplace and unimportant has found an instant and welcome reception.

At the performance of December 14th the *Tristan* was Alvarez of the stentorian voice, *Isolde* was Mlle. Grandjean, *Brangäne* was Rose Féart, Delmas was *Kurvenal*, Gress the *King Mark*, and Cabillot the *Melot*. Taffanel conducted, and the French version of the text was that made by Alfred Ernst. The production appears to have been, on the whole, admirably representative. Alvarez's *Tristan* is appraised by Camille Bellaigue, the distinguished Parisian critic, as a notable achievement—the grandeur and the "heart-rending sweetness" of the last act he speaks of as having been denoted with

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particular eloquence; while the *Isolde* of Grandjean is praised as "*très supérieure*," and as having evoked enthusiasm.

THE NEWEST PRODIGY

The first of the season's prodigies, Franz von Vecsey, the eleven-year-old Bohemian violinist, made his American début early in January at a concert in Carnegie Hall, and justified thereby, in a measure, the seemingly extravagant encomiums concerning his abilities which had preceded him. Year after year the "wonder-children" come to us from Europe, trailing clouds of more or less dubitable glory, and causing the unthinking and the hysterical to gape with amazed delight. The best of them have, at the most, only an astounding technical proficiency—one gapes at them for precisely the same reason that one gapes at a troupe of trained dogs or at a ventriloquist. They can neither move nor edify us; for the ability to play the violin or the piano or the 'cello with genuine eloquence and compelling emotion comes only when the prodigy has ceased to be a prodigy and has become a mature man or woman: it is as impossible for a lad of eleven—or even eighteen—to give a convincing performance of the Beethoven violin concerto as it would be for him to read aloud Milton's "Comus" with revealing insight and effect.

Young Vecsey has been exploited upon the usual extravagant grounds. It has been claimed for him that he plays with authority, deep emotion, and ripeness of expression. Such claims are unfounded and misleading. Vecsey has an unquestionable command of the technics of violin-playing—he has mastered the tricks of the art with a completeness and security little short of miraculous; and he draws a pure and rounded tone from his instrument. But his interpretation of master-works is obviously that of a boy with an astonishing imitative faculty: that is all that can, in sincerity, be said of him—except, perhaps, to applaud his freedom from the traditional mannerisms and affectations of his kind.

TWO ORCHESTRAL NOCTURNES

Claude Debussy has been until lately an unfamiliar name on American concert programmes. The "Après-Midi d'un Faune" of this subtle and individual young Frenchman has been heard in Boston, and the string quartette and certain of the songs have been heard in New York; but the bulk of his work has been a sealed and hidden book for the average music-lover. Mr. Walter Damrosch is to be thanked for extending our acquaintance with this brilliant and progressive composer. He gave at the fourth of his New York Symphony Concerts in Carnegie Hall two of Debussy's "Nocturnes" for orchestra, "Nuages" and "Fêtes," which had not previously been heard in New York—tonal pastels achieved with the most aerial and evanescent hues imaginable: music of indefinable and haunting beauty. Debussy is one of the ultra-modern Frenchmen, and, like the rest of his school, shuns the obvious and the conventional with a persistence as sincere as it is determined. His music is like the poetry of the Celtic mystic, W. B. Yeats, in its aloofness, its intangibility, its exquisite and dream-like loveliness. In these "Nocturnes" the "Clouds" are not more remote and fantastically impalpable than the riotous gayety of the "Festival"—it is the music of a poet, a visionary—above all, of an artist of unique sensibility and imagination.

OTTO SCHNEIDER—THE AMERICAN HELLEU

DEFINITIONS, though serviceable, are dangerous, and those who are tempted to call Mr. Otto Schneider the American Helleu should hasten to qualify the contention. It is true that Mr. Schneider executes dry-points somewhat after the manner of Helleu, but it is absurd to characterize anyone in terms of someone else. As a matter of fact, we have no American Helleu any more than we have an American Millet or an American Michelangelo. Similar conditions or even positive imitation produce results which are approximate, not identical, and thus be it known that Schneider is not Helleu—nor Helleu Schneider. The young man who, in the minds of definition compounders, so resembles his French colleague, was born in Illinois and received his early training at the Chicago Art Institute. Like many another art student he drifted

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into newspaper work, but like a scant few he drifted out of and beyond crude assignments. The recent exhibition of Mr. Schneider's dry-points at Messrs. Wunderlich's proved that he is rapidly feeling his way toward individuality of expression. He possesses a clear vision of form and draws with considerable vigor, charm, and delicacy. Though the medium he has chosen is an exacting one, there seems little doubt that Mr. Schneider will soon make it his own, and, incidentally, prove that he is not—the American Helleu.

JAPANESE ARTS AND CRAFTS

With natural pride in our cosmopolitanism, most of us claim an intimate understanding and appreciation of the intricate formalism and fantastic flavor of Oriental art. The hundreds who lately visited the Yamanaka collection at the American Art Galleries and also the admirable display of the Nippon-Bijitsuin at the National Arts Club showed equal familiarity with ivory and jade, porcelain and bronze, textiles, screens, Buddhist images, and color-prints. There was nothing among the thousand or more objects in the Yamanaka collection which failed to elicit discriminating comment from the most casual spectator. The little globular incense burner with elephant head handles, or the octagonal Hibukuro, a "Windy Morning in Yedo," by Hokusai, or a "View of Asayama," by Kuniyoshi seemed to hold no secrets for the authority on Japanese brush or handiwork. Things were quite the same at the National Arts Club, where some forty delicate transcriptions of nature had been made on silk and paper by members of the Bijitsuin. It is obvious that the man who does not understand these highly ornate or subtly conventional manifestations is a duffer. We must accept Japanese art *in toto* and we must not be unkind enough to suggest that this vase is a cheap and shameless imitation or that a certain print fails to register and shows no continuity of line. Such questions are of course irrelevant and unenthusiastic.

TISSOT'S LAST WORK

There have been comparatively few such examples of industry and intensity of aim as that afforded by the career and achievement of the late James J. Tissot. For years this extraordinary individual was known in Paris art circles as a popular *genre* painter, a man of sufficient, but by no means compelling talent. A prolonged sojourn in England, where he came under the spell of the Pre-Raphaelites, and subsequent trips to the Orient wrought, however, profound changes in him both as man and as artist. The first fruits of this change were seen some years ago in his series of water-colors depicting numerous episodes of the New Testament. Although somewhat hard in tone and formal in treatment, the paintings were the result of such a careful study of conditions both local and archæological that they immediately took rank as the best graphic interpretation of biblical scenes ever attempted. For a time Tissot hesitated as to whether or not he should undertake the greater and infinitely more difficult task of vivifying the Old Testament. The work was completed, under trying conditions, just before the artist's death, and its recent appearance at the American Art Galleries has proved one of the features of the season. Intended primarily as illustrations for M. de Brunoff's superb edition of the text, for which they are admirably adapted, the pictures, aside from other considerations, remain an enduring witness to the artist's high seriousness and remarkable singleness of purpose.

ONCE upon a time there was a small young woman, who taught school in that part of New York City into which the newly arrived Russian Jew immigrants settle down to become transformed into American citizens. Her name was Myra Kelly. Because she loved her pupils (she called them her babies) she came to get their confidence, and they began to tell her many things about themselves and their homes and their parents and their notions of life which they never told anybody else. Miss Kelly believed that these babies of hers were about the most interesting people in the world. She told stories about them at home—true stories.

"Why don't you write some of those stories and send them to the magazines?" asked the home folks.

The suggestion seemed good. Miss Kelly wrote one of the stories. Then she made three nice copies of it and sent one of those

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copies to each of three magazines. She was not a literary person; she was merely a schoolteacher, and it didn't occur to her that it was slightly irregular (as magazine affairs go) to send the same story to three different magazines at once. Before long there came a letter to her from one of the magazines, asking her to call. She called. The editor told her that she had written a story that was quite to his fancy and offered her a fair and honest price, which she made haste to accept.

The next day there came a letter from the editor of another magazine—a very solemn and important magazine this time. He, also, desired her to call. She called. This editor, too, assured her that she had written a most acceptable story and offered her a fair price for it. Not without pride, Miss Kelly announced that she had already sold the story to another editor; but she was very much obliged to the second editor for the nice things he said.

The second editor was not nice after this at all. He had solemn gray whiskers and an extremely severe manner and he bounced on his chair in his indignation.

"Do you know, Miss Kelly, what you have done?" he asked.

No six-year-old miscreant of Miss Kelly's own class-room was ever more scared or cast down than was the small teacher at that moment.

"No, sir," she said.

The severe editor looked very severe indeed, and assured her most menacingly that she was guilty of something akin to embezzlement, almost as wicked as alienation of the affections. He quite convinced her that to send the same manuscript to two magazines at once was a grave infraction of the penal code. If Miss Kelly remembers exactly what happened, he concluded his remarks by saying:

"I might call a policeman and have you arrested!"

Whereupon the young woman fled weeping to the first editor and begged to be allowed to have her story back, so that she wouldn't have to go to jail. But the first editor was not inclined to let a new writer go so easily; at length he persuaded Miss Kelly that she was in no imminent danger of prosecution, even though she didn't know the manners and customs of those who submit manuscripts to magazines for publication. He kept the story and the solemn editor has not yet caused her to be imprisoned.

Incidentally, the third editor to whom the story was sent accepted it, even as the other two had done. So that Miss Kelly had the somewhat remarkable experience of having her first story accepted by three different magazines.

Just now the first collection of Miss Kelly's stories has been published. It is called "Little Citizens." We are sure that no one can read these inimitable stories of East side children, especially such a one as "A Little Matter of Real Estate," without sympathizing with the feelings of the solemn editor who thought that Miss Kelly ought to be spoken to severely for writing for any other magazine than his own.

"Strong but coarse," people said of Frank Danby's novel, "Pigs in Clover." "Stronger but coarser" will be the verdict on her new book, "Baccarat." It is seldom that we have come on a situation more repellent than that presented in this story, or one described with more brutal detail. Now, we would not have it supposed that we share the common error of mistaking what is popularly known as "realism" for strength. When we say that "Baccarat" is a strong novel, we say so not because it deals ruthlessly with disagreeable aspects of life, but because of the author's keen insight into the possibilities of character, and her convincing delineation of them. Julie, the woman who has all the charm of a good child; who is led into evil as a child is led into evil; who sorrows broken-heartedly, as a penitent child sorrows; who, once forgiven by the husband she has wronged, is happy again with never a thought for the past, as the child is happy once forgiven by its mother—this Julie is really a very remarkable piece of work. Admirable, too, is the analysis of the various phases of emotion through which the husband passes.

It is unfortunate that the author has permitted herself a melodramatic and entirely unsatisfactory solution of the problem she presents. It would have been worth while to develop the situation to its logical conclusion.

In real life "Frank Danby" is Mrs. Julia Frankau, an English Jewess. She lives in London, and is a leader in aristocratic Bohemia. At her house in Clarges Street may be met all the men and women who count for most in literature and art. Mrs. Frankau has written several novels, but "Pigs in Clover" was the first to attract attention.

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Much political wisdom may be found in "The President," by Alfred Henry Lewis—together with stirring doings of a blood curdling kind. The villain, a Russian, seriously interferes with the ambitious designs of an unscrupulous Senator who is manœuvring for the nomination for the Chief Magistracy, and dares to obstruct the course of true love between the hero and the Senator's niece. The hero is a strenuous hero—a multi-millionaire disguised as a reporter—and impatient of the machinations of such a scaly scoundrel as the Russian. He invokes the gods of Wall Street, creates a corner, crushes his enemy, and marries the lady, but unfortunately also ruins the Senator. However, this little difficulty is smoothed aside, and the happy pair on honeymooning bent depart for Europe in a steam yacht. An abundance of sensational incident renders the book entertaining, but its value lies in the brilliancy of certain passages in which the author holds political institutions and fetishes up to ridicule.

To portray a strong man so that his manhood and character are convincing is a task many a novelist attempts and few succeed in achieving. There is a man in "The Reaper" who is really strong and reserved, and he is so painted that one is sure he must actually be in the flesh somewhere, moving against just such a background of sea and sky as the Shetlands afford. The career of Terval is not startling. His is a narrow rôle in life—the farming of a few acres on Fromgond Island, and the taking care of an aged mother, whose besetting weakness he tries to screen from the neighbors' eyes. But above the dull routine of his lot he stands brave, serene, loyal, doing his work with unflinching fortitude and meeting fate with no obeisances nor regrets. The narrow little round of village life in the midst of which Terval lives is rendered with a fine, quiet art by Miss Rickert, who seems to have entered intimately and sympathetically into the daily doings of these Shetland folk in their far northern habitations.

Among modern verse-smiths, surely the most versatile and expert is Walter Irwin. In his "Nautical Songs of a Landsman," those who care for farcical humor in rollicking rhythms, have a flow of soul if not a feast of reason. It is a collection of merry and whimsical yarns in verse, in which old ocean plays strange pranks, and those who go down to the sea in ships engage themselves in unconventional and anomalous performances. The gem of all is "The Sailor's Stovepipe," surely a most remarkable piece of rhyming.

Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley's "Forty-five Years Under the Flag" is an interesting story of a life replete with incident and of distinguished brilliancy. It is trite, but it is also true, to affirm that it is unquestionably a useful contribution to American naval history. Naturally, one presses somewhat hurriedly to that part of the book devoted to the Santiago engagement and the renowned controversy that subsequently ensued. But the events of 1898 are only as of yesterday, and it is perhaps wiser to leave to future historians the discussion of the points therein involved. Such students, calmly and dispassionately, may be able to unite and harmonize the threads of testimony now apparently tangled and contradictory. The other epochs of the admiral's life portray a career of high honor and fruitful endeavor. The narrative itself is spirited in manner and diversified in details. The years with Farragut in the Gulf; the services at Mobile and Port Hudson; the duties performed in the Far East in 1870–71 and later on in South America; the Greely Relief Expedition, an heroic task; all these accounts and more, apart from the battle of Santiago, make up a volume containing a record of which Americans may justly be proud.

The reasons for an elaborate publication of the letters of a distant cousin of the great Samuel Pepys are not altogether obvious. None the less two large, fat volumes, bound in imposing red and gold, have been filled with the letters of Sir William Pepys to his relations and friends and with their letters to him. Samuel Pepys was undoubtedly entertaining, but he has furnished very few thoughts to be compiled into guides of conduct for the young. Sir William's correspondence, under the title "A Later Pepys," may find usefulness in being supplied as a complementary moral antidote to his scurrilous cousin's gossipings. Certainly Sir William and his friends were very solemn.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

IT is quite a common thing for us to be asked, not only by old friends, but in meeting new ones: "What about Lawson? You're his publishers. You have occasion to meet him frequently. What is he trying to do? Is he really working for the interest of the people, as he says, or has he some ulterior motive?"

Permit us to analyze our own motives before discussing Mr. Lawson's. Less than a year ago we knew Mr. Lawson as the world knew him. A man who had come to great wealth, like most very wealthy men, through ways that we did not understand. A man who had spent his money lavishly on cattle, horses, lands, yachts, and jewelry. A man who had set the world talking by paying $30,000 to name a pink for his beautiful wife. We remembered that he had been associated with the Amalgamated Copper crowd, and believed with many that he had materially aided, if he had not been the arch conspirator in, that gigantic swindle.

When our attention was called to an Associated Press dispatch in the *New York Times*, which said that Thomas W. Lawson claimed that the people were swindled in Amalgamated in spite of him, and that he would spend the rest of his life and all of his fortune, if need be, to prove it, we agreed that if Mr. Lawson would really tell how the people were swindled in Amalgamated, we should not only be justified, whatever Mr. Lawson's object might be in telling the story, but it would be a public service to lend the pages of our magazine to such a purpose. It goes without saying, that we were very much alive to the prestige such a story would give to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE at a time when the country was very sensitive, even sore, over the subject of high finance. It does not go without saying, but it is true, that no money and no prestige could induce us to run any stories in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which we had any reason to believe would in the end not be in the interest of the public welfare. As described in this department last month, we finally secured an audience with Mr. Lawson. We were wondering then what many of you are wondering now, but we were wondering harder. It meant more to us. Would Mr. Lawson write the story for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE? Would he be willing to tell us enough of it so that we could fairly decide whether or not it would be right for us to publish it? Some day we will take the space to give you the details of those early interviews. So vivid were they that the memory of them will last always. Some day we will try to describe Mr. Lawson to you as we know him. We have tried to describe him to our friends in conversation. They assure us always that we are hypnotized. Possibly we are. Mr. Lawson told us that he looked us up while keeping us waiting and found that we had a good character, that we had made remarkable progress since getting the magazine, and that he was satisfied that we had nerve enough to carry through a difficult proposition. He would be willing to risk his interests with us. On his side he said—and was at no pains to select gentle phrases—that his standing with the public was not good, that the public associated him with the Amalgamated catastrophe, that the public generally and many of his old friends no longer had faith in him. He told us the crimes leading up to Amalgamated. He told us the crimes of Amalgamated. He told us what his object is in publishing the story. He told us the remedy he has been working on for more than ten years, as his records show. (It seems almost a crime to refer to these interviews with such brutal brevity.) He pointed out what the "System" would try to do to him and to us in order to stop the story. In the end he proposed to give us the story without cost to us on our assurance that we would do everything in our power to give it a wide publicity.

Mr. Lawson has done everything that he agreed to do. Our confidence and belief in him have steadily increased. What is his object? Although he is a young man, you must remember that he had a fortune when a very young man. It would be hard to imagine that he is after money for the sake of the things which great wealth usually buys. He has been through practically all these experiences, with his yachts, his horses, and his numerous estates. No man can say what another man's object is. If our worldly possessions were many times larger than they are, we would risk all on the belief that Mr. Lawson's object is not to make money beyond what he will require in his fight against the "System." Mr. Lawson is able to sympa-

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thize with the people in practically every condition of life, because he himself has experienced practically every condition. No man can get very far from the true meaning of happiness who has the beautiful home and home life that Mr. Lawson has, with a charming wife and six hearty children. (The portrait of Miss Bunny Lawson, the youngest daughter, is the frontispiece of this issue.) He ought to come pretty close to knowing the heart of every father and the hopes he has for his family. His children pay him the highest compliment in making him one of their crowd in all of their good times. So close does he get to them that sometimes in the heyday of their sports he is "Tom" to them, and so they call him.

What, then, is Mr. Lawson's object? History is full of the names of great men who became great when they championed the cause of the people. These great ones doubtless found much satisfaction in their greatness, but they probably found a great deal more in the consciousness that they had helped the helpless. The mind that is clever enough to conceive a remedy for great social ills must also be clever enough to realize the rewards that come through such leadership. And we suspect that such a mind, too, would be able to decide beforehand whether more happiness would come from fame or through the knowledge of having helped the condition of hosts of fellow-beings. If this is so, then the object of such a man would be the greatest good to the greatest number. Fame would be a result.

A BRIGHT IDEA

THE February cover appeared to attract more attention than usual, in spite of the simplicity of its design. Many readers fancied that they detected under its seeming guilelessness a slight touch of double meaning and amused themselves and us by furnishing clews as to what it might have meant had we so intended it.

The suggestion of the cherry-tree and the bright red hatchet came from one of our readers and arrived opportunely, just as we were going through the "weeding out" process with a number of designs under consideration. It caught our fancy at once and seemed particularly appropriate for the February issue, the month of Washington's birthday. The fact that the reader making the suggestion had evidently borne in mind the general character of EVERYBODY'S covers and that his idea was directly available for our "real life" reproductions made us feel unusually grateful, as so many who send suggestions leave that fact out of consideration entirely. This particular design embodied all the requirements at once. It was timely and pertinent. It was effective in color and it could be photographed from "life."

As a slight token of appreciation we took great pleasure in sending a check for $25 to the reader who made the suggestion; and if at any time anyone has an idea for a cover that we could use, we should like to hear from him or her as the case may be. Please bear in mind, however, that we work two months ahead on covers: the April and May will have been decided upon at the time you read this.

ALMOST AN APOLOGY

JUDGING from some of the "Straight Talk" letters we are receiving, there are a few people in this country who are not familiar with the manner in which a subscription department is conducted. Old subscribers understand that it takes time to get the name properly enrolled on the subscription-lists. They do not send their money on Saturday and expect to get the magazine on Monday. A long-established magazine, with trained help, requires from ten days to two weeks to get a new name on the list and mail a magazine, or even longer around the holiday-time, when the business is unusually heavy and the minds of the employees are likely to be distracted by Santa Claus. Nowadays, the bulk of subscriptions are sent in during the three winter months. Publishers cannot afford to carry employees on pay-rolls nine months for the sake of having them drilled for three months' work. The rush season means putting on a lot of inexperienced help, who know that their positions are not permanent and who are, on that account, less careful than they would otherwise be.

Three things added to the usual complications in our subscription department this year. First, the sending out of "The Chapters That Have Gone Before," which we gave free with new subscriptions. Second, the unexpectedly large number of subscriptions which we have received, and third, the fact that our December and January numbers sold out clean and we were obliged to notify subscribers to that

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effect. All this tended to demoralize a force of largely inexperienced people. What we are trying to do just now is to mention some extenuating circumstances in the hope that we may be forgiven for the annoyance we may have caused any of our new subscribers. We take it as a compliment that anyone should insist, with some heat, even with some bitterness, upon having the magazine. It ought to be quite evident that we are almost as anxious to send the magazine as they are to have it. We say almost. We should be quite as anxious if we did not feel that we are giving considerably more than we get in the trade. We offered to give the magazine for a year and a copy of "The Chapters That Have Gone Before" for one dollar. Now, assume that for paper and printing and wrapping and addressing and mailing the "Chapters" we pay ten cents a copy. That leaves us ninety cents for a year's subscription to the magazine, or practically seven and one-half cents a copy. And when we have addressed and wrapped and paid the postage on twelve copies of a big magazine like EVERYBODY'S, we have less than four cents a copy left to go toward the cost of making the magazine. Now, you must know that the paper alone in a magazine costs more than that. You know, too, that we can get considerably more for it on the news-stands than we can through subscriptions at a dollar a year. Why did we give away "The Chapters That Have Gone Before" when we are getting so little for subscriptions? Because it is always a desirable thing for a magazine of large circulation to have a fairly good-sized subscription-list, even if the cost of such a subscription-list is more than is received for it. There are a number of advertisers who believe that a subscription-list, even when the subscriptions are obtained at excessively low prices, by club-offers, premiums, etc., is preferable to a news-stand sale. There are fewer advertisers every day who believe in this old fallacy. When a magazine is purchased every month on the news-stands at the full price, it makes it necessary for the publisher to put his best foot forward, not only in the fall months when the subscription season begins, but every month.

Why do we continue to fill subscriptions at a dollar a year? We gave one of the reasons in this department last month. You may be sure that we will raise the price just as soon as we can. And, meantime, the more one-dollar subscriptions we receive the less prosperous we shall be.

We do not wish to appear ungracious to our good friends who have always stood by us loyally. Somehow we feel that you realize and sympathize with our efforts to get out a good magazine and to get it out promptly. We confess that we get stirred up once in a while when some fellow who has sent us a dollar acts as if the sending of it gave him the right to abuse us. Especially when, as it happens in nine cases out of ten, the fellow has made some mistake himself. And when we write and show him his mistake he seldom has the courtesy to apologize. We have received a great many letters without any signature or with an imperfect signature. You can imagine how we feel when we receive an abusive letter from a man of this sort. Our clerks are obliged to follow it through every department, at great waste of time and money to us, and when all other possibilities are exhausted, we locate him in the "*Non est*" drawer. Fortunately there are some mistakes which are so ridiculous that they relieve the strain. One big-hearted fellow sent us a check for $100 for one year's subscription to the magazine. Our subscription manager gravely informed him that while we were very glad that he considered EVERYBODY'S worth $100 a year, we should charge him only a dollar for his subscription this year. But the abuse which is hardest to endure is that which comes from a welsher who patronizes a fake subscription agent for the sake of getting a cut price, then blames us when he discovers that he has been defrauded. It is mighty hard to write a courteous letter to a man like that. But if any but courteous letters have gone out of this shop, we do not know it.

A WORD ABOUT ADVERTISING

THIS is the first time in the history of magazine-making that the advertising rate of a publication is based on an actual, guaranteed circulation. Our plan, which has met with the hearty approval of advertisers, is as follows: We allow the first 150,000 copies of each edition without any charge to the advertiser. After this first 150,000 copies, we charge $1 per page per 1,000. That is, on an edition of one million copies the price is $850 per page. This means that each copy carrying your advertisement would go into *twelve homes* at the cost of *one cent*. With the usual five readers to each copy of the magazine it means that this one cent would bring your announcement before sixty readers.

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Every man and woman who reads of a burglary hereafter and a "jimmy" will think of your graphically portrayed trust. And there will be no mitigation of feeling in their minds toward these rapacious blood-suckers of the wealth and independence of the land. The plain, ineradicable designation you have affixed on them with a hot, blistering brand, I predict, will do to them what the jest of poor Marie Antoinette did to her and the royal family in France at the time of the Revolution, when, on being told that the procession of hungry women seeking to present themselves before the eyes of the King at Versailles meant that they wanted bread, said lightly, "Why don't they eat cake?" The "magic jimmy" will mean the downfall of the trusts, and you and I shall live to see it.

I think every fearless writer in the land, and every fearless newspaper, should uphold your hands to the utmost of its strength and ability. Every clergyman in the pulpit should preach your sentiments and disseminate the facts you are giving the American people. For things infinitesimally less than the tenth part of the criminal acts of the men high in finance in Wall Street, persons are now doing time in striped suits in States' prisons.

Go on, dear sir, in your glorious work, for the people are with you. Though your enemies, the squirming, thieving mass of Wall Street, paint you with as many colors as Joseph's coat, believe me, they are only more widely advertising the stupendous influence you are exerting over the minds of the people. In Hudibras we read:

> No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law.

In this case you are the "law." I leave it to the people to say what Wall Street is.

But, dear Mr. Lawson, one who can brand and blister with such words of fire as you are master of, is surely immune from pain from the halting and labored efforts of a horde of mercenary mouthpieces of the trusts and the "System" in their desire to earn the pay of their masters. Let me say to you, as a newspaper man of thirty-two years' active experience, these trust-owned newspapers, or financial sheets or publications of any sort, owned by trusts or the "System," or hoping for favors from them, have not one iota of influence with that great American public stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the farthest reach of the Maine pine-woods.

Pardon the length of this letter. I have never seen you. I have never had dealings with you of any manner, shape, or form, but I think I express what would be the voice of the vast body of the American people if they were to arise in one mass and speak their thoughts to you. Your position is an anomaly in this age. Too often in the past a man has risen, well-intentioned, zealous, and honest, and sought to gain the public ear that he might sound his solemn warnings as to the evil things that are ever expanding and threatening the liberties of the people of this country. Ever and always such men have been hooted down with howls of derision by the hirelings of the "System."

But now the hour is come and the man is here who cannot be hooted down. I know I voice the sentiment of millions when I say to you: Pay no heed to the sneers of sons of the mutton butchers and hucksters and draymen and oil peddlers now rolling in wealth gotten by the identical thieving, piratical methods you describe, and who living in their new gilt cages, without the stamina of culture or the steadying virtue of inherited honesty, think it is fashionable for them to speak offensively of you.

I think the whole newspaper profession of the country should be proud of the tribute you pay in this issue of EVERYBODY'S to the sterling independence and integrity of those able and fearless writers, James Creelman and Arthur McEwen.

Yours, with great respect,

———

P.S.—Did you ever note the air of obsequious, servile tools of rich men or "sets" of men, whose feet are swift to run and serve their moneyed masters, even before being requested to do so? Such men, whether holding editorial positions—Heaven save the mark!—or posing as "financial" writers, or filling other places under the sunlight of approval of great men, are in their highest glow of glory when their masters command them to get down on the garbage-heap and hurl decaying cabbages and turnips at the heads of those who have incurred their displeasure. It matters not how noisome the garbage, the "servant of his master" is in glee because he knows he is currying favor and earning "good money." In Philadelphia we call such beings literary scavengers. I hope you will take occasion to describe in your forceful way your impressions of the representatives of this species who infest Wall Street. They are the lowest of the low, because they invariably have ability and could earn a living in a respectable way, but they allow their powers to become perverted and fall into the service of the first unscrupulous man who recognizes their ability for disreputable work and supports them for that purpose.

I enclose copy of my newspaper with my notice of your article.

———

As soon as the first chapter of "Frenzied Finance" appeared, Henry H. Rogers turned loose on me one Denis Donohoe, a character thug whom he had imported from California for just such emergencies. Donohoe's first service for Mr. Rogers was a vicious onslaught on Heinze, of Montana, in the New York *Commercial*. This was an attack of such unusual vulgarity and malignity that it won Donohoe his spurs, for soon afterward, when by a characteristic trick Mr. Rogers obtained possession of the New York *Commercial*, he made Donohoe its editor. I may mention that Heinze sued the *Commercial* for $300,000 damages, and apropos of the suit an interesting complication occurred which seriously interfered with Mr. Rogers's plans. The night before the old owners, from whom Rogers had grabbed the *Commercial*, were to be thrown into the street, they threatened, by way of reprisal for the mean trick that had been served on them, to confess judgment to Heinze. One was president and the other secretary of the company, and this action would have settled the proposition. Rogers,

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treated to a dose of his own medicine, had to make a compromise and the men are still on the paper. The details of this good story are to be found in the Detroit *Journal*. It was fitting that when I began my exposures of the "System" this thug should be ordered to do his worst by me, and he began the series of virulent assaults that the *Commercial* published and advertised all over the country. The first of these was devoted to proving me crazy, and it was carefully circulated by my friends the insurance companies by way of offsetting the effects of my revelations of their jugglery of the people's funds. Later I showed up the fellow so vigorously that John D. Rockefeller ordered Mr. Rogers to muzzle him in his own paper, whereupon arrangements were made with a New York weekly to act as the sewer-conduit for the lies and abuse this thug was warranted to turn out.

I should not dream of dealing with this man nor his fatuous attacks in a respectable publication save that he has been appointed the "System's" chief defender. It really seems as though the game were too small to take time for its killing, but as these weak and febrile maunderings really represent the "System's" reply to my charges, it may be worth while to show, once and for all, what idiotic lies they put forth and what a silly and ineffective falsifier it is they have made their champion. I shall take the second article of the series and contrast Donohoe's statements with the actual facts.

Incidents in Mr. Lawson's versatile career which even those who are not censorious might well deem shameful.

If in my career I have done anything of which I or any honorable man should be ashamed, then I am willing to stand convicted of all that this character-thug charges against me—of being a stock-jobber, fakir, liar.

He claims, if the writer understands him aright, that he is *animated solely* by a keen regard for the public weal in performing what he describes as a public duty.

I stated positively in the Foreword of my story, and have reiterated many times since, that in making these revelations I am actuated first and mainly by a desire to benefit the people of this country, not only by informing them how they are being plundered, but how they can in the future guard themselves, and that if it were necessary to accomplish my purpose, I would spend every dollar I possess; but mixed with this desire is a hatred of the "System" as deadly as a man can have for anything human. I have also reiterated that at such stage of this revelation as is possible, I shall secure from the "System" every dollar I can wring from it to be used in my fight against it, provided always I can get its dollars in legal, fair, and above-board fighting ways—I mean, in the open market.

Mr. Lawson appears before the bar of public opinion as a volunteer witness for the commonwealth—"state's evidence," as the lawyers phrase it—and hence his reputation, his motives, his character, his every act, become at once fit subjects for the closest scrutiny and examination.

Whoever says that in telling my story I am revealing anything which it is not fair or just to tell, or that I have not a perfect right to state, says that which is false. I am confining myself to explaining how the "System" gets its money. I do not touch upon how it spends it. If in an honorable way I could write the things that have come to me confidentially, the "System" might well tremble. I confess that at times I have been tempted to depart from my code—when, for instance, soon after the first Donohoe chapter, a man came to me and showed that he had been offered $5,000 to vouch for the statement—which Denis Donohoe, H. H. Rogers's right-hand man, had printed, and the insurance companies had spread broadcast—that the first ten years of Thomas W. Lawson's business life were spent as an employee of Richard Canfield, the Providence and New York gambler, and afterward as his partner. "Give us an affidavit to that effect and we will pay you $5,000." To this man I said: "I have never in my life been connected with any gambling-place in any way, nor had to do with gambling in any form, and only once in my life have I set eyes on Richard Canfield. He was in the Waldorf Café one day when I was passing through. Although if I did know him I should not be ashamed to admit it, for I consider Canfield, from what I have read of him, an angel of purity compared with any of a score of the 'System's' votaries I could name." The man left me, but soon after returned. He said: "It makes no difference whether what you say is true or not, I can now secure $10,000 for the affidavit." When this kind of fighting is brought to my

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attention, I am strongly tempted to let down the bars.

He relates, with all the graphic art of a novelist, a well-nigh incredible story. Chicanery, fraud, blackmail, bribery of a legislature and of a judge, systematic pillage of investors and of the American public.

The details I have narrated are facts, and I will prove them to be facts so all may know them.

In delving into Lawson's career—a most unwelcome task—the writer has detected a continuity of purpose, a fixity of design, a uniformity of method pervading his every public act. What he is doing now, *i.e.*, exposing somebody or something, he has repeatedly done on a lesser scale in the past; not from worthy motives, but for the sole purpose of illegitimate pecuniary gain.

Yes, throughout my entire life I have pursued with a continuity of purpose that class I am pursuing to-day—the class that has taken from the people their earnings by fraud or trick. If other proof were needed that the men I am after had lost the discretion which made them great in the world, these foolish yarns supply it. It is well known that no man ever gets near to "Standard Oil" in business or socially until their detectives have dissected his career from the cradle up. I spent years in close business relations with these men, so close that, as I will show later, I acted as the agent not only of Rogers and Rockefeller, but of the Amalgamated Company and the City Bank.

He is at present engaged in attacking the "System," as he calls it, and the banks and the insurance companies and Wall Street and American finance, by circulars, by advertisements, and through the stock market, as in the past he has repeatedly attacked other corporations and individuals until he obtained what he was seeking, and in every recorded instance that thing was unearned dollars.

In the past I have repeatedly attacked individuals and corporations until I obtained what I sought in every case—justice for the defrauded and punishment for those who had cheated them, and in no case dollars of any kind.

In the gilded biographies of himself which from time to time Mr. Lawson has caused to be written and published in newspapers and magazines.

My history is well enough known. I have always lived in the open. It has not been necessary to press-agent myself. A good deal has been printed about me in the newspapers during the last twenty-five years, but if I have ever sought to exploit myself before the public by means of autobiographies or journalistic puffs, and it is so proved by any reputable newspaper, may I be shown up to public scorn.

It was Mr. Stevens who defrayed the expense of a six months' course at a Boston business college for his protégé.

I have never had a course of six months, nor any time, nor have ever been inside a business college.

Mr. Stevens, who was a kindly, philanthropic man, known and beloved by all his fellow-citizens, died years ago, therefore he cannot dispute what Lawson tells.

The late Horace H. Stevens died not years ago, but on March 8, 1904.

Old residents of New York will recall that long before the days of Canfield's gilded palace, and long before the era of the present district attorney, Mr. Jerome, there was a gambling-house known to the commercial traveller and man-about-town as "818 Broadway," and that one of the backers of the game was William F. Waldron, or "Billy Waldron," as he was usually called. Waldron retired nearly thirty years ago from the syndicate that controlled this house and moved to Providence, where he interested himself in gambling and what, for lack of a better term, may be called the cognate industries. One of these latter was a bucket-shop of the ordinary country town type.

This bucket-shop was confided to the tender mercies of one "Jo" Lumpkin as manager. Lumpkin failed to make the business profitable, and Waldron, after attaching $500.00 that Lumpkin had on deposit in a bank in New York, turned him out. In his place he installed the present loquacious reformer of American finance, Thomas W. Lawson, or "Billy" Lawson as he was then known to the gamblers, race-track touts, and confidence men who made Providence their headquarters.

My readers will agree with me that such weak and feeble rot is beneath any man's attention, for if what is here charged were true, namely, that a young man of twenty-one had been so employed, it would have no bearing on his work twenty-six years afterwards; but as I have decided to take cognizance of this stuff, here are the facts:

What to-day is known as the bucket-shop evil—that is, the speculation in stocks over the counter at offices conducted by brokers outside the pale of the law or the Stock Exchange—did not exist at the period mentioned. This method of conducting speculation, however, had just been invented, and many of the legitimate brokers, Stock Exchange mem-

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bers, utilized the new form in their ventures. Indeed, the number of brokers and brokerage shops outside the Stock Exchange was as large if not larger than that of the regular houses. At the time Donohoe treats of I was doing considerable business for a young man, as will be evidenced by my business card of that period:

THOMAS W. LAWSON & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS.

Dealers in First-class Investment Bonds and Stocks.
Offices: Boston, Providence, New York, and Chicago.

President of the Lawson Manufacturing Company.
President of the McDonald-Lawson Manufacturing Company.
Vice-President of the Briggs Printing Machine Company.

I regularly visited every week my offices in Boston, Providence, and New York. At one time I had a Providence office in the building marked in the cut in the Donohoe story, and the sign over the door was "Thomas W. Lawson & Co."

It was in Providence, during the heyday of the Waldron-Lawson enterprise, that Lawson . . . first met "Jack" Roach, whose apparent employment now is selling diamonds on commission to the so-called "sporting element" of New York, but who is acknowledged to be Lawson's personal representative in this city. It was there, too, that he made the acquaintance of Herbert Gray, who subsequently conducted a gambling-house in Boston, and who recently served as one of Lawson's captains and managed his trotting stable. Ben Palmer, a well-known character in State Street, who is one of the main cog-wheels of Lawson's machine, first made Lawson's acquaintance during this period of his career.

I do know the Waldron Brothers, of Providence, who are among the oldest residents of Rhode Island, and who with the present U. S. Senator Nelson A. Aldrich composed the great wholesale grocery house of Waldron, Wightman & Co. They did not graduate from a gambling-house on Broadway. I knew the brother referred to familiarly throughout Rhode Island as "Honest Bill," and a royal old fellow he was. I did business with him in those days, and to any connection I ever had with him I look back with pleasure. He was then conducting a farm in the suburbs of Providence, and in a straightforward, old-fashioned way supplying that city with produce and poultry, and had, to the best of my knowledge, the respect and confidence of all who knew him. I never knew of his having been a gambler, and had no means of knowing, as such matters were an unknown world to me.

I never, up to reading it in Donohoe's story the other day, heard of 818 Broadway, curious as it may seem, for a man of my experience. My knowledge of gambling has always been confined to that kind which comes under the head of stock gambling. I had not met my present friend, John J. Roche, of New York, at the time mentioned. I never heard of Herbert Gray, of Boston, until I employed him to manage my stable in 1899. I have known J. Benjamin Palmer all my life. We were boys together on State Street. Afterwards he was the Stock Exchange member of one of the oldest banking houses in Boston. He is still a broker on State Street.

Nothing of certainty can be learned of his career during this period. That he sold "base-ball" cards (a unique kind of playing-cards) at the Providence railroad station is stated on credible authority; that he "worked the trains" between New York and Providence; that he sold books; that he was a hanger-on at race-tracks, has been alleged. Any or all of these rumors may be true—or false—for whatever may be said of Lawson, his career has undoubtedly been one of marvellous activity, in many diversified lines.

I have never sold baseball playing cards at the Providence station, nor anywhere, at this time nor any time, but I did invent the Lawson Baseball Playing Cards, and was president of the Lawson Playing Card Company. I never sold books at this time nor any time, and never "worked trains" (whatever "working trains" may mean) at this time nor any time, although I fail to see any disgrace in such honest employment; nor had anything to do with trains in any way whatever at this time nor any time except to ride in them. I have never been a hanger-on at race-tracks, and have never had anything to do with a race-track of any kind other than visiting one for the first time in 1899 to see my own horse, Boralma, race, and I have never visited race-tracks since save four or five times to see my own horses run. I desire to dwell on this especial accusation because these character-thugs have caused to be published throughout the country that I am and have always been a *habitué* of race-tracks and a plunging better upon races. I regret that it is my misfortune never to have seen a horse-race until

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five years ago, but if it can be shown that I was ever upon a race-track before 1899, I will agree to stop writing this story of "Frenzied Finance."

In 1882, a concern known as the Briggs Printing Machine Company was incorporated in Rhode Island . . . to manufacture a machine that was advertised to "print, cut, pack, and fasten with twine 100,000 tags per hour." Thomas W. Lawson secured the job of selling-agent of this company, and he proved so successful and the advertising matter which he wrote brought such handsome returns, that we find him in 1884 promoted to the position of manager and enjoying a salary of $150 per month. Later he became the secretary of the company, and very shortly thereafter, in 1887, the enterprise collapsed, was sold out by the sheriff, and realized little or nothing for the numerous creditors. . . .

It is true that I was the vice-president of the Briggs Printing Machine Company, which was organized and owned by others before I had aught to do with it. I was induced to invest considerable money in it and to take charge of its affairs. The Briggs Company was a close corporation. Its stock was never sold to the public, and after I left it it met with failure.

In December, 1888, the Lamson Consolidated Store-Service Company was incorporated at Boston. Its purpose was to exploit an invention of W. S. Lamson . . . the overhead trolley system used in department-stores for carrying cash and parcels. . . . The capital stock at the beginning was $250,000—par value of shares, $50. The company was doing business and declaring two and a half per cent. dividends quarterly when Mr. Lawson stepped in and began to manipulate the stock. The price of shares rose steadily to 122. Under the influence of speculative excitement the directors increased the capital stock to $1,000,000, then to $4,000,000. Mr. Lawson boomed the stock on the basis of a report, totally destitute of truth, that an English syndicate was about to purchase a controlling interest in the company. Having unloaded all the shares at his disposal on the uproad to 122, Mr. Lawson suddenly one morning awoke to a realization of the fact that Lamson Store-Service shares possessed absolutely no value, and he at once took the public, as is his custom, into his confidence. In circulars, by advertisements, and by cunningly contrived "news" items he insistently dinned into the public ear that Lamson shares were valueless. The result was as well might be imagined. The stock declined to 30, whereupon Lawson bought it back and then and there made his first grand *coup*. It is said that first and last he realized $250,000 from the Lamson shareholders.

I did "Lawsonize" the Lamson Store-Service Company just as I am at the present time "Lawsonizing" the "Standard-Oil"-Amalgamated-City-Bank crowd. The Lamson Store-Service Company, with $4,000,000 capital, was blunderbussing all who dared oppose it—all who refused to be bulldozed into consolidating with it. It was the most vicious exponent of the "Trust" methods I had ever met up to that time. Its arrogance, audacity, and crimes were the themes of the newspapers and courts of the day. A most casual investigation of the newspaper files, particularly in Osgood *vs.* Lamson, and The New York Store-Service Company *vs.* Lamson, will show a state of corporation assassination equal to that of the "Standard Oil," only on a smaller scale, of course. Perjury, bribery, and even murder will be found openly charged and in some cases proved. At the height of the sensational career of the Lamson Company, it ran into one of my corporations, The Lawson Manufacturing Company, and started in to "do me up" or compel a consolidation, and—well, I gave them battle. The following circular to the stockholders will show how the battle started:

Dear Sir: I deem it my duty to say to you, as a shareholder of the Lamson Store-Service Company, that your Mr. Lamson and his agents have opened up on my company and with their usual criminal methods are endeavoring to ruin us. This circular is to inform you that I have this day given notice to each of your officers and directors that in three days from to-day, if they have not stopped their dirty work and taken their hands off my company, they will take the consequences. I do not pretend to be able to meet them on the fighting grounds of the courts, for I know too well their power of corruption and jury-buying, but I assure you I have other ways by which I can stop them, etc., etc.

If Donohoe had desired to deal with facts, he could not have missed the details of this story, of which the papers at the time were full. It was a fight which would have warmed the heart-cockles of an embalmed warrior of the catacombs. Lamson stock was selling at 62, the highest price it ever attained, not 122, as this numskull states. When I began operations I slaughtered it and the reputation of Lamson and his associates; and in the midst of the fight, when the shares were down to 18, or perhaps 14, a great public meeting of stockholders—there were a whole lot of them—was called in the city of Lowell, and, amid fiery speeches, Lamson was told to choose between refuting my charges of fraud or being deposed from the presidency of the institution. Lamson attempted explanations, but the hard-headed stockholders did what the Amalgamated stockholders will some time do, passed resolutions that Lamson must punish me for libel or that they would

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punish him. The gathering then adjourned to a future date, at which Lamson was to report what action he had taken to punish me for my crimes. The next step was interesting, and bears on an accusation I have seen mentioned frequently of late. I had, when I began my fight, laid before Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, the dastardly crimes of which the company had been guilty, and was even then engaged in committing, and he said: "Damnable! I will aid you in exposing them." And he did. Day after day there were broadsides in the *World* relentlessly denouncing the rascalities of the Lamson outfit. These finally stirred them to action. One day I received word that some trickery was being put up in the district attorney's office in New York. A few days later there appeared at my office in Boston a police officer from New York and three of our head Boston police officers. They said to me: "We regret, Mr. Lawson, but we must take your secretary, Mr. William L. Vinal, back to New York, as he has been indicted for spreading false reports."

"Has anyone else been indicted?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," they replied, "you and some of the *World* people."

"Mr. Vinal has done nothing but obey my orders," I said. "Why don't you take me?"

"We have no orders to," was the reply.

I saw the game and sent word to the Governor of Massachusetts, who promptly told the combination: "Go slow, gentlemen. Remember you are not in New York now, but in Massachusetts." He ordered a public trial. Within two hours from the time they laid hands on my secretary I brought suit in his name for false arrest against the officers who were trying to arrest him, and grabbed the New York official before he could skip out of town. Then I went to see the Lamson crowd and we had it out. They begged that I allow Vinal to go to New York, just to vindicate them, under which circumstances he would be allowed to return on the next train, and the case would never be heard of again. If I would consent, they would agree to a reorganization of the company and the dropping out of Lamson. I showed them that they had gone too far, that I had damaging information as to how they had secured the indictment, and that now they must take the consequences.

I took the "midnight" for New York, and in the morning was at District-Attorney Fellows' office. I dared him to arrest me or the officers of the *World*. He replied: "I don't want you, Lawson. I cannot and won't help you advertise your fight." To get up any excitement in New York being impossible, I returned to Boston and the extradition proceedings furnished a most sensational trial. The cause was bitterly fought. Even the lawyers came to blows in the Governor's chamber. Finally, when Governor Brackett had all the facts before him, he said: "You cannot work your dirty tricks on me," and he entered a vigorous refusal of the application for Mr. Vinal's extradition. This case established precedents for all such proceedings since.

The fight won, pressure was brought to bear on me to let up on the Lamson outfit and call off further proceedings. For some time I persistently refused to do so, as I was determined to contest the constitutionality of the law. Finally, however, on condition that Lamson should be thrown out, the management of the company reorganized, its criminal methods abandoned, and that all records and trace of the indictment against myself and the others should be removed from the District Attorney's books, I consented.

This is the history of how I "Lawsonized" the Lamson Store-Service Company, and if there is anything I have ever done that was good to do and well worth doing, this was it. I am just as proud of my work here as of what I did in the General Electric fight upon which I have already touched. In the Lamson reorganization I was offered all sorts of good things, but I refused, as I always have in such affairs, to benefit in any way but the open and fair one where I go into the open market and stake my money against that of my opponents on my ability to prove I am right. The facts here are of legal record. Following is the Donohoe-Rogers version. The mendacity is obvious:

Among the unfortunate Lamson-Service stockholders were numbered several aggressive people of the old-fashioned kind, who resented Mr. Lawson's peculiar way of doing things. These submitted, in 1892, to the grand jury of the city of New York a sheaf of Lawsonian literature, comprising his scandalous attacks on the company's securities. The grand jury indicted Thomas W. Lawson, and Colonel John R. Fellows, the district attorney, and his assistants, Francis L. Wellman and Mr. Lindsay, went to Boston to try to have Lawson extradited. The Governor of Massachusetts came to Lawson's rescue in the nick of time and declined to honor the request of the Governor of New York for his extradition; but for years thereafter the future author of "Frenzied Finance" made his trips to this money-centre incognito.

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THE GRAND RIVERS ENTERPRISE

In 1890 the entire country rang with the fame of Grand Rivers, and it was Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, who pulled the bell-rope. . . . The scheme, as may be deduced herefrom, was a most comprehensive one. The development of the "marvellous deposits of coal and iron" which had been discovered upon the property by Mr. Lawson, one day, while seated in his revolving-chair in his State Street office, furnished the basis for the incorporation of the Furnaces Company. After $2,000,000 had been "expended," the clamor of the stockholders caused the company actually to build several furnaces. They were erected and stood idle, with nothing to feed them. The whole scheme collapsed in 1892. The stockholders lost every dollar of their investment. . . .

In this, his fourth financial venture, Mr. Lawson did but repeat his former experiences—except, in this case, the loss sustained by those who reposed confidence in his promises was heavier than in any of his prior undertakings.

The Kentucky experience is one of the pleasantest memories of my life. Measured by dollars and cents it was expensive, but was well worth it, as the young man remarked who broke his arm by being thrown from his horse into the lap of his future wife. It makes a long story, and I shall only touch on the leading facts concerning it by way of showing the desperate straits my enemies are put to in their efforts to discredit my career.

My present brokers, Messrs. Brown, Riley & Co., one of the oldest and largest Boston and New York Stock Exchange houses, had floated the Grand Rivers enterprise for some of their wealthy clients. It was an iron, coal, and furnace proposition, and before I ever heard of it it had been bought and paid for, and enormous furnaces were under way. It was a close corporation. After a very large amount of money—in the millions—had gone into the property I was induced to take the executive management, and also I put in a very large amount of my own money. My work was to be that of business director, for I did not know an iron or a coal mine from an alabaster ledge in the lunar spheres, and not half as much about an iron smelter as I did about converting whiskers into mermaid's tresses. However, one of the greatest iron men in New England, Aretas Blood, president of the Manchester Locomotive Works, and of the Nashua Steel and Iron Company, was at the head of the enterprise, which apparently safeguarded it in that direction. Well, it turned out that there was no iron in the mines—at least not enough to pay for extraction, and the investment simply disappeared. I lost a very large amount—at least, a very large amount for me—but I had to show for it the love and friendship and respect of the inhabitants of one of the fairest places on the earth—a place where brave men and lovely women live in peace and comfort in the knowledge of their own fearless, simple honesty, and their hatred of shams and trickery—in absolute ignorance of frenzied financiers and the "System's" votaries.

The history of Grand Rivers is an open book. There is no secret about my connection with the enterprise. It was a straight and proper venture. The men who are my brokers of to-day fathered it, and they are men of honor, probity, and responsibility, who since my first year in business in 1870 have been my close business associates and personal friends. Why do not Donohoe and his breed of gutter-rooters, when seeking information about me, ask such men as these for facts about my life, for they know what every hour of it has been. Strange as it may seem to such vampires, the men I began to do business with when I was a boy I am doing business with to-day, and they are my associates and friends.

I postponed until the last moment writing this article in order that I might be able to diagnose the "System's" attack on me. The first of the widely advertised series which appeared last week was such a foolish and asinine thing as to be unworthy of notice, and I desired to see how much farther the second would go. In the former I was charged with writing my articles solely for the purpose of securing stock-market profits and compelling the "System" to settle; in other words, that I was attempting to blackmail them; that I had no honorable motives in writing my story, and had no remedy of any kind in mind; that in the recent panic I had made a million and a quarter of dollars; that I had secured President Roosevelt's message eight days before it was published; that I had advertised on November 29th, unqualifiedly advising all to purchase Amalgamated, and that on December 6th I had advertised advising all to sell. It is true that I did advise the public to sell, but that in my advertisement of November 29th I advised the people to buy Amalgamated I positively deny. I carefully avoided doing so. The other statements are equally false, and were made with a full knowledge of their falsity.

The incidents in my career about which I have here set forth the facts are not secret. All the things I have stated are fully suscep-

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tible of proof. For another instant let me take the assertion that my motive in this crusade is personal gain through stock-jobbery, and that I have no aim or end in view other than that. Well, I can to-day show the Remedy to which I have alluded so often, and which when I worked it out in 1893 I had printed with full detail. It is in my vault now under lock and key. In the year 1894, in London, I laid a copy of this document before Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World*. Remember, this was a year before I met H. H. Rogers or any of the "Standard Oil" party.

Since Donohoe began his latest series of attacks I have had scores of letters commenting on them. A significant verdict on what the man is accomplishing is the following:

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 23, 1905.

Dear Sir: I herewith enclose you copy of a letter just sent to Mr. Donohoe, also to the editor of ——.

Yours respectfully,

——

(COPY)

January 23, 1905.

MR. DENIS DONOHOE,

Financial Editor, New York *Commercial*, New York City.

Dear Sir: With considerable pleasure, satisfaction, and conviction, I have carefully read all the articles on "Frenzied Finance" by Mr. Lawson, and from my limited knowledge of affairs, gained by fifteen years of active life, am of the opinion that he has been telling facts, although at times they are clothed in the language of a writer of fiction.

I have been waiting and confidently expecting, during the past six months, that some able, honest, unbiassed, and free-handed man would take up the discussion against Mr. Lawson, and in this way aid the people in viewing the entire subject with all possible side-lights, so that when public opinion shall be finally formed, as surely it will be in the future, it may be as nearly right as possible and only the guilty suffer. It was therefore with a high degree of exultation that I purchased —— of January 19th, upon the first page of which in bold type appears: "Lawson Answered—the Truth About Frenzied Finance." At the sight of these words I said in almost audible tones: "Now we shall hear the other side, or at least learn what Mr. Lawson has omitted, if anything."

I have just finished reading your article in said issue of ——, and as you now pose as a public writer and benefactor, you of course will welcome frank, honest criticism. After reading and rereading your said article, I am, against my desire, forced to the following conclusions:

1. You are either one of the "System" or are hired by it.

2. This article of yours was prepared for the purposes of making two points: (*a*) Working on the sentiment and passions of the weak, and the women; and (*b*) diverting public attention and opinion from the real facts at issue, by attacking Mr. Lawson's personal character, which is not up for discussion.

3. Your article is full of high-sounding declarations, and void of either logic or common-sense.

4. In your endeavor to express the wishes of the prejudiced and biassed, you are undoubtedly dishonest with yourself without deceiving the public.

5. Your article lacks the ring that carries conviction, either as to your sincerity or the truthfulness of the statements you make.

6. The article indicates that you are vainly trying to ape Mr. Lawson's style.

Yours respectfully,

E. G. MANSFIELD,
Attorney-at-Law.

In conclusion, I may say that I am carefully keeping track of the various public and private slanders Mr. Rogers, the "System," and the insurance companies are having printed and circulated about me, and shall see to it that the public is thoroughly posted as to the lengths to which these men will go in blackening one who dares oppose them. It will aid me materially if policy-holders who receive marked copies of Donohoe's and others' attacks will forward them to me. Under no circumstances shall I reveal the names of senders unless so instructed, and should conspiracy proceedings ensue, I will, in every fair way possible, protect those who have assisted me with evidence.

(Mr. Lawson's story "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the April number.)

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Lawson and His Critics

In which the author of "Frenzied Finance" replies to the attacks of the "System," and makes clear the animus of the assaults of James M. Beck, Banker Eckels, and others.

WHEN a man discovers that a public building full of men, women, and children is infested with rats and that these vicious rodents have undermined its foundations and honeycombed its structure, it becomes his duty, first, to warn the occupants of the presence of the rats, next, to show them the damage they have wrought and how they can be trapped and killed—and then he may take a hand in the rat-hunt himself.

That is about what I have been doing and shall continue to do until we have the rats to the last one knocked on the head or drowned. The American people are finding the holes with which the beasts have sapped their great structure and are beginning to hunt them. The squeals and snarls of the cornered rodents can be heard in all parts of the American republic.

If proof were needed that the "System" is suffering under my exposure of its villainies, I should have it in plenty in the showers of mud bullets it is firing at me. From scores of different quarters come these volleys. It must have a regular army of its votaries out working like Trojans to stop my work, to discredit me, to bespatter me with its dirty missiles.

The "System" is making a terrific din, and to a raw recruit listening, it might seem the better part of valor to take to the tall timbers. I never take to the tall timbers when there is a chance for a good fight in the open, and I would not miss being in on this one which I started myself for all the lofty lumber unfelled in the world's forests.

I shall go right along with my work. I have seen others crushed and blasted by the dragon of Wall Street because they dared attack it, but for all its strength I'll have the monster out in God's good sunlight before I finish, in spite of its cruel claws and scorching breath. Indeed, the manner in which the "System" is writhing under my attacks shows how seriously it is hurt. What surprises me is that so little intelligence is exhibited in defaming me. Such wanton, foolish attacks these that are being made on me personally! As though it mattered who or what I am in comparison with the accusations I have made. Americans are not fools. To say that Lawson is this or that does not minimize or detract from his charge of robbery and conspiracy. It seems beyond all comprehension that men of the sharp shrewdness of the "System's" votaries should be such asses. Women and children rushing about in a burning theatre or school-room would be an orderly and calm body compared with these frenzied human monkeys once they are brought face to face with their own misdeeds in the open.

Every morning I find a new budget of personalities in my mail, in the newspapers, in pamphlets. Learned lawyers travel about the country and sling mud at me at banquets and society gatherings; scores of hireling weekly and monthly papers devote pages to vilifying me; the insurance press is laden with assaults, and for fear the public should miss the brickbats, the insurance companies carefully mail them to their policy-holders. All these tirades are in one key—that of crude abuse. The statements about myself and my career are nothing but lies. They are not even cleverly imagined.

In entering on my crusade I expected much of this sort of thing. Reforms are not matured to accompaniments of incense and rose-water, and I had made up my mind to disregard the mud and its slingers. Afterward, if there were any "System" left, I rather looked forward to smothering it beneath the foulness of its own generating. I am going, however, to depart from this resolution for a brief space to nail some of the lies emitted, just by way of reassuring certain correspondents of mine who are troubled in their minds over the "System's" efforts at discrediting me. In doing so, I feel an apology is due the large majority of my readers who not only judge my motives and my character by my work, but who see through the transparent, base attacks of

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my enemies. Those who feel inclined to protest at the attention given these gutter-rakers I may remind of the situation of the small boy in the story who, after falling through the ice, was fished out by his father. On his way home the parent, in a voice full of "the-danger-now-being-over-I-am-ugly-clean-through-ness," snapped: "You see what you have done, Willie, with your cussed work. My boots are half full of water, and I'll get my death of cold." Willie looked up at him between sobs and shivers as he answered: "But think of me, Pop. I'm wet all over and full inside, too, so I guess I'll get dead in time for you to be at the funeral."

I have not only been the recipient of the mud, but have had to dissect it, so I am myself entitled to some sympathy in the connection. As a matter of fact, my mind was really made up in this connection by a letter which came to me, with a number of others, from clergymen of various denominations, from a learned Catholic priest, who put the case for a reply most earnestly. He said:

> You owe it, my son, to yourself to clear away, for once and all, the charges your enemies have made against you. I have faith you mean all that you say, but there are many, many sons and daughters who are troubled in heart and harassed in mind with doubt whether your motives be pure, and if your deeds in the past have been along the ways of the good. It is my advice, if you will accept it, that you put aside your pride and your dignity and frankly and openly tell us whether these charges that we read are true or false.

I shall deal with the subject as fairly as possible, reminding my readers, however, that I am at a disadvantage in having to use pen and ink instead of the appropriate implement for the purpose, a hose connected with a disinfectant barrel. To begin with, I reproduce the following from the *Toledo Blade*, December 26, 1904. (I have similar paragraphs clipped from one hundred other papers.)

JAMES M. BECK FLAYS LAWSON

Calls Boston Author-Broker a Frenzied Fakir

DEFINES MONEYPHOBIA

Declares He is Victim of New Disease Compares His Actions to "Crazed Malay Running Amuck"

PHILADELPHIA, December 26th.—Ex-Assistant Attorney-General James M. Beck talked on "Moneyphobia" at the thirty-ninth annual commencement exercises of the Peirce Business College. He paid his respects to Thomas W. Lawson in such terms as "frenzied fakir" and "crazed Malay running amuck." . . . "There are abundant indications that this epidemic is now rife in the community. The extraordinary vote polled by a Socialistic candidate for President, in a time of general prosperity, seems to evidence this, as does the avidity with which many intelligent people read in a cheap 'penny dreadful' magazine the incoherent, self-contradictory, and self-incriminating articles of a notorious frenzied fakir, who, like a crazed Malay, is wildly running amuck, and, without rhyme or reason, slashing at the reputation of judges, senators, and financiers."

The following is from a Chicago insurance paper, and comes to me with the marginal inscription, "Puncture this bladder when convenient." I may say that I receive hundreds of clippings every day from various parts of the country, sent me by correspondents who are determined I shall be apprised of what my antagonists are trying to do against me.

BANKER ECKELS AND BROKER LAWSON

The splendid tribute to our country's greatness, resources, and possibilities given by President James H. Eckels, of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago and ex-comptroller of currency of the United States, before the Chicago Life Underwriters' Association, was listened to with earnest attention.

The brilliant young financier . . . believes in life insurance for the people. It creates the valuable habit of saving. He deprecates the malicious attacks on companies by men of mysterious motives, and feels it will be a sorry day if they ever become objects of prey for political thieves.

The banker paid his respects to Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, whom he characterized as a notoriety seeker and branded as "a discredited, disreputable, despised stock-jobber who glories in his infamy." Mr. Eckels lashed Lawson with caustic language, and stated the American people of judgment are not misled by his diatribes.

Mr. Eckels believes that life insurance presidents reach their high stations by their own ability and grasping of opportunities. Because a man is elevated to a position of eminence and responsibility does not mean he is dishonest. He arrives there because he cannot be held down, and remains as long as he proves his worth. The banker declared that life companies with their vast funds were being safely guided by men of superior mental mould.

Mr. Eckels referred to President McCall, of the New York Life, as being a clerk in a state bureau office when he first made his acquaintance. He said President McCall had advanced, like other company executives, owing to his own ability and genius for management.

In an early article in this series I stated that one of the favorite operations of the "System" was to pick off those officials who had exhibited unusual talent or energy in protecting the interests of the National Government. In this way they secured the services of men

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who knew the secret workings of the people's institutions and how best to guard the corporations against the consequences of their misdeeds. During the Cleveland administration there developed a "financial phenomenon," James H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency. It did not take long for the astute Rogers-Morgan-McCall clique to see that this young man's knowledge of finance in connection with his governmental position might prove a dangerous obstacle to their machine if he were not captured. It was not long before he was captured.

I met Mr. Eckels during the Cleveland bond performance. I need not enter into the details of that extraordinary affair here, for it is one of the sore spots in recent American history. Briefly, the Administration at Washington attempted to issue $100,000,000 government bonds and deliver them in a snap sale to the "System." The New York *World* began a crusade against the transaction, and was so successful that the Administration was compelled to offer the issue to the public through competitive bids. The result—the bonds fetched many more millions for the Government than if the deal had been allowed to slip along the ways the "System" had greased for it. I remember well the scene at the opening of the bids. It was in the United States Treasury at Washington. With many others who desired an allotment of the bonds, I was present. We were crowded into a small room, and following the direction of young Mr. Eckels, who handled the transaction, we handed over to him our bids, which, according to the advertised programme, were in sealed envelopes. After all the bids were submitted —mine was for a number of millions—the envelopes were taken by Mr. Eckels into a rear room. Then a few of the leading financiers present, among them John A. McCall, of the New York Life, J. Pierpont Morgan, and one or two others of the "System's" foremost representatives, got their heads together and began an earnest conference. Certain of them went out of the room and after a while returned for a further conference. There were several such confabulations and comings and goings, until finally, after a monotonous delay, the bids were opened and the bonds awarded. Morgan, McCall, *et al.*, had secured the bulk of the issue at a price many points above what anyone had been led to believe the bonds would sell for, and many points higher than the "System" and the Government had proclaimed to the people they could possibly sell for, yet at a price which showed millions of profit a few hours after the bids were opened. I do not charge that the public's envelopes were opened and "peeked" into before the "System's" bids were sealed. Such a charge is not necessary. It has been made many times by the press. Mr. Eckels, to the minds of such of us as could see through cracks in a floor wide enough to drive a four-in-hand coach into without unhooking the leaders, had lived up to his rôle as a financial phenomenon, and when some time afterward it was bruited abroad that this able young man was to have the presidency of the City Bank, or any other large bank belonging to the "System" that he might select, there was no surprise, although much comment, in Wall Street. Mr. Eckels finally accepted the presidency of the Commercial Bank of Chicago, where he now is one of the important cogs in the "System's" machine.

The case of James M. Beck has points of similarity. Mr. Beck, a young Philadelphia lawyer, obtained a valuable knowledge of the secrets of the Department of Justice in Washington as Assistant United States Attorney-General, and in the prosecution of the Northern Securities suit got an insight into the "System's" methods. It will be remembered that at the trial of the suit he made a great appearance and became famous as the young champion of the people who had succeeded in "busting" this notorious trust. The victory was hardly announced before it became known that the brilliant Assistant Attorney-General had renounced the cause of the public and had been engaged at a large salary as chief counsel for Henry H. Rogers, of Standard Oil.

Mr. Beck has proved a most available and flexible servant in the cause of his master. He has done Mr. Rogers's bidding in a manner befitting the best traditions of "Standard Oil." Almost his first work was the trial of the famous Boston Gas suit, in which for weeks he "steered" Henry H. Rogers while on the witness-stand in the Massachusetts Supreme Court. The very night before this case was to be called for trial, the eminent young "trust buster" and people's champion called on my attorney and made him a proposition. It was that I should meet him and agree upon the details of certain testimony that Mr. Rogers, and Kidder, Peabody and Co. (the "System's" Boston representatives), and myself would be called upon to give upon

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the witness-stand next day. My attorney brought the proposition to me.

"Great heavens!" I said, "is it possible that this man has the audacity to come to Boston and ask me to commit perjury?"

"He does not put it in just those words," my attorney answered.

"No, but he says he wishes to *match up* testimony with me so that we may all testify alike."

"That is it," my attorney answered.

"But," said I, "I have got to state the facts, and the facts are diametrically opposed to what Mr. Rogers and the others are to testify to. This looks to me like subornation of perjury."

My lawyer would not have it that way, and I instructed him to secure from Mr. Beck a writing as to just what he wished me to do, and that writing I have at the present time. In it he states that if I do not see him and agree upon the testimony to be submitted in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts the following day, it may bring developments which will be decidedly uncomfortable for Mr. Rogers and perhaps the rest of us.

I did not meet Mr. Beck, and Henry H. Rogers and Kidder, Peabody & Co. told one story and I another. Bald perjury was committed by someone. However, I will give all the facts, including the "match up" letter, when I come to it in my story.

Mr. Beck and Mr. Eckels are the two men designated by the "System" to attend public gatherings and vilify Thomas W. Lawson. They are at it, industriously. Mr. Beck is billed to deliver another broadside in Boston in a few days, at which time I shall try to make it interesting for him.

While I am on this objectionable subject, I may as well deal with another letter, which contains a definite accusation of misrepresentation amidst its abuse:

CINCINNATI, O., January 24, 1905.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

Sir: Lawson, you are both a fakir and a fool. A fakir because you misrepresent, and a fool because you do not begin to understand the people.

When you said the stockholders of the Steel Corporation lost $500,000,000, you knew that you lied. Because the difference in price of the stock to-day and when it was quoted on the New York Stock Exchange for the first time in 1901 does not approach that amount. I say that you knew this when you made that statement, but you thought and hoped that the general public would not be posted in the matter.

The whole substance of your magazine articles has been nothing but half-truths, and a half-truth is worse than a lie. You know that it is to gratify your personal spite, and not to help the general public, that you have engaged in your frenzied writings. The public is wiser than you think, although your conceit has blinded you to that fact.

Respectfully.

F. F. METHVEN.

This frenzied nincompoop is evidently ignorant of the fact that 360,281,000 shares of Steel Preferred were sold to the public at over $100 per share, and that 5,500,000 shares of Steel Common were sold at over $50 per share, or nearly $300,000,000, and that months later, when the people were compelled to resell to the "System," they could get only $50 for this preferred stock and $10 for the common, while the $551,000,000 of bonds depreciated in value over $100,000,000 more. What this critic desired to say was that, at the present prices of Steel stocks, no such loss as $500,000,000 is shown, which proves my oft-repeated contention—the "System," having "shaken out" the public and acquired their holdings at fifty and ten respectively, is now engaged in putting the price back to the old figure, intending to repeat the robbery process later. A votary of the "System," whom I know quite well, said to me a few weeks ago:

"Lawson, you keep chasing 'Frenzied Finance' will-o'-the-wisps while the rest of us are pulling in the dollars, and see where you will come out in the end. Look what I've done: I sold 200,000 shares of Steel Common for $8,000,000. It cost me $3,000,000. I made $5,000,000. I then 'shorted' 100,000 at $50 and bought it back at $12. I made $3,800,000. I then bought 300,000 at 10. It's now 30. When I sell out at 40, I shall have $9,000,000 more, making $18,000,000, without turning a hair or risking a dollar. With prizes such as these, a man can stand a lot of frenzied hard names, can't he?"

However, all the communications that come to me are not of this order—in fact, less than one in five hundred. Here is one from the editor of a Philadelphia daily, which speaks for itself:

PHILADELPHIA, January 24, 1905.

MR. LAWSON:

I think in the February number you surpass all previous efforts. Your designation of the modern trust as a "magic jimmy" is most original, striking, forceful. It will strike the minds of the American people as the most perfect description of these commercial monstrosities that has ever been rendered. The aptness of the simile is unequalled and unapproachable.

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